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TURKEY AND CHRISTENDOM.

Négociations de la France dans le Levant ; ou Correspondance, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques des Ambassadeurs de France à Constantinople, et des Ambassadeurs, Envoyés, ou Résidents à divers titres à Venise, Raguse, Rome, Malte, et Jerusalem ; en Turquie, Perse, Georgie, Crimée, Syrie, Egypte, etc., et dans les états de Tunis, d'Alger, et de Maroc. Publiés pour la première fois. Par S. CHARRIERE. Tome I. (1515—1547). Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1848.

THREE centuries ago, the first vow of Christian statesmen was the expulsion of the Turks from the city of Constantine, and the deliverance of Europe from the scourge and terror of the infidel. In the present age, the absorbing desire of the same cabinets is to maintain the misbelievers in their settlements ; and to postpone, by all known expedients of diplomacy and menace, the hour at which the Crescent must again give place to the Cross. The causes and progress of this curious revolution of sentiment we now purpose to trace ; and to ascertain, if possible, by what sequence of events and changes of opinion such conditions of public policy have at length been accredited among us.

It will naturally be presumed that the clouds now actually gathering on the Eastern heavens have suggested both our disquisition and its moral ; nor, indeed, should we, without reasonable warrant for such an introduction of the subject. But we feel it would be here perilous to prophesy the dissolution

of a State which has now been, for five generations, in its nominal agony. We believe we might venture to assert that no Christian writer has treated of Ottoman history, who did not seek in the sinking fortunes or impending fall of the Empire the point and commendation of his tale. Knolles thankfully recounted the signs of its decline two hundred and fifty years ago. Cantemir discoursed of "the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire," while even Poland was still a powerful kingdom. As the eighteenth century wore on, such reflections became both more justifiable and more frequent ; and, as the *artificial* existence of Turkey was hardly yet anticipated, the close of its *natural* term seemed within the limits of easy calculation. Even the end of the great war, which left so many crumbling monarchies repaired and strengthened, brought no similar relief to the House of Othman. Excluded, on the contrary, from the arrangements of the great European settlement, Turkey re-

mained exposed to worse perils than any which had yet beset her. In the great peace of Europe there was no peace for Constantinople. Thirty years since, the historian of the Middle Ages expected, "with an assurance that none can deem extravagant, the approaching subversion of the Ottoman power;" and the progressive current of events has certainly in no degree changed, since this conviction was avowed. Yet, though the only symptom of imminent dissolution that then seemed wanting has now appeared, and though territorial dismemberment has partially supervened upon internal disorganization, the imperial fabric still stands—the Turkish Crescent still glitters on the Bosphorus—and still "the tottering arch of conquest spans the ample regions from Bagdad to Belgrade."

Without repeating, therefore, the ominous note of prophecy, we shall direct our remarks to the historical elucidation of the questions involved in it. Our wish is to illustrate the origin and establishment of the Ottoman Empire, as one of the substantive Powers of Europe; to exhibit the causes which conduced to its political recognition; to trace the subsequent action of so anomalous a State upon the affairs of Christendom; to mark the fluctuations of fortune by which its external relations were determined; and to distinguish the stages of estimation and influence through which it successively passed, until the dreaded Empire of the Ottomans dwindled virtually, though with dominions not materially diminished, into the position of a *Protected State*,—subsisting, apparently, by the interested patronage of those very Powers which had been so scared and scandalized at its growth. If our inquiry should include fewer exemplifications than might be expected of the civil institutions of this extraordinary nation, the omission must be attributed to the extent of the more immediate subject, and the imperative restrictions of space. A sagacious moralist once said of an historian of the Turks, that he was unhappy only in the choice of his matter. If the course of our proposed exposition were but a little less narrow, we should not distrust our ability to cancel this invidious qualification; for there are, in reality, no known annals more striking in their details, and often more purely romantic than those of the House of Othman. Even as it is, we hope for some success; for, though of all kinds of history political history possesses the fewest superficial attractions, yet such topics as the naturalization of a Mahometan sovereignty among the States of Christendom

—the varying phases of religious zeal—the conflict of traditional duties and practical policy—and the rise and growth of such an element as the power of the Czars—should command their share of interest and attention.

It may reasonably be thought remarkable that the establishment of an infidel Power at the gates of Europe should not, in those ages of faith, have provoked a prompt and effective combination of the whole Christian world for the expulsion of the intruder. In explanation, however, of this apathy or impotence, there are several considerations to be mentioned. In the first place, the phenomenon coincided singularly, in point of time, with the definite abandonment of the system of Eastern crusades. The seventh and last of these enterprises had resulted in scandal and defeat; and had disclosed the growing reluctance of States and people to contribute toward expeditions which neither promoted the objects nor conduced to the credit of those engaged in them. The final and total loss of the Holy Land in 1291, preceded but by eight years the enthronement of the first Othman; so that the origin of the Turkish State was almost exactly contemporaneous with the withdrawal of Christian arms from the scene of its growth. That the extinction, too, of the crusading principle was then complete, may be inferred from the violent suppression, only ten years later, of that military order which had been mainly instrumental in checking the march of the misbelievers. The commencement of the Ottoman dynasty is placed in the year 1299; and, in the year 1309, the Knights Templars, except as captives or pensioners, had ceased to exist. Nor was the rise of the Turkish power an event calculated, at its first announcement, to create any extraordinary consternation. As regards Asia Minor, the entire peninsula, with the exception of its western sea-board, had long been in the possession of kindred tribes; and the mere substitution of Ottomans for Seljukians could hardly be thought to menace the interests of Europe. Even the actual passage of the Straits, which was the first critical point of Turkish progress, presented no unparalleled phenomenon; for a Moorish kingdom still flourished on the Guadalquivir; and a Tartar horde had just established its sovereignty over the dismembered duchies of Russia. It is certainly true that the exigencies of Mogul invasions, and the remnants of crusading zeal, did originally suggest the concert of nations, which became afterward systema-

tized by the standing requirements of a political equilibrium; and, perhaps, the dread of Ottoman aggression produced the first faint foreshadowings of those State-combinations which characterize the modern history of Europe. But it was not so at the outset. Adrianople had been made a Mahometan capital, and the metropolis of the Eastern Cæsars had become a mere *enclave* in Turkish territory, before the aid of European princes was solicited against the new invaders—and solicited in vain! and when at length the Christian allies and the infidel forces joined battle in the field of Nicopolis, the Ottoman power had been impregnably strengthened by the impunity and successes of a century.

As any particular narrative of these events would carry us beyond our limits and our design, we can only venture on a few brief remarks in elucidation of the subject directly before us, and in aid of the general interest of our disquisition. Toward the close of the thirteenth century,—that is to say, at the very moment when the election of a Swiss knight to the Germanic throne was laying the foundations of the imperial House of Austria, events of equal singularity were preparing the seat of the rival Cæsars for the progeny of a Turkish freebooter. The Asiatic continent, from its central highlands to the shores of the Mediterranean, had been utterly convulsed by the tremendous irruptions of Zingis Khan; and, in the course of the subsequent commotions, a Turcoman chief named Ortogrul, from the banks of the Oxus, found himself wandering in the hills of Anatolia at the head of four hundred families. A service, which he accidentally rendered to a native prince, was acknowledged by a grant of land; and the estate was soon expanded into a respectable territory, by the talents which had originally acquired it. The inheritance of Ortogrul devolved, in 1289, upon his son Osman or Othman, who, at the death, ten years later, of his patron, the Sultan of Iconium, no longer hesitated to proclaim his independent sovereignty. Such was the origin of the House of Othman. The name itself, which is a vernacular epithet of the royal vulture, and signifies a “bone-breaker,” has been recognized by the Turks as not disagreeably symbolical of the national character and mission; and so completely do they identify their State with the race of its founder, that they have foregone all other denominations for the dignity, style, and title of the Ottoman Porte.

The new dynasty enjoyed the signal though

accidental advantages of long reigns and worthy representatives; while its opportunities of aggrandizement were so peculiar that far weaker hands might have turned them to account. On one side of them lay the Roman empire, shrunk to the dimensions of Constantinople and its environs; on the other the fragmentary or effete principalities of the Seljukian Turks, who had been quartered for two centuries on these spoils of the Eastern Cæsars, and whose power had been recently shattered by the shock of the Mogul invasion. The House of Othman struck right and left. Before the sixty years of its two first chiefs had terminated, the north-western portions of Asia Minor had been effectually subdued, and a capital had been found at Prusa for the new dominion. Already the passage of the Hellespont had become an ordinary incident of their expeditions, and by the middle of the fourteenth century, the European shore of the Straits was studded with Turkish garrisons. Starting from the ground thus gained, Amurath, first of his name, and third of his race, added the whole province of Thrace to his territories, erected a second metropolis at Adrianople, and advanced the Ottoman frontiers to the Balkan. Our sketch runs rapidly to a close. A few years more, and we find these Turks of the third generation, at the very limits of their present empire; and on the very scenes of their present fortunes. By 1390, they had occupied Widdin, and before five years more had elapsed, the Moslem and Christian hosts were delivering, as we have said, the first of their countless battles on the banks of the Danube.

During these transactions, although the relative positions of Turkey and Christendom were wholly and alarmingly changed, and though the attitude of the new invaders on the borders of Germany did really portend more serious results than the transient devastations of Tartar inroads, yet the deportment of the European Powers appears to have undergone no corresponding alteration. The battle of Nicopolis had indeed been fought; but the crusade which this encounter commenced and terminated, originated rather in the influence of family connections than in any impulse of political foresight or religious zeal. The King of Hungary, whose realm was menaced by the arms of Bajazet I., was son of one German emperor, brother to another, and destined to be Emperor himself; and he possessed therefore the obvious means of attracting to his standard the capricious chivalry of the West. But there

was no effective combination of forces, nor any permanent sense of the danger which required it. The progress of the Ottoman arms exercised little perceptible influence on the councils of Europe, nor did the impending fate of an imperial and Christian city provoke any serviceable sympathy. After the Thracian and Bulgarian conquests, to which we have alluded, Constantinople, for the first time in its existence, was completely environed by enemies; and it became clear to the Greek emperors, that the invaders with whom they had now to deal, were of a very different mould from the swarming hordes which had so often swept past them and retired. Yet, though four emperors in succession visited Western Europe in search of aid, and though one of them brought his petition even to the king of this island, and Kentish yeomen saw a Greek Cæsar entertained in St. Austin's monastery, and received on Blackheath by a Lancastrian sovereign, there was no substantial aid forthcoming. This failure was doubtless principally ascribable to the disrepute into which crusading expeditions had fallen, and to the occupation with which both the French and English monarchs were then provided in their own kingdoms. There are, however, other circumstances which, for the full comprehension of the state of opinion at this period, it will be necessary to collect.

Though the Greek emperors were not only Christian sovereigns, but even coheirs of the political supremacy of Christendom, yet this very rivalry had combined with their geographical isolation and foreign tongue to estrange them from the Powers of Europe. As early as the reign of Heraclius, the intercourse between the East and West began visibly to slacken, and the great religious schism of the eleventh century completed the disruption. After this time, Constantinople was scarcely regarded, either spiritually or politically, as entering into the community of European States. Even the contact induced by the Crusades rather increased than diminished the alienation. On more than one occasion, Greek emperors were leagued with the Saracens against the soldiers of the Cross; and the imperial city itself, after triumphantly sustaining so many sieges, was captured and sacked for the first time by Christians and Franks. It may be imagined, perhaps, that the differences between the Greek and Latin churches could not much affect the dispositions of Norman barons; but it must be remembered, that in these romantic expeditions the moderator and expo-

nent of European opinion was no other than the Roman Pontiff,—without whose co-operation it would have been scarcely possible to organize an effectual crusade. The application, therefore, of the Eastern emperors to the Powers of Europe, took the form of conciliatory overtures to the Romish See; and, excepting in the case of the Emperor Manuel, the negotiations of the imperial visitors were confined to the limits of the Papal Court. Neither could the Greek State be exactly represented to European sympathies as a Christian city brought finally to bay, and desperately battling against the overwhelming forces of the infidel. The terms on which Turks and Greeks had for some time been living, precluded any such description of their mutual relationship. The presumptive antagonism of the two States had been long openly compromised by concessions, by tributes, and, what was worse, by the ordinary passages of amity and good-will. Ottoman princes were educated at the Christian court, and Christian princes honorably lodged in the camp of the Ottomans; a mosque was tolerated in Constantinople; and a daughter of John Cantacuzene was given in marriage to the second of the Turkish sovereigns. That these arrangements were not wholly voluntary on the side of the weaker party we may safely believe; but it will still be evident how materially such a combination of circumstances must have operated to the disadvantage of the Emperors, in their appeal to the sympathy of Christian Europe.

Meantime the Turkish power had been growing with a certainty and steadiness unexampled in the history of an Oriental people. Two or three of the causes which principally conduced to this remarkable result, it may be right here to specify. The passage of the Ottomans into Europe might have been long retarded by the simple expedient of guarding the Straits. While the power of the Greek Empire consisted almost solely in the relics of its fleet, still respectably appointed, and furnished with the most formidable appliances of naval warfare known to the age, the Turks were totally destitute both of ships and of the science which concerned them. A few galleys might have sufficiently protected the channel against all the forces of Orchan an Amurath; and yet not only were the Ottomans permitted to pass undisturbed, with such means as they could extemporize, but even the intelligence of their having secured a lodgment, and fortified themselves on the European side, pro-

duced nothing but careless scoffs in the Imperial court. The next point requiring notice is, that the conquests of the Turks were mainly effected by the agency of European troops. The Ottomans will be found to have conquered the Byzantine provinces as we conquered India—by enlisting and disciplining the natives of the country. Only 400 families had originally obeyed the voice of Ortogrul; and it is clear, therefore, that the subjects of his successors must have been swelled in numbers by accessions from other tribes: in fact, the progress of the Ottomans was merely the onward flow of the population of Asia Minor. Even this, however, would have been deficient in impulsive force but for the singular institution which we are now to mention.

The Janizaries were originally formed and recruited from the impressed children of Christian captives; afterward from those of any Christian subjects of the Porte, and at length from the sons of the soldiers themselves; so that a pure military caste, with habits and interests totally distinct from the rest of the people, was gradually established in the very heart of the nation. The number of the Janizaries in the middle of the fourteenth century was only one thousand; but this muster-roll was repeatedly multiplied by successive Emperors, till at length, under the Great Solyman, it reached to twenty thousand, and in the German wars, under Mahomed IV., to double that strength. It is not a little singular that a body so constituted should have been not only the main instrument of Turkish aggrandizement, but should have been so inveterately identified with Ottoman traditions, as at all times to have formed the chief obstacle to any social or constitutional reforms. Nor should it be overlooked, that the creation and maintenance of this standing army, isolated from all popular sympathies by descent and character, contributed most powerfully to consolidate the authority of the new dynasty, and to furnish the Turkish sovereigns with those permanent resources, in virtue of which they escaped the ordinary vicissitudes of Oriental dynasties; and encountered the tumultuous levies of Hungary and Germany with all the advantages of despotic power. The pretensions of the House of Othman kept pace with its achievements. Originally its chief had been content with the title of Emir; but Bajazet I., by means to which we shall immediately refer, procured for himself, toward the end of the century, the more dignified denomination of Sultan. Already, in justification of his new assumptions,

had he invested Constantinople, when events occurred by which the very course of Fate itself appeared to be threatened with a change. We can do no more than specify in a few words the occurrences which abruptly subverted the whole superstructure of Turkish power; which scattered all its acquisitions to the winds, and which renders its ultimate restoration one of the most extraordinary incidents in the records of history.

In the height of his power and presumption, Bajazet was conquered and carried into captivity by Timour. By this defeat the inheritance of his house became to all appearance entirely dissolved. Its Asiatic possessions, though contemptuously abandoned by the conqueror, were seized upon by the Seljukian Turks, who regained the positions from which they had been dislodged; while in Europe the opportunity was turned to similar account by the reviving spirit of the Greeks. To complete the ruin, civil war between the sons of Bajazet presently ensued; and the heirs of the Ottoman House, instead of repairing their fortunes by concord and patience, were fighting desperately among themselves, for a heritage which hardly existed save in name. The perfect restoration of a State, dismembered and dismantled, at such a stage of its existence, by so destructive and shattering a shock, may be described as without parallel in history—and yet within ten years it was completely effected. Mahomet, the most sagacious of the sons of Bajazet, waited his time; and at length, by the extinction of other claims, succeeded in recovering both the Asiatic and European conquests of his family, and in reuniting the thrones of Adrianople and Prusa. A peaceful and prudent reign of eight years enabled him to consolidate his dominion anew; and when, in 1421, Amurath II. succeeded to the crown of his father, the Ottoman Power was as vigorous, as sound, and as aggressive as if the battle of Angora had never been fought.

We are now arrived at a period when the destinies of the Ottoman House were to be finally determined. Up to this time the progress and renown of the Turkish arms had stimulated Europe to nothing but a few insincere leagues and a single precipitate crusade; nor can we be wrong in presuming that the recent temporary suspension and apparent annihilation of the Ottoman Power must have operated materially in still further indisposing European statesmen to exertion or alarm. But the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, changed the

whole aspect of affairs. It has been usual to describe this memorable event as one of those which mark a new epoch; and as serving to introduce that period of history which we now emphatically term Modern. Undoubtedly, the definite and final extinction of the Roman Empire and the diffusion of Greek literature were incidents of no ordinary note; but by far the most important consequences of Mahomet's success were those which affected the Ottomans themselves. As regards Europe, it cannot be said that the destruction of the Lower Empire left any perceptible void in the community of States. As no system of mutual relationship had yet been established among Christian Powers, no special disturbance, such as would in the present day follow on the extinction of a particular member, could then be expected to ensue; and, even in the partial and transient examples of concert which had occasionally occurred, Constantinople had long been without appreciable influence or consideration. Since, therefore, no European functions had been discharged by the Lower Empire, no positive loss could be felt from its destruction; nor was the capture of Constantinople of much greater significance, in this respect, than the capture of Delhi. But, as affecting the rising power of the Ottomans, the event was of most material importance. It created, as it were, a vacancy in the list of recognized monarchies, and delivered over to a State, which already wanted little but a seat of central power, one of the oldest and most famous capitals of Europe. It gave to the House of Othman, in a single day, exactly the *status* which it needed; and which years of successful invasions and forays would have failed to secure. It precluded all future antagonism between Adrianople and Prusa; and established a permanent cohesion between the European and Asiatic dominions of the Turkish crown. More than this—it conveyed to the Sultans and their successors certain traditional pretensions, of which they soon discovered the value. The empire of the East, according to their assertions, had neither been terminated nor dissolved, but had merely passed, like other kingdoms of the earth, to stronger and more deserving possessors. They claimed to represent the majesty of Constantine, and to inherit his dominion. From such presumptions it was easy to derive warrants, if warrants were needed, for war against the Venetians, whose possessions in the Archipelago and the Levant were but spoils ravished from the declining strength of Constantinople; or against

the Germans, whose rival pretensions to imperial supremacy were easily impugned. To the other titles of the Ottoman sovereigns was now added, accordingly, that of Keesar of Roum; and they were furnished, independently of the standing dictates of their religion, with pretexts of some plausibility for carrying their aggressive arms across the Adriatic.

We should probably not be justified in attributing to any accurate perception of these risks, the anxiety and terror which are described as pervading the courts of Christendom at the final intelligence of this catastrophe. There was serious agitation in Rome, considerable alarm on the Danube, and great scandal everywhere. A Christian capital of ancient name and famous memory had been sacked by an unbelieving race, whose name for generations past had been the horror of Europe. Yet, abruptly as the blow was at last felt to descend, it had long been visibly suspended; and, although no human power could have permanently protected the Greek Cæsars in their capital, while the Turks were established in unquestioned sovereignty between the Danube and the Euphrates, the actual circumstances of the siege were, nevertheless, such as to cast heavy imputation and responsibility upon the Powers of Europe. The Imperial city had been allowed to sustain the full shock of the Ottoman forces, with a weak and inadequate garrison of eight thousand men, three-fourths of whom were supplied from the population within the walls; so that the chivalry of Christendom was represented, at this critical period, by two thousand auxiliaries! Yet, that there was both room and opportunity for effectual succor, was evident, not only from the manner in which the defence, even under such circumstances, was protracted, but from the diversion which had been accomplished, during Bajazet's investment, by a force of only six hundred men-at-arms, and twice as many archers, under Marshal Boucicault.

But the truth was, that, although the actual catastrophe created a momentary consternation, and even occasioned the revival in certain quarters of crusading vows, there existed, as we have already said, no fellow-feeling with the Greeks sufficiently strong to suggest an effective expedition; nor in fact any facilities for such an enterprise in the social or political condition of Europe. The Turks were no new enemies; nor were they now seen for the first time on the northern shore of the Straits. The resources of Christendom might admit of combination and exer-

tion in the event of an actual irruption of barbarians or infidels, as when Frederic II. repulsed the Moguls, or Charles V. scared the Ottomans under the great Solyman; but for aggressive enterprise in distant regions they were no longer available. The writings of *Æneas Sylvius*—one of the earliest statesmen who surveyed the several Powers of Europe in connection with each other—give an intelligible picture of the condition of affairs at this period. The fall of Constantinople had excited some sympathies, but more selfishness. A certain commiseration, quickened by the refugees dispersed over the countries of the West, was felt for the exiled Greeks; but a far more lively sentiment was excited by the demonstrations of the triumphant Ottoman against the Italian peninsula. So reasonable were the apprehensions on this head made to appear, that within twelve months of the capture of the city, war was actually declared against the new Empire of the East in the Frankfort Diet; and, five years later, it was formally resolved at the Congress of Mantua, that 50,000 confederate soldiers should be equipped for the expulsion of the infidel, and the conclusive deliverance of Christendom. Neither of these designs, however, proceeded beyond the original menace; and the Turks were left in undisputed possession of their noble spoil.

Between this turning point of Turkish destinies, and the new epoch to which we must now direct our attention, there intervened a period of great general interest, and of remarkable importance to the Ottoman Empire—but not inducing any material changes in the relations of this Power with Western Europe. The avowed designs of Mahomet II. upon the capital of Christendom, illustrated as they were by his attitude on the Danube and his actual lodgment at Otranto, were not indeed without their influence, as was shown by the multitude of volunteers who flocked to the standard of the intrepid Hunniades. But when the idea of Ottoman invincibility had been corrected by the victories of the Allies at Belgrade, by the successful defiance of Scanderbeg, and by the triumphant resistance of the Knights of Rhodes, this restlessness soon subsided, and the course of events became presently such as to substitute new objects of concern in European counsels for the power and progress of the Turks. Perhaps the wild and indefinite projects of Charles VIII., in that gigantic national foray upon Italy which disorganized the mediæval constitution of Europe, may be taken as a fair representation

of the ideas prevailing respecting Constantinople, thirty years after the fall of the city. If the forces of France and Spain, instead of contending in deadly struggles for the possession of Italy, had been combined against a common enemy upon the Hellespont, it is certainly possible that something might have been achieved. The great Gonzalvo did, indeed, once appear upon the scene as an ally of the Venetians, and with an effect proportionate to his reputation. But in computing the chances of any such enterprise, it must be remembered that the Turks had hitherto achieved their conquests, not by mere force of numbers, like the Tartar hordes, but by superiority of discipline, tactics, equipments, and science. In this respect, at least, they were no barbarians. Their army was incomparably the strongest in Europe,—and especially in those departments which indicate the highest military excellence. For many years afterward, their artillery and engineers surpassed those of the best appointed European troops. These advantages would have told with tenfold effect from such ramparts as those of Constantinople, while nothing, on the other hand, short of a recapture of the city, and a complete dislodgment of the intruders, could have effected the objects of the Christian Powers. Above all, it should be recollected, what was so clearly proved in the sequel, that these powers could not then be relied on for any steadiness of concert, or any integrity of purpose; and that the religious zeal of former days was certainly not now in sufficient strength to furnish an extraordinary bond of union. The Turks were no longer politically regarded as the common foes, either of the human race or the Christian name. Already had the ordinary transactions of bargains and contracts become familiar between them and the Venetians; dealings of a more degrading kind had compromised the Papal See, and the Ottoman arms had in various expeditions been repeatedly aided by small Christian succors. It is related, indeed, that high pay and liberal encouragement attracted recruits from all countries to the Turkish ranks; nor is there, we believe, much reason to doubt that many an European Dalgetty was serving under the standard of the Prophet. The number of renegade vizirs and pashas that have figured in the Turkish service is something extraordinary.

To these considerations must be added the fact, that during the seventy years thus interposed between the capture of Constantinople and the accession of the Great Solyman, the designs of Ottoman ambition had

been diverted from the North and West to the East and South—from the shores of the Adriatic and the Danube to the defiles of Armenia and the plains of Cairo. Though the supremacy of the Turks was, it is true, steadily supported on the scene of its recent triumphs, and even unusually signalized on the waters of the Archipelago, yet the chief efforts of the two immediate successors of Mahomet were concentrated upon the territories of Persia and Egypt. It does not enter into our present plan to discuss the interesting results with which these efforts were attended. We need only remark, that while the overthrow of the Mameluke dynasty and the conquest (in 1516) of the kingdom of Egypt, compensated for the less productive invasions of the Persian provinces, the two objects together combined to divert the attention of the Sultans from Europe, and to suspend, for an interval, the apprehensions of Christendom. Looking back, therefore, for a moment from the point which we have now attained, we can see that the first rise of the Ottoman power occurred at such a period and under such circumstances as to deprive the phenomenon of any great singularity or terror; that even the passage of the Turks into Europe, their appearance on the Danube, and the permanent investment of Constantinople which virtually ensued, exercised no proportionate influence on the opinions of Western Europe, wearied as it was with crusades, and detached as it had long practically been from any civil or religious intercourse with the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and that the Ottoman invaders thus finally stepped without material opposition into an imperial inheritance,—which supplied them opportunely and in full perfection with what they most needed for the consolidation of their conquests—a local habitation and a recognized name among the Powers of Europe. But for the occupation of Constantinople, the dominion of the Ottomans might possibly have been little more durable than the dominion of the Horde on the Don. Lastly, we may remark, that the power of resistance to further aggression developed at Belgrade, and exemplified by the evacuation of Otranto, contributed, in connection with the diversion of Turkish conquests to other quarters of the globe, to reassure the kingdoms of the West; and to prepare the way for the eventual admission of a Mahometan Power into the political community of Christian States. Some of the earlier causes conducive to this remarkable consummation we have already pointed out;

but others, of no inferior interest, remain yet to be noticed.

In the month of February, 1536, the nations of Europe were scandalized—we may still employ the expression—with the intelligence that a treaty of amity and concord had been struck, between the Grand Seignior of the Turks and the first king of the Christian world! At an earlier period, Francis I. of France had not hesitated to enter into one of those nominal leagues against the Turk, which decency was still thought occasionally to dictate, and of which it was the immediate interest of Charles V. to perpetuate the spirit. But the ease and readiness with which these considerations were now subordinated to the very first suggestions of practical policy, furnish edifying matter of observation. The political system of European States—that is to say, the system in pursuance of which a reciprocal relationship is established between the several members of the community for the preservation of a general equilibrium—was then in process of formation; and a more curious example of its tendencies could hardly be given than this which we are now attempting to represent, in which the single idea contained in the term “balance of power” sufficed, first, to introduce an infidel State into the company of Christian sovereigns; secondly, to bring aid and countenance to that State in its very aggressions; and, lastly, when the course of events had hastened the premature hour of its decline, to protect its weakness, to assert its cause against even Christian adversaries, and to guarantee it, long, apparently, beyond the proper term, in a political and national existence.

The system of which we have been speaking, took its rise, or, at least, assumed its first practical developments, from the rivalry between France and Spain. The aggrandizement and consolidation which each of these kingdoms, though in an unequal degree, had recently attained, constituted them “the two crowns” of Christendom. The antagonism naturally ensuing between Powers thus situated, soon drew the other States of Europe into its sphere of action. This rivalry had been first exemplified in the Italian wars which followed upon the expedition of Charles VIII., and it was continued entirely in the spirit which that extraordinary enterprise had generated. The contested supremacy was for many years conceived to be represented by the possession of Italy; and the innumerable permutations of alliances which had been witnessed in the wars referred to,

suggested all the requisite ideas of State-combinations. Whether it can be strictly said that, in these early transactions, regard was really had to that equitable adjustment of power which became, subsequently, the avowed object of similar struggles, may be reasonably doubted; but at all events, European States now first began to group themselves about two centres; and both parties anxiously cast about for means of circumscribing the resources of their adversary or enlarging their own. It was no more than a natural result of such a condition of things, that the causes which had hitherto operated in promoting hostilities or friendship between States, should be superseded by more absorbing considerations of present policy; and it will be seen, accordingly, that though religious differences were still capable of originating wars, yet no material obstacle was found in diversity of creeds to the establishment of cordial and permanent alliances. In the Thirty Years' War, for instance, though the dispute lay ostensibly between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant constituencies of the Empire, yet the paramount object of the aggressive belligerents was the depression of the House of Austria; and in this good cause, the Popish troops of France, at the instigation of a cardinal minister, fought shoulder to shoulder with the parti-colored Protestants of Germany and Sweden.

It was in such a state of affairs and opinion, that Francis I. turned his eyes toward the Porte. Solyman the Great, who in 1520 had ascended the Turkish throne, had again directed the Ottoman arms to European conquests—and with a success surpassing the boldest achievements of his victorious predecessors. But these events, which a century before might have struck all Christian capitals with indignation and alarm, were now only looked upon as so many inducements to a political alliance. Francis saw in Solyman, not the conqueror of Rhodes and the would-be subjugator of Christendom, but the monarch of a mighty State availably situated for active diversion, and already at feud with his deadly enemy. That the Ottoman Sultan should have invested Vienna, and openly advanced pretensions to the supremacy claimed by Charles, were circumstances only additionally suggestive of the projected treaty. His resolution was taken accordingly. There had long been certain relations of trade and amity between French merchants and the Mameluke Soldans of Egypt; and when this country fell, as we have stated, under the dominion of the Turks, the privileges en-

joyed by the Christian traffickers had been judiciously confirmed and augmented. These antecedents were turned to account by Francis, who based upon them a proposal for a general commercial treaty between France and the Porte.* The instrument, it is true, did not stipulate any alliance for offence or defence; but the assurances of amity now ostentatiously interchanged, were sufficiently indicative of the point to which matters were tending; and within a few months, the corsair subjects of the Porte were actually let loose upon the Neapolitan possessions of the Catholic king!

Such was the first formal recognition of the Ottoman dynasty of Constantinople. Truces and treaties had, of course, been previously concluded between the Porte and its enemies; but this was the earliest instance of an amicable and gratuitous alliance; and it is worth observing, that so early did it occur, as to make the admission of a Mahometan Power into the community of Christian States contemporaneous with the very first and rudimentary combinations of these States among each other. That it was considered a step out of the common course of politics, and that it created, even in impartial quarters, some scandal, we can easily perceive; but not more, perhaps, than had been occasioned by the previous overtures of the same unscrupulous monarch to the Protestants of Smalcald. It is a significant indication, too, of the temper of the times, that the treaty was negotiated at Constantinople by a knight of St. John—and that it contained a special provision for the admission of the Pope to the league!

Still, there was really, as we have said, some scandal; and it needed in fact a concurrence of conditions to bring about so strange an innovation as the political naturalization of the Turk among the States of Christendom. Some of these conditions are in the highest degree curious and interesting. In the first place, since the period when we left the Ottomans on their way toward Egypt and Persia, the Reformation of religion in Europe had been successfully carried out. This mighty event exercised a twofold influence upon the relationship between the Christian Powers and the Papal See. On the one hand, by subtracting so many States

* What a benefit to History, if the National press of other countries was as usefully employed as that of France, in publications resembling the one, which we have placed at the head of our present Article. Is nobody engaged upon a translation of Von Hammer's 'Ottoman Empire'?

from the supremacy of the Pope, and weakening, in direct proportion, his authoritative power, it dislocated and neutralized the influence of that particular court, from which all combinations against the misbelievers had previously received their warrant and organization. No crusade could be maintained without the auspices of a Pope; and upon the good-will and services of this potentate more urgent and impressive claims were now preferred. But a few years before, indeed, the Pontiff had been besieged and imprisoned in his own city,—not by the fierce Mahometans, who once threatened such an attack, and at the echo of whose arms on Italian territory a former Pope had actually prepared to retreat beyond the Alps, but by the sworn foes of these intruders—the troops, on whose protection against such contingencies the powerless Romans had been heretofore taught to rely. The time had past when the most deadly antagonist of the Pope was necessarily the Turk, and with it had gone all opportunity for the moral or material organization of an actual crusade. On the other hand, the support derivable for such purposes from popular opinion was diminished in a corresponding degree by the operation of the same events. A new object had been found for the combative propensities of fanaticism or zeal. In the religious wars of these times, “heretic” was substituted for “infidel,” and the enthusiasm or animosity which in former days might have been directed against the encroachments of the Turk, were now furnished with sufficient occupation by the fatal divisions of Christendom itself. These causes, co-operating with a visible and settled repugnance to distant crusades, with the distractions arising from domestic vicissitudes, and with the indifference to alarming phenomena which familiarity ultimately brings on, may be taken perhaps as explanatory of that course of events which at length not only established the House of Othman upon the throne of the Cæsars, but gave it a title and place in the courts and councils of Europe.

It was not, however, under any ordinary aspect that this diplomatic *debut* was solemnized. The Ottoman Porte made its entry into the European system with all the appliances of glory, grandeur, and triumph. Not only was it a first-rate Power, but, excepting the yet scarcely manageable resources of Imperial Germany, it was the strongest Power which could take the field. This consciousness of strength, combined with that orthodox insolence and heritage of pretensions ;)

which we have alluded, gave to its deportment the genuine impress of barbaric pride. The Emperor of the Ottomans carried himself as a sovereign immeasurably exalted above all the monarchs of the West—especially above those with whom he was brought into immediate contact. The view taken by Solymán of the overtures of Francis I. may be collected from his haughty boast, that in his shadow the kings of France, Poland, Venice, and Transylvania had been fain to seek refuge. The first Austrian ambassador despatched to the Sublime Porte was sternly rebuked for applying a majestic epithet to his own master, and was thrown contemptuously into prison. Indeed, for a long subsequent period, the Oriental arrogance of Turkish sultans withheld from the representatives of foreign Powers those honorable immunities which in the intercourse of civilized nations is ever attached to their office; and the personal liberties of the diplomatic body in the vicinity of the Seven Towers were proverbially insecure. Meanwhile, it is affirmed, by no less competent authority than that of Azuni, that on general international questions, Turkey has at all times set an example of moderation to the more civilized governments of Europe. Sketching, now, a broad outline of the position of Turkey between this time and a period which we may fix at the commencement of the Thirty Years’ War, we might say that the idea of the “Infidels” had, from various causes, virtually disappeared; and that if the Porte was on other than acceptable terms with the courts of Christendom, the difference was not owing to its national faith. By the States engaged in hostilities with it, it was regarded as neither more nor less than an ordinary enemy; nor would we undertake to prove that Hungary* had much greater repugnance to a Turkish than to an Austrian master. The States removed from occasions of collision with the Porte were positively amicable—submitting to certain barbaric assumptions in consideration of commercial advantages. France had led the way from motives already explained; Venice, which in mercantile compacts had been already in the field, promptly followed; and England’s first ambassador departed from the court of Elizabeth. His reception, curiously enough, was not unopposed. Previously, our few negotiations with the Porte had been transacted through the representatives of the States already accredited there; and neither Venice

* Ed. Rev. vol. I. p. 454-5.

nor France was disposed to forego the prerogative of mediation, or to welcome a new competitor on the scene. The objections, however, were overruled, and the Ottoman Porte was declared open to all. In 1606 the United States despatched also their envoy to Constantinople. And thus, either the suggestions of policy, or the temptations of trade, had collected the representatives of Christendom about the Turkish Sultan, at as early a period as could be reasonably anticipated from the temper of the government, and the distance of the scene.

The influence directly exerted at this period by Turkey upon Western Europe was not, indeed, remarkable; though there are two points connected with it which deserve to be recorded. The incessant attacks of the Ottomans along the Danube and the Theiss, created in Germany such a sense of insecurity as had not been felt since the irruptions of the Moguls; and it became indeed evident that the protection of the Empire under such new frontier relations could not be entrusted to a distant or non-resident sovereign. It was true that the front recently shown by Charles V. to Solyman proved that the armies of the East could be over-matched, on emergencies, by the forces of the West; but these forces could be mustered only by such desperate appeals, and after such difficulties, that they supplied but an uncertain resource against the perils constantly impending from the ambition or ferocity of the Sultan. Even on the occasion alluded to, the Mahometans were in the very heart of Styria, before the strength of the Empire could be collected for the deliverance of Germany. These obvious considerations, though they had less weight than might have been anticipated with the Imperial States, who apprehended more danger to their liberties from the House of Hapsburgh than from the House of Othman, did induce Charles so far to modify his own schemes as to partition the reversion of his possessions, and to bespeak the Imperial crown for his brother Ferdinand, instead of his son Philip. His exertions secured a settlement which he afterward vainly tried to cancel. Ferdinand was elected King of the Romans; and thus the substitution of the formidable Ottoman for the degenerate Greek in the halls of Constantinople, was the means of settling the crown of the Empire in a German instead of a Spanish House—and of laying the broad foundation of the great monarchy of Austria. The event, too, produced its reaction on the fortunes of Turkey; for Fer-

dinand, thus strengthened, succeeded in incorporating the elective crown of Hungary with the already aggrandized inheritance of his family. From this consolidation of dominion flowed two results of signal importance to the subject we are now considering. Not only was a State created of sufficient magnitude to resist the aggressions of the Turk, but this rival empire became actually *conterminous* with the Ottoman dominions. Prague, Buda, and Vienna were now capitals of the same kingdom; a blow struck at Zeuta was felt at Frankfort; and thus, instead of the uncertain resistance dictated by the fitful and erratic impulses of Hungarian cavaliers, a steady force was organized and arrayed against the Turk, and the majesty and strength of Imperial Christendom was brought bodily on his borders.

It is with no wish to disparage the national character of Hungary that we here acknowledge our doubts whether this kingdom of itself either served or could have served as that "bulwark of Christendom" which it has been often denominated. We think, indeed, that after an impartial review of the annals of this period, it will be difficult to escape the conclusion that, but for its practical identification with the Germanic Empire, it would probably have become, and perhaps have remained, a dependency of the misbelievers. Even as it was, it should be remembered that Buda was Turkish for almost as long a period as Gibraltar has been English; while, as regards any active or inveterate antagonism on the score of religion, we find little ground for concluding that the inhabitants of Hungary would have shown more tenacity than the population of Wallachia or Moldavia. The personal prowess and brilliant successes of Hunniades and Matthias Corvinus were mainly instrumental, no doubt, in stemming the first torrent of Ottoman conquest; but though the flower of the armies which encountered the Moslem on the Danube were usually supplied from the chivalry of Hungary, it is impossible not to trace the ultimate transfer of ascendancy, to those events which established a mutual assurance among all the kingdoms between the Vistula and the Rhine.

The second of the points to which we alluded as notably exemplifying the influence of Turkey upon Christendom was the establishment, on the coast of Barbary, of those anomalous piratical States which have only within our own generation become extinct. From the earliest development of their national strength, the Turks have always expe-

rienced and confessed their inferiority on the seas; and though their unexpected victory over the Venetians at Sapienza for a moment might appear to announce a change, yet the improvement was not maintained; and the famous battle of Lepanto decided the capacity of the Turkish marine. Exasperated, however, at the insults to which he was exposed, and desirous of creating by any methods some counterpoise to the supremacy of the European Powers in the Mediterranean, Solyman the Great invested the celebrated Barbarossa with a title beyond the mere fact of conquest, to the possessions he had already acquired on the African coast. Algiers and its kindred strongholds became feudatories of the Porte; and in this capacity supplied, as will be remembered, the materials for some of the most curious historical episodes of the times in question. To say that these predatory governments ever seriously influenced the affairs of Europe would be attributing to them too great importance; but before the rise and growth of the proper Powers Maritime, they often successfully contested the command of the adjacent waters. It might have been reasonably expected that they would have been outlawed by the very fact of the profession which they so audaciously carried on. Instead of this, treaties were entered into with them by too many States to allow of their being proceeded against as pirates; so that the favor of the Porte had little difficulty in maintaining them for three centuries in their anomalous existence. Something, perhaps, they owed to the reciprocal jealousies of Christian States; and it deserves at least to be mentioned, that our own good understanding with these piratical communities preceded even our definite alliance with Holland, and was disturbed by only a single serious rupture through a century and a half.

Our review has now reached a point at which the action of the Ottoman Empire upon the affairs of Christendom can no longer be described as peculiarly that of a Mahometan Power. The holy war against Christians no longer supplied any guiding principle of Turkish policy, nor was any combination likely to be suggested by analogous considerations on the other side. When Mahomet III. departed from Constantinople on his campaign against the Emperor Rodolf II., his martial pomp was swelled by the ambassadors of France and England. And in truth, at the opening of the seventeenth century, the principal European States were either at peace with the Porte, or had con-

tracted positive alliances with it. The idea of attaching to it any political disabilities on the score of religion, had in reality become extinct, though it still survived in popular conceptions and received occasional illustrations in examples of individual chivalry. In fact, the existence of the still powerful order of St. John, holding its possessions and privileges on the recorded condition of war with the infidel, was sufficient to perpetuate the traditions of a previous period; and instances of volunteers in the same cause were of constant recurrence. The spirit of which we are speaking was conspicuously exemplified at the famous siege of Candia, when, in addition to other succors, the garrison was reinforced by a select band of Christian knights under the Duc de Beaufort, although the alliance between France and the Porte remained nominally undisturbed. "The French," said the vizier Kiuperli on this occasion, "are our friends;—but we usually find them with our enemies." No serious notice, however, was taken of these incidents; nor was there wanting at Constantinople an accurate appreciation of the subsisting policy of the principal cabinets of Europe. In the reign of our Charles I., a Venetian envoy ventured to threaten the Porte with a Christian league. "The Pope," returned the Turkish minister, "would sting if he could, but he has lost the power; Spain and Germany have their own work upon their hands; the interests of France are ours; while, as to England and Holland, they would only be too glad to supersede you in the commercial privileges you enjoy. Declare your war, then,—and see how you will fare for allies." This estimate of the condition and temper of contemporary governments was tolerably correct, and, indeed, a combination of motives frequently secured to the Porte diplomatic concessions, not yielded to any Christian Power. Nor was its character in its public relations wholly that of a barbarian State. It was unquestionably chargeable with ignorant vanity, with passionate caprice, with savage cruelty, and with a contemptuous disregard of international usages; but, on the other hand, it often displayed a magnanimous disdain of opportunities, and a noble sympathy for greatness in misfortune; while its ordinary respect for such treaty engagements as it had formally contracted, was at least on a level with that of other governments, from whose civilization and religion more might have been expected.

The truth is, that at this period the peculiar character of the Turkish State was man-

ifested rather in its neutrality than its aggressiveness. Bacon's doctrine, that there was a perpetual justification of invasive war with the Turks, on the ground of prevention, was evidently an anachronism. Probably no Christian Power, in such a position, could have avoided an active participation in the wars of religion and succession which one after another desolated the European Continent; whereas the arms of Turkey, at this crisis of the destinies of Germany, were again turned with irresistible force upon Persia. It was not until that terrible struggle had been terminated, that the Ottomans were allured, by the seductive representations of Tekeli, to make their last gratuitous demonstrations against the capital of the Western Empire. But the result of this famous invasion was very different from what they had anticipated. Not only were the ramparts of Vienna maintained against Black Mustapha's janizaries, and his spahis scattered by the first charge of Sobieski's cavaliers, but the several particulars of the campaign disclosed the fact, that the pre-eminence in arms had passed at length from the Ottomans to the Christians. The stories of this celebrated siege, and the apparent peril of a second Christian capital, tended to revive in no small degree the popular horror of the Turk; however, in point of fact, the growing ascendancy of Christendom had been indisputably shown. Already had the defence of Candia, protracted to more than twice the length of the defence of Troy, demonstrated the resources of even unorganized Europe against the whole forces of the Ottoman Empire, directed by the ablest minister it had ever known; the *récollections* of Lepanto were reanimated and heightened by a new series of naval victories; and now, for the first time, the superior excellence of European tactics was displayed on the banks of the Danube. Even had Vienna yielded to the first assaults, there is scarcely any room for doubting that the tide of conquest must soon have been both stayed and turned.

Still, although the seventeenth century was to close upon the Porte with humiliation and discomfiture, neither its attitude nor its position among the States of Europe had yet experienced any material change. It no longer indeed maintained a mastery in the field; but it still preserved its traditional carriage in the cabinet. It was still beyond obvious reach of insult or attack, and still affected the haughty language of unapproachable supremacy. It had not yet come to need countenance or protection; nor was the Power at

present in being before whose deadly antagonism its fortunes were at length to fail. A step, however, had about this time been taken toward the impending change, which deserves to be recorded. The Turks were disqualified no less by individual character than by national pretensions for the subtle functions of diplomacy; and the rude violence of their deportment in their foreign relations may be ascribed in no inconsiderable degree to the fierce and obstinate bearing of a true believer. Toward the end of the century, accidental events suggested the employment, in this peculiar capacity of the Grecian subjects of the Porte; who turned to such account the opportunities which were thus afforded them, that they presently monopolised the more important duties of external intercourse. In some sense, the Ottoman Empire was of course a gainer by the substitution of these supple intriguers for its own intractable sons; but the change contributed materially to effect its position in the eyes of other nations, and served incidentally to mark the period at which its characteristic arrogance began to recede.

With the eighteenth century a new scene opened upon Europe, in which the part hitherto played by Turkey was to be strangely reversed. Though we have brought our sketch of the Ottoman fortunes to a comparatively modern period, we have as yet had no opportunity of naming that remarkable nation by whose action they were to be finally regulated. The reader may, perhaps, be amused with the first dim foreshadowing of the mighty figures which were to come. In times long past, before the singular succession of bold and sagacious monarchs on the throne of Constantinople had been broken by the elevation of idiots or debauchees from the recesses of the seraglio, some of these powerful princes, with an enlightenment for which they have hardly received sufficient credit, cast about for means of restoring those commercial advantages of which their dominions had been deprived by the discoveries of Vasco di Gama, and by the consequent diversion of Eastern trade from the overland route to an entirely new channel. Among other projects for this purpose, Selim II. conceived or revived the idea of connecting by an artificial canal, at the most convenient points, the two great streams of the Don and the Volga, thus opening a navigable passage from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and establishing an easy communication between Central Asia and Western Europe. It was seldom that the Ottoman Sultans did their

work negligently. On this occasion the zeal of Selim was quickened by his desire to invade Persia through the new route, and he commenced his canal as it might have been commenced by a king of Egypt. He may be pardoned, in the fulness of his power, for not taking into account the destined opposition to his schemes. As the work, however, was proceeding, a body of men, with uncouth figures, strange features, and barbarous language, sallied out from a neighboring town, surprised the expedition, and cut soldiers and workmen to pieces. These savages were the Muscovite subjects of Ivan the Terrible, —and such was the first encounter of *the Turks and the Russians*.

About the middle of the ninth century, a short time before the accession of our Alfred the Great, Rurik, one of the Varangian rovers of the Baltic, sailed into the Gulf of Finland, and, with the audacity and fortune characteristic of his race, established a Norman dynasty at Novogorod. He presently despatched a step-son to secure the city of Kiev, on the Dnieper, which had formed the southern settlements of the old Slavish population, as Novogorod had formed the northern; and the invaders thus became the recognized lords of a country which was even then called Russia. To the instincts of the new settlers, the wealthy and unwarlike empire of the East was a point of irresistible attraction, and five times within a century were the "Russians" conducted by their new rulers to the siege of Constantinople. The bulwarks, however, of the imperial city were proof against the canoes and spears of the barbarians; and the last of these expeditions, in 955, terminated in an event which precluded any recurrence of the trial. By the instrumentality of a princess, the House of Rurik and its subjects received the doctrines of Christianity; and from this time the marauding ambition of the Russians was exchanged for a deep respect toward that State from which they had obtained their religion, their written characters, and many of the usages of civilization. Unfortunately, one of the consequences of the disorders of an irregular and disputed succession was the transfer, about the year 1170, of the seat of government from Kiev to Vladimir. The former city had been early preferred to Novogorod, on account of its contiguity to the scene of anticipated conquest; and, when the relations between its rulers and the Greek emperors had experienced the change to which we have referred, the proximity was still desirable for the sake of an intercourse which was ex-

ercising a highly beneficial though partial influence upon the rising kingdom. But this removal of the grand "princes" or "dukes" from so convenient a capital as Kiev, to what is nearly the centre of the present monarchy, completely cut off the Russians from Constantinople and Christendom; and was the first of those occurrences which so singularly retarded the political development of this mighty State. The second was the invasion of the Moguls.

When, in the middle of the thirteenth century, the Tartars of the Asiatic Highlands burst, for the third time, upon the plains of Europe, they found an easy prey in the disorganized principalities of Russia. Vladimir, as we have remarked, was the capital of a grand duchy, to which a score of princes, all of the blood of Rurik, owed a nominal allegiance; but, so destructive had been the consequences of unsettled successions and repeated partitions, that there was nothing to oppose the inroad or settlement of the Mogul, and the result was the establishment, upon the banks of the Don, of a Tartar khannat, with undisputed supremacy over the ancient princes of the land. The sovereignty of the horde, however, although complete, was not very actively exerted; and, in the two centuries which followed, the grand dukes were left at liberty to work out, in the interior of the country, the problem of Russian liberation. Kiev having now been definitely abandoned, the seats of the three leading princes were at Vladimir, Twer, and Moscow; the first of which lines enjoyed the supremacy, until it devolved, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, upon Twer, and, in the course of about fifty years more, upon Moscow. At this point the succession was finally settled in the person of Ivan of Moscow, surnamed Kalita; whose resources were strengthened by the gradual conflux of the population upon his territory, as they retired from the encroachments of the Lithuanians and Poles. His descendents were soon enabled to hold their own not only against these nations, but even against their Tartar lords; and the frame of a kingdom of "Muscovy" was already formed, when, in 1462, IVAN THE GREAT succeeded to the heritage of his ancestors. So completely, indeed, had the collateral lines of the royal stock been subordinated to its head, that little more was required for the consolidation of a powerful monarchy than the reduction of some municipal republics, and the subjugation of the now enfeebled horde on the Don. These conditions were soon realized. In 1481, Ivan,

assuming the title of Czar, announced himself as an independent sovereign to the States of Christendom;—and the EMPIRE OF RUSSIA was formed.

It is very remarkable that even this remote and peculiar State, which then gave so little promise of its future destiny, should thus have been apparently consolidated at the same period which witnessed the definite formation of so many of the European kingdoms. Ivan the Great was contemporary with Maximilian of Austria, with Ferdinand of Spain, and with Louis XI. of France. And circumstances, arising immediately from the events before us, seemed at one moment to favor, in no small degree, the ultimate development of the new dominion. Constantinople, the early patroness of Russian progress and civilization, from which the recollections of the people had never, even by the intruding Tartars, been wholly estranged, had now, in her original capacity and influence, become extinct, and was occupied by aliens in religion and race. We may perhaps say, indeed, that this catastrophe was more sincerely felt in Russia than in any other part of Christendom. To the high gratification of his subjects, Ivan raised Sophia, the last of the Greek princesses, to a share of his throne and bed; adopted as the ensign of his State the two-headed eagle, which, by a strange vicissitude, had now been replaced at Constantinople by the old crescent of Pagan Byzantium; and appeared, by his alliance and his sympathies, to have acquired some of the dignity and pretensions of the emperors of the Greeks. Detached, in this manner, from its original connection with the East, the Russian monarchy acquired rather a European than an Asiatic aspect; an exchange undoubtedly conducive to its eventual advancement. Its penance, however, was not yet done. At this critical juncture, when everything appeared to promise the speedy growth of the new Power, the old stock of Rurik, after seven centuries and a half of existence, failed in the third generation from the great Ivan; and a succession of usurpers, invaders, and pretenders for fifteen years, during which interregnum the country narrowly escaped annexation to Poland, threw back the rising monarchy into a condition scarcely better than that from which it had emerged. At length, in 1613, the election of Michael Romanoff to the vacant throne provided Russia anew with a royal stock; and the fated antagonist of the House of Othman was finally established in policy and power.

But for the retarding circumstances to

which we have referred, it is probable that the relations between Turkey and Christendom would have been changed at a much early period by the menacing attitude of Russian dominion. Alexis, the second of the Romanoffs, suggested, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, the formation of a holy league against the infidels of Constantinople. His country, however, was as yet in no condition to play the part desired; nor was it, indeed, until the days of Peter the Great, that Russian vessels, after a lapse of nearly eight centuries, again swam the sea of Azov. Still, the future was preparing. The peace of Carlowitz, in 1699, terminated the last of those Turkish wars by which European freedom was conceived to be threatened. It actually included Russia: and thus was Russia, for the first time, brought seriously into hostile contact with the Porte. It may be even added, that the terms of the treaty were honorable to Peter; nevertheless, although the ascendancy of the Imperialist over the Ottoman arms had now been conclusively decided, some time further was to elapse before this superiority was shared by Russia also.

The Turkish Empire entered upon the eighteenth century, considerably damaged by the last campaigns. Its forces had been relatively, though not, perhaps, actually weakened; but its reputation was most seriously diminished. Nevertheless, this very circumstance probably contributed, by finally removing all dread of its aggressions, to promote that peculiar interest which the cabinets of Europe now began to take in its political fortunes. It was, however, the progress of Russia alone which modified the estimation of Turkey among the Western States; and we shall best understand this gradual revolution of opinion by observing the respective positions of the Porte and its new rival, at the close of the several wars by which this century was distinguished. It should be recollected, that the direct influence of Turkey, at this period, upon the European system, was almost exclusively confined to the Northern States. The secret inspiration of France was, indeed, perceptible in the decisions of the Divan; but it was only on the banks of the Vistula and the shores of the Baltic that the vibrations of Ottoman struggles were practically felt. Acting on Russia and Poland through the medium of Cossack and Tartar hordes, which carried their allegiance and their disorder to all these countries in turn,—on Prussia and Sweden through Poland, and on Denmark through Russia,—the

Turkish Empire found itself connected with the less important moiety of Christendom—its relations with the Great Powers of the West being mainly suggested by its capacities for annoying Austria. In the wars, therefore, of the Spanish succession, as in the other great European contests, the Ottoman Empire was in no way directly mixed. Though its councils, as we shall presently see, became more and more exposed to the intrigues of diplomatists, yet so lordly was the indifference of the Porte to such opportunities, and so capricious and uncertain was its disposition, that no extensive combination could be safely based on its probable demeanor.

When the division of Europe with which it was most immediately concerned had been convulsed by the enterprises of Charles XII. of Sweden, it took no original part in the quarrel; but when, after the defeat of Pultawa, the vanquished hero sought refuge at Bender, the peace of Carlowitz was summarily broken, in behalf of a sovereign whose inferiority to his adversary had been exposed before all the world. It would be a work of some interest to ascertain how far the Divan was actually influenced by any considerations respecting Russian aggrandizement, and whether, upon this early occasion, its deliberations were swayed by the maxims of more modern policy. That it was not so influenced, to any very great extent, we may perhaps infer from its promptitude in engaging the Czar, and from the justification which such confidence received on the Pruth. Peter was there completely discomfited; and although the Swedish king gained nothing in the end, the advantages obtained by the Turks over the Russians appeared in 1711 quite decisive on the comparative strength of the two parties. In 1724, however, the Divan had begun to look with jealousy, if not apprehension, upon the growth of Russia; and war was only averted by the good offices of the French court. Its ambassador, on this occasion, represented to the Porte, remarkably enough, that the aggrandizement of Russia could be in nowise injurious to the Ottoman interests; but that, on the contrary, it would supply a counterpoise against Austria, the natural enemy of Mahometan power. It is said, that Peter the Great bequeathed certain cabinet traditions for effacing what he considered to be the humiliating features of the treaty of the Pruth; and it is at any rate clear, that when the accession of the Empress Anne introduced fresh spirit into the Russian councils, an opportunity was

promptly found to renew hostilities with the Ottomans. Indeed, the cabinet of St. Petersburg appears to have even now almost succeeded to the imperious carriage of the Porte itself. Though, twenty years later, such was the condition of the country, that one of the most intelligent of French diplomatists described it as a country liable, at any moment, to relapse into barbarism, and on that ground disqualified for any permanent alliances; yet it already assumed all the airs of supremacy, so far as even to contest the ancient precedence of France. The war from 1735 to 1739, which now ensued, proved the hinging point in the military fortunes of Turkey. It cannot certainly be termed discreditable in its conduct. Since, notwithstanding that it was actually engaged in Persia with the formidable Nadir Shah, the Porte was still able to show a resolute front to Munnich in the Crimea, and to the Count de Wallis on the Danube, and at length drove the Austrians to a precipitate peace under the walls of Belgrade. But though the honor of the Ottoman arms was thus far unexpectedly maintained, and though no advantage was ever gained against them without a desperate struggle, it was nevertheless demonstrated, by the results of the campaign, that the rising power of Russia had at length reached an equality with that of Turkey; nor could it be much longer doubtful with which the superiority would rest for the future. The point had now been reached after which, even if Turkey did not retrograde, yet Russia must continue to advance,—and the distance between them must yearly increase. Even the terms of the particular treaty which followed immediately upon the peace of Belgrade, showed the change of relationship between them. The territorial arrangements were not greatly to the disadvantage of the Porte; but the haughty Ottoman condescended to acknowledge an "Empress" in the Czarina; and an explicit stipulation was introduced for the annulment of all previous conventions, agreements, and concessions, and the recognition of this treaty as solely defining the relations which were to subsist thereafter between the contracting Powers.

After this, all, excepting the actual conquest of the Ottoman Empire, may be said to be virtually over. In fact, even the last war had been commenced with the definite expectation of despoiling the Porte of some, at least, of its European possessions—so precipitate had been its decline. Turkey was now fairly on the descending limb of her orbit;

and it seemed easy to calculate the speed with which she was hastening to her setting. True to her ancient policy, if such a term can be applied to a strange combination of ignorance, high-mindedness, and disdain, the Porte took no part in the wars which embroiled its old antagonists at the demise, in 1740, of the Imperial Crown; or in the seven years' hostilities which afterward ensued. On the contrary, it actually proffered its disinterested mediation to the belligerents, and voluntarily dispatched to the Court of Vienna assurances of its unaltered amity. The question on which peace was at last broken, was that of expiring Poland. To say that the Divan was mainly influenced in this moment by sentiments of sympathy or generosity would be saying too much; but, so blind was it to the changes which time had wrought in the relative strength of the parties, that, in 1768, it deliberately and of its own accord declared war upon Russia. The campaigns which followed, speedily demonstrated the fatal folly of such a proceeding. The position of Turkey had, for nearly half a century, been defensive, and its vulnerable points were now fully exposed. On the other hand, so steady and rapid had been the advance, in the last thirty years, of Russian power, that the germs of all its subsequent pretensions were already visible, with their consequences, in this, the first war after the peace of Belgrade. Russian squadrons immediately scoured the Archipelago; Russian missionaries excited the Greek subjects of the Porte to rebellion; Russian agents tampered with the refractory governors of Egypt. So settled was the confidence of Catharine II. in the superiority of her admirably disciplined troops, that the vast hosts of the Ottomans were deliberately met by one eighth of their numbers,—and with perfect success. The Turks were driven out of Wallachia and Moldavia; the Danube was crossed; the fortresses of its southern bank invested; and the Ottoman communications intercepted between the famous camp of Schumla and its magazines at Varna.

And now, for the first time, were the general apprehensions of Christendom excited, *on behalf of the Turks!* Austria, though both previously and subsequently allured by a proposal for sharing the expected spoils, discerned a new danger and a new policy, while England and France acquired new motives of interest; and even Prussia acknowledged her concern. What adds to the significance of this agitation is, that it was of no avail. Catharine proudly rejected all intervention;

and, at her own time and upon her own terms, dictated the treaty of Kainardgi, which carried the old frontier of Peter the Great on to the banks of the Bug.

This was the first advancement of the boundaries of Russia to the south: and we may convey an intelligible idea of the system commenced, on this occasion, by merely enumerating the stages of its progress from those days to the present. Between the channels of the Dnieper and the Danube, three smaller streams fall in parallel directions into the waters of the Euxine—the Bug, the Dniester, and the Pruth. In the time of Peter, the Russian frontier had been formed by the Dnieper; in 1774, it was carried, as we have said, to the Bug; in 1792 to the Dniester; in 1812 to the Pruth; and in 1829, the line was made to include the mouths of the Danube. These advances represent, of course, grave contests and serious cost. In 1784, Catharine had so far ventured on the rights of the strongest, as to annex the Crimea to her dominion, by the simple authority of an imperial ukase. But by her menacing parades in these regions, and by her haughty inscription—"the route to Byzantium"—over one of the gates of Kherson, she at length exasperated the still ferocious Ottomans beyond the bounds of patience,—and war was again declared by the Porte. The campaigns of Potemkin and Suwarrow—the capture of Oczakoff—and the storm of Ismail, followed. The results we have already named.

What we are now, however, desirous of noticing, is not so much the protracted struggle between Turkish desperation and Russian strength, as the political persuasions which the development of these facts contributed to generate in Europe. We drew attention, at an early stage of our remarks, to the influence originally sought for, though with great submissiveness and timidity, by the emissaries of France at the court of the Sultan. There was, we may here observe, a singular convenience in the alliance to which the Porte had been thus incidentally led. The King of France was far enough removed to be beyond the risk of collision; the traditional connection of his cabinet with the affairs of Poland, and its peculiar authority with the Order of St. John, gave him frequent opportunities of serviceable mediation, while his position, as the first hereditary monarch of the Christian World, was such as to gratify the inordinate pride of the Ottoman Sultans. In respect of arrogance, however, the French monarchs were nearly a match for their Oriental allies. They exacted from

the Porte the title of "Padischah," or Emperor; and, in the conduct of such of their ambassadors as Marcheville and Ferriol, it is difficult to trace much superiority over the uncivilized envoys of the Porte. But as the preponderance of the Ottoman power gradually decreased, this indefinite influence of France assumed a more positive form and scope, and at length, in the wars of Louis Le Grand, it was visibly established. So ambitious a monarch could not overlook a Power of which so much use was to be made in a variety of ways. The Most Christian King had been forced indeed, for very decency, to dispatch certain succors to the Emperor at the moment when the infidel was actually menacing Vienna: But his agents were all the while busy at Constantinople; and in the delay of the pacification with which at length the war and the century were terminated, the interested action of a Western Power was, for the first time, notoriously traceable. After this period, the necessities or liabilities of the Ottoman State in this respect, became matter of common recognition; and so regularly during the next hundred years did all the great Powers of Europe, according to their successive ascendencies or opportunities, claim a right of interference and mediation in the negotiations and treaties of the Porte, that the conduct of Catharine II. in disallowing such intervention between her and her enemy, was conceived to indicate an extraordinary degree of presumption. These intercessions, however, had not yet been dictated or determined by any general alarm at the aggrandizement of Russia; they originated in the prospect of advantage which each State discerned in communicating the impress of its own interests to the engagements of a nation dissociated by creed, position, and character from the ordinary politics of Christendom. Even after Turkey ceased to be an aggressive Power, it still retained the capacity of effecting, on emergencies, most serious diversions,—and of granting commercial privileges of no trifling value. It became in fact a State, which, though not secluded from the rights of political community, was yet so practically withdrawn from the sphere of ordinary combinations, as to appear like a ready-made instrument for all collateral purposes. Its disdainful chivalry and its passionate caprices were well known; nor was there any cabinet of importance which did not appreciate the possible services they might confer. At the Pruth, the mediating Powers were England and Poland; at Belgrade, the mis-

sion devolved upon France. Prussia was characteristically introduced to the Divan by the admiration of the Ottoman for the personal qualities of the Great Frederic. The state of things disclosed by Romanzoff's campaigns, transformed even Austria into an intercessor on behalf of the Turks; and in 1792 the cabinets of London and Berlin found themselves zealously co-operating for the same end. Other scenes, however, were now at hand.

The position of Turkey at the opening of those eventful days which changed the face of Europe by and through the French Revolution, was briefly this:—She had escaped the imminency of peril. The last wars had conclusively established both the gigantic strength of Russia and the uses to which it would probably be applied. Catharine did not condescend to disguise her ambition or her hopes. She openly discussed the project of restoring a Greek Empire at Constantinople for the benefit of her successors; and revived the auspicious name of Constantine in a prince of her royal house. Nor, although the fate of Poland had alarmed the statesmen of Europe, was it by any means certain that any peremptory arbitration could at this time have been interposed between Russia and her prey. In 1791, Pitt had found himself totally unsupported in his proposition to equip a squadron of observation for the Dardanelles; the functions of France, the old and, nominally at least, the natural ally of the Porte, were entirely suspended; and the complicity and spoils of Polish dismemberment furnished the Northern Courts with irresistible arguments and temptations. Already, in fact, had the *partition* of Turkey been deliberately canvassed, as a preferable alternative to its absorption; and although subsequent events showed that the Ottomans were by no means so defenceless as they were presumed to be, yet it may be doubted whether they would not have been thrown wholly for support at this time on their own fanatical courage. Even ten years earlier, France, acting always as the confidential friend of Turkey, had intimated to the Divan, that in any future war it would probably be vain to look to Europe for diversion or aid; and the inclinations of Austria to participate rather in the plunder than in the prevention of the deed were sufficiently known. From these hazards, however, the Porte was now relieved. The Governments of Europe were fain to pause in their traditional careers; and the same circumstances which had exempted the Ottoman Empire

from any share in the great wars of the century just expiring, secured it also in a similar immunity from the revolutionary tempests by which a new order of things was ushered in. At length, after six years' neutrality, the passions of the Porte were violently roused by the ambition of the Directory. The ancient interests of France in these regions of the world were characteristically symbolized in her revolutionary counsels, by a descent upon Egypt! The results of this famous expedition were, in many points of view, remarkable; and in none more than those immediately connected with the subject under review. Unable to comprehend either the Revolution or its consequences, the Porte could at least discern that its oldest ally was deliberately proposing to rob it of its fairest province. It accordingly declared war against France; and, as a natural sequel of such a determination, drew more and more closely to Great Britain, which, always favorably disposed toward Turkey, had now become its most obvious counsellor and friend. Into the particulars of the engagements which followed, we need not enter. It will be enough to observe, that by this measure the French Government rudely snapped asunder an alliance of two centuries and a half; that the protectorate thus lost, passed virtually to England; and that the ultimate effects of the enterprise threatened little less than the transfer to this country of the credit, influence, and privileges, which France, for so long a period, had enjoyed in the dominions of the Porte.

The new impulse, however, thus communicated to the policy of the Divan was by no means undisturbed. The vicissitudes of the great war soon furnished so adroit a negotiator as Napoleon with opportunities of reviving or remodeling the alliances of the old monarchy; and so well were his intrigues seconded by the impolicy of our own proceedings that, in 1807, the Dardanelles were forced by an English fleet while the defence of Constantinople was directed by a minister of France. The publication of the secret compact between Alexander and Napoleon at Tilsit once more, and more conclusively, estranged the Porte from its French connections; and at length, by a concerted pacification between Turkey and Russia in 1812, the forces of the latter Power were opportunely disengaged to assist toward the issue of the Moscow Campaign. We touch but cursorily on these events, since, however momentous in themselves, they but indirectly affected the question before us. What is

chiefly to be remarked is, that Turkey, during this period, was received with more universal consent, and on a more legitimate footing than before, into the community of European States, and that the part assigned to her in their general federative policy partook more of a regular character. On the other hand, although certain obligations were in this way contracted toward the Porte by the European States, yet its fated antagonist was more than proportionately strengthened by the operation of the same causes. So conspicuous and substantial had been the services of Russia in the struggle of Europe against Napoleon, and so entirely was the Continental policy of the Court of St. Petersburg now identified with that of the other great Powers, that the attitude of the Czar became far more formidable than before; and results which we need scarcely recapitulate, proved what substantial grounds there were for the growing apprehensions of the Divan.

What is called, indeed, "the Eastern Question," may be said to have been fully constituted at the close of the war. The opinion still survived, and, in fact, since the days of Catharine II., seemed gradually to have been confirmed, that the national existence of Turkey had reached its appointed term, and could only be protracted by the artificial suspense which the jealousies of Europe might combine to create. An element too of singular importance in the question now made itself visible. An interest was claimed, whether sincerely or otherwise, yet with great plausibility, by the Christian Powers of Europe in the Christian subjects of the Porte; and as these were mostly members of the Greek church, the sympathies and pretensions of Russia naturally assumed a peculiar prominence. The liberation of Greece and the incidents, whether of argument or violence, attending its accomplishment, furnish a sufficient exemplification of the views and considerations which were thus introduced upon the political stage, and which, it is evident, have ever since been steadily increasing in significance and weight. Still, a strong counterpoise remained in the conviction felt by all European cabinets but one, that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, in its substantial integrity, was necessary to the prospective peace of Europe; and although this sentiment might, in some quarters, be reducible into a simple objection to a monopoly of the spoil, yet the difficulties of a partition were so great that, eventually, all parties coincided in a resolution to stave off the crisis, and postpone a

question which they were unable to solve—with any satisfaction to themselves.

Such then is the position of the Ottoman Empire. Prostrate, to all appearance, at the feet of its vigilant and redoubtable foe, it is maintained, in a precarious security, by the jealousies rather than the sympathies of surrounding nations: For, although on more than one occasion, it has exhibited an unlooked-for vitality in the hour of peril, yet the experience of recent years forbids all further reliance on such resources. The Danube and the Balkan are no longer barriers. Adrianople has been already once reached; and between that city to Constantinople there intervenes but a step.

Historians have frequently indulged in speculations upon the causes of this decline. But the question lies, we think, within narrow limits. It is less the decay of one of the antagonists, than the growth of the other, which has so disturbed the balance between them. The armies which were overthrown by the Bajazets and the Amuraths bore no comparison to those encountered by Mahmood; nor is it probable that the Great Solyman, in the height of his power, could have ever made head against such a force as that now wielded by the reigning Czar. Turkey, in short, has been stationary, while other nations have advanced. This is one of the consequences due mainly to the character of the national religion; though it would be incorrect to attribute to this most important influence results exclusively prejudicial. It is true that fanaticism has produced social insecurity as well as political stagnation, and that the false prophets of Ottoman history have been more numerous and successful than the pretenders or usurpers of any other history whatever. But, on the other hand, the sanctity which the theocratic principle communicated to the reigning House has proved its inviolable safeguard in the crisis of revolution; and the reversion of the holy Kalifate which Selim I. secured from the last phantom representative of the Abbasides conveyed no insignificant authority to the Commander of the Faithful. In virtue of this title, the supremacy of the Sublime Porte was recognized by all the orthodox Mussulman world; so that an appeal based upon the obligations involved in it was actually, in 1799, transmitted to Constantinople from Seringapatam.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of the Ottoman and Russian Empires, that the destinies of both should be matter of long-descended tradition and common acceptance

in the minds of the people. Though the establishment of the Turks in Europe is now of such respectable antiquity that its fourth, and perhaps fated centenary draws nigh, and though their rights of dominion have acquired a title beyond that of mere prescription, yet the nation itself, as has been observed by an historian not often distinguished by such felicitous brevity of expression, is still only "*encamped*" on its conquests. They have never comported themselves, either politically or socially, as if they anticipated in Europe any continuing home. Ottoman legends relate how a belief arose, even in the very hour of conquest, that the banner of the Cross would again be some day carried to the brink of the Straits; and it is said that this misgiving is traceable in the selection of the Asiatic shore for the final resting-place of true believers. It is certain, too, that from the first definite apparition of the Russian Empire, they instinctively recognized the antagonists of Fate. Europe had hardly learned the titles of the Czar, when the gaze of the Porte was uneasily directed to the new metropolis on the Neva; throughout the whole century, notwithstanding its chequered incidents, the impression was never weakened; and to this day the inhabitants of Constantinople point out the particular gate by which the Muscovite troops are to enter the City of Promise. Nor are the traditions less vivid on the other side. Although the visible ambition of the Imperial Court may have been generated by the creations of Peter and the conquests of Catharine, yet the impressions popularly current flow from an earlier and a less corrupted source. The ancient relations of Russia with the capital of the Cæsars, the early hostilities, the subsequent alliances, and the presumed inheritance of Ivan, are all matter of national legend; and combine, with the appeal to religion and the incitements of pride, to make the recovery of Constantinople from the Ottoman appear an obligatory as well as a predestined work. The spirit in which the Russian legions would march to the Bosphorus would, probably, differ little from that in which Grenada was invested by the levies of Castile.

Yet, with all these palliatives of conquest and all this semblance of warrant, it is unquestionable that the sentiments which the occupation of Constantinople by Russia might awaken in the cabinets of Europe would be seconded by the opinion of every people between the Vistula and the Atlantic. Though the Turks, even in the fourth century of their

European existence, still sit like barbarous conquerors on the lands they won, though they retain in servitude and degradation millions of Christian subjects, though they perpetuate the hopeless desolation of vast provinces, and though these provinces are the very fairest regions of the known world and the most famous scenes of ancient story;—yet for all this, in the event of an invasion, they would command the sympathy and favor of thousands to whom the “balance of power” would be a strange and unintelligible proposition. For the conclusions of statesmen there would no doubt be sufficient warrant in the obvious danger to public peace and freedom from the aggrandizement, by such vast acquisitions, of a Power already so menacing and aggressive as Russia; but their main source, we think, must be sought in that popular instinct which naturally inclines to the weaker side, and with a stronger and more decided bias as the violence attempted to be exercised is more gratuitous—and cruel. The considerations which now tend to the disparagement of the Turks are feeble and inoperative, compared with those which are acting in their favor. They are semi-barbarians, and they are misbelievers: they have not im-

proved, by the policy or enlightenment of their rule, the title which they originally derived from conquest: But they are as they were made. They retain their native impress of character, and they have repeatedly shamed States of more lofty pretensions, by their magnanimity, their generosity, their unswerving adherence to their plighted faith and presumptive duties, and by that disdainful grandeur of soul which refuses to avail itself of another's error, and renders to misfortune a homage which had never been extorted from them by power. Very recent events have shown that the communication of European forms to Ottoman institutions, however it may have affected the vigor and elasticity of the national strength, has, at least, not impaired the national virtues; nor has there, probably, been any period since the war, at which the encroachments of an overgrown Power upon its defenceless neighbor would excite more general indignation, or induce more serious results. These are things within the daily observation of all; what we have previously deduced from the less obvious facts of history may elucidate, we hope, the character of the long-pending crisis, and facilitate the comprehension of the great problem which will be one day solved.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being! seen and gone;
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed one!
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
 Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art gone, ere guilt had power
 To stain thy cherub soul and form;
 Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
 That never felt a storm:
 The sun-beam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
 All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wast so like a form of light,
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
 Ere the cold world could throw a blight
 O'er thy sweet innocence:
 And thou, that brighter home to bless,
 Art passed, with all thy loveliness.

O, hadst thou still on earth remained,
 Vision of beauty, fair as brief!
 How soon thy brightness had been stained
 With passion or with grief!
 Now not a sullyng breath can rise
 To dim thy glory in the skies.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JAFFAR.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SHELLEY, take this to thy dear memory:—
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust,
And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gaz'd upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he
"From bonds far worse Jaffâr deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restor'd me—lov'd me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr?"

Hâroun, who felt, that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr!"

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

EPIDEMICS.

Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of J. F. C. HECKER, M.D. Translated by B. C. BABINGTON, M.D.

THE late epidemic has revealed the existence, and fearfully illustrated the destructive power, of some unknown agents of mortality, the precise nature and cause of which, in their connection with known and more familiar morbid influences, have hitherto been suffered to remain involved in the deepest obscurity. It leaves us with the unpleasant conviction that the accounts handed down to us of the ravages of pestilence in ancient times, were not historical exaggerations, as they have generally been considered, and that we have been laboring under a mistake in supposing that modern civilization had attained an immunity from similar desolating and wide-spread calamities. The work of Dr. Hecker on the epidemics of the middle ages, recently translated by Dr. Babington, has now become one of serious interest, as belonging, not to the past alone, but connecting the past with the present, and relating to physical phenomena which there is now reason to believe to be constantly latent, and the manifestation of which may be expected at frequently recurring intervals.

With a view to the practical conclusions which may perhaps be drawn from this volume, and from other sources, we propose to give some account of its contents.

The work, which we owe to the Sydenham Society, by whom it is published, commences with a treatise upon the pestilence of the fourteenth century, called the "Black Death," by which it is computed twenty-five millions of people—one-fourth of the then population of Europe, were destroyed. This pestilence broke out in the reign of Edward the Third, and was undoubtedly the most marked event of that reign; but it is passed over by Hume, in his life of that monarch, in a paragraph of a dozen lines, with a note of reference to Stow—a striking instance of the haste and superficial carelessness with which history is sometimes written. Stow

mentions it, in his "Survey of London," in explanation of the appropriation of a large plot of ground, without the walls, to the purposes of a cemetery, situate at the back of what is now Charter-house-square, and bounded on the north by Wilderness-row, St. John-street.

His account is the following:—

"A great pestilence entering this island, which began first in Dorsetshire, then proceeded into Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Oxfordshire, and at length came to London, and overspread all England, so wasting the people, that scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive; and churchyards were not sufficient to receive the dead, but men were forced to choose out certain fields for burials; whereupon, Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, in the year 1348, bought a piece of ground called 'No Man's Land,' which he inclosed with a wall of brick, and dedicated for burial of the dead, building thereupon a proper chapel, which is now enlarged and made a dwelling-house; and this burying-plot is become a fair garden, retaining the old name of Pardon churchyard. About this, in the year 1349, the said Sir Walter Manny, in respect of danger that might befall in this time of so great a plague and infection, purchased thirteen acres and a rod of ground adjoining to the said No Man's Land, and lying in a place called 'Spittle Cross,' because it belonged to St. Bartilmewe's Hospital, since that called the new church-haw, and caused it to be consecrated by the said Bishop of London to the use of burials.

"In this plot of ground there were in that year more than fifty thousand persons buried, as I have read in the charters of Edward III.; also, I have seen and read an inscription fixed on a stone cross, some time standing in the same churchyard, and having these words:—*Anno Domini 1349, regnante magna pestilentia consecratum fuit hoc cimiterium, in quo et infra septa presentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam quinquaginta millia, præter alia multa ab hinc usque ad presens, quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen.*"

* Stow's Survey of London, p. 160.

This ancient cemetery, or the greater part of it, is now used as a play-ground and garden by the boys of the Charter-house, and few persons in London are aware of the original destination of the large enclosure of this neighborhood, the interior of which is hidden by high walls from surrounding observation.

The disease which led to its appropriation as a burial ground, is described by Hecker as a species of oriental plague, exhibiting itself in inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands, accompanied with burning thirst; sometimes, also, with inflammation of the lungs, and expectoration of blood; in other cases, with vomitings of blood and fluxes of the bowels, terminating, like malignant cholera, with a discoloration of the skin, and black spots indicating putrid decomposition, from which it was called, in the north of Europe, the "Black Death." In Italy it obtained the name of "*La mortalega granda*,"—the great mortality. The attacks were usually fatal within two or three days of the first symptoms appearing, but in many cases were even more sudden, some falling as if struck by lightning. Its effects were not confined to man; in some countries affecting dogs, cats, fowls, and other animals, which died in great numbers; and in England the disease was followed by a murrain among the cattle, occasioning a great rise in the price of food.*

The Black Death was supposed to have commenced in the kingdom of Cathay, to

* At the commencement, there was in England a superabundance of all the necessities of life; but the plague, which seemed then to be the sole disease, was soon accompanied by a fatal murrain among the cattle. Wandering about without herds-men they fell by thousands; and, as has likewise been observed in Africa, the birds and beasts of prey are said not to have touched them. Of what nature this murrain may have been, can no more be determined, than whether it originated from communication with plague patients, or from other causes; but thus much is certain, that it did not break out until after the commencement of the Black Death. In consequence of this murrain, and the impossibility of removing the corn from the fields, there was everywhere a great rise in the price of food which to many was inexplicable, because the harvest had been plentiful; by others it was attributed to the wicked designs of the laborers and dealers; but it really had its foundation in the actual deficiency arising from circumstances by which individual classes at all times endeavor to profit. For a whole year, until it terminated in August, 1349, the Black Plague prevailed in this beautiful island, and everywhere poisoned the springs of comfort and prosperity. — Hecker's "*Epidemics of the Middle Ages*."

the north of China, in the year 1333, and thence to have spread in a westerly direction across the continent of Asia to Constantinople, where it made its appearance in the year 1347. In 1348 it visited Avignon, and other cities in the south of France and north of Italy and Spain. The following year it ravaged England, appearing first in Dorsetshire, attacking Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, and London, and thence proceeding northward to Norwich, Yarmouth, Leicester, and York, which suffered immense losses; some of these cities losing nine-tenths of their inhabitants. The pestilence next visited Scotland, Norway, Russia, and Poland, which latter country, however, it did not reach until two years after its first appearance in the south of Europe. In Poland, it is stated, three-fourths of the entire population perished, and in Norway two-thirds. In Russia, also, the mortality is said to have been equally great. The total mortality of this period is thus summed up by Dr. Hecker:—

"Kairo lost daily, when the plague was raging with its greatest violence, from 10,000 to 15,000; being as many as, in modern times, great plagues have carried off during their whole course. In China, more than thirteen millions are said to have died; and this is in correspondence with the certainly exaggerated accounts from the rest of Asia. India was depopulated. Tartary, the Tartar kingdom of Kaptshaka, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies; the Koords fled in vain to the mountains. In Caramania and Cæsarea none were left alive. On the roads, in the camps, in the caravansaries, unburied bodies alone were seen; and a few cities only (Arabian historians name Maara-el-nooman, Schiesur, and Harem) remained in an unaccountable manner free. In Aleppo 500 died daily; 22,000 people, and most of the animals, were carried off in Gaza within six weeks. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants; and ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, or afterward in the North Sea, driving about, and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the East, probably with the exception of China, 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague. Considering the occurrences of the 14th and 15th centuries, we might, on first view, suspect the accuracy of this statement. How, it might be asked, could such great wars have been carried on—such powerful efforts have been made? how could the Greek empire, only a hundred years later, have been overthrown, if the people really had been so utterly destroyed?

"This account is nevertheless rendered credible by the ascertained fact, that the palaces of princes are less accessible to contagious diseases than the dwellings of the multitude; and that in places of importance, the influx from those districts which have suffered least soon repairs even

the heaviest losses. We must remember, also, that we do not gather much from mere numbers, without an intimate knowledge of the state of society. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to exhibiting some of the more credible accounts relative to European cities.

In Florence there died of the Black	
Plague	60,000
In Venice	100,000
In Marseilles, in one month	16,000
In Siena	70,000
In Paris	50,000
In St. Denis	14,000
In Avignon	60,000
In Strasburg	16,000
In Lübeck	9,000
In Basle	14,000
In Erfurt, at least	16,000
In Weimar	5,000
In Luisburg	2,000
In London, at least	100,000
In Norwich	51,000

To which may be added

Franciscan Friars in Germany . . .	124,434
Minorites in Italy	30,000

"This short catalogue might, by a laborious and uncertain calculation, deduced from other sources, be easily further multiplied, but would still fail to give a true picture of the depopulation which took place. Lübeck, at that time the Venice of the North, which could no longer contain the multitudes that flocked to it, was thrown into such consternation on the eruption of the plague, that the citizens destroyed themselves as if in frenzy."

The consternation which seized the inhabitants of every country through which the plague passed was such, that in a multitude of instances the effects of fear alone were probably as fatal as the pestilence. Everywhere a feeling of torpor and a depression of spirits, almost amounting to despair, became universal; and this frequently taking a religious form, the wealthy, we are told, abandoned their treasures, and gave their villages and estates to the churches and monasteries, as the surest way, according to the notions of the age, of securing the forgiveness of their past sins. Thus was the first impulse given to the erection of those magnificent cathedrals, which yet remain to the admirers of what is called Gothic architecture, in the northern parts of Europe; buildings, commenced for the most part in the fourteenth century, and which were completed by the piety of the succeeding age.

The same spirit was manifested in a more superstitious shape in a zeal for fasting and penance, which revived and extended a new order of religionists, said to have been founded

by St. Anthony in the preceding century, styling themselves Brothers of the Cross, or Cross-bearers, but called by the people flagellants, from their rule of submitting to a severe public flogging as a means of averting the anger of Heaven. This order was at first confined to the poorer classes, but ultimately many nobles and ecclesiastics enrolled themselves in the order. Their practice was to march through cities in well-organized processions, clothed in sombre garments, their faces covered up to the forehead, knotted scourges in their hands, and singing hymns with their eyes fixed upon the ground. Tapers and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold were carried before them, and wherever they made their appearance the bells were set ringing, and the people flocked to welcome them as a holy band, by whose intercession the pestilence might be diverted from its course.

"Whoever was desirous of joining the brotherhood, was bound to remain in it thirty-four days, and to have four-pence per day at his own disposal, so that he might not be burthensome to any one; if married, he was obliged to have the sanction of his wife, and give the assurance that he was reconciled to all men. The Brothers of the Cross were not permitted to seek for free quarters, or even to enter a house without having been invited; they were forbidden to converse with females; and if they transgressed these rules, or acted without discretion, they were obliged to confess to the superior, who sentenced them to several lashes of the scourge, by way of penance. Ecclesiastics had not, as such, any pre-eminence among them; according to their original law, which, however, was often transgressed, they could not become masters, or take part in the *secret councils*. Penance was performed twice every day; in the morning and evening, they went abroad in pairs, singing psalms, amid the ringing of the bells; and when they arrived at the place of flagellation, they stripped the upper part of their bodies, and put off their shoes, keeping on only a linen dress, reaching from the waist to the ankles. They then lay down in a large circle, in different positions, according to the nature of their crime—the adulterer with his face to the ground; the perjurer on one side, holding up three of his fingers, &c., and were then castigated, some more and some less, by the master, who ordered them to rise in the words of a prescribed form. Upon this they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the averting of the plague, with genuflexions and other ceremonies, of which cotemporary writers give various accounts; and at the same time constantly boasted of their penance, that the blood of their wounds was mingled with that of the Saviour. One of them, in conclusion, stood up to read a letter which it was pretended an angel had brought from Heaven, to St. Peter's church, at

Jerusalem, stating that Christ, who was sore displeased at the sins of man, had granted, at the intercession of the Holy Virgin and of the angels, that all who should wander about for thirty-four days, and scourge themselves, should be partakers of the Divine grace. This scene caused as great a commotion among the believers as the finding of the holy spear once did at Antioch; and if any among the clergy inquired who had sealed the letter? he was boldly answered, the same who had sealed the Gospel!

"All this had so powerful an effect, that the church was in considerable danger; for the flagellants gained more credit than the priests, from whom they so entirely withdrew themselves, that they even absolved each other. Besides, they everywhere took possession of the churches; and their new songs, which went from mouth to mouth, operated strongly on the minds of the people."

Two hundred flagellants, who entered Strasburg in 1349, were speedily augmented to a thousand; when they divided into two bodies, and separated, traveling to the north and south. Similar bodies were found in other towns, and in this manner all Germany became overrun with wandering tribes of fanatics, expecting everywhere to be received with hospitality, and the mania of joining them threatened to become as formidable as that of the Crusades. But at last the public closed their doors against them; partly from suspicion that instead of diverting the plague, they were the means of spreading it over the country; and the Pope interdicting their processions and public penances, the brotherhood melted away, and gradually disappeared.

The superstitious fears of the age appeared again, but in a more horrible form—in a persecution of the Jews, who were everywhere accused of being the authors of the calamity. It is to be remarked, in the history of all destructive epidemics, that their effects are so analogous to those of poison, that an opinion has always prevailed, on the outbreak of the pestilence, that the food or water of the first victims had been tampered with. We have seen this notion obtain very general credence in modern times, especially in Paris and St. Petersburg, in 1832, when many persons nearly lost their lives in popular commotions, occasioned by the belief, that the persons who had first died of malignant cholera had been made to drink of poisoned water. It was so in Germany on the appearance of the Black Death, but with this difference, that the suspicion of the people lighted not upon individuals, but upon a whole class of persons obnoxious to the religious prejudices of the day, and who were supposed to have

entered into a general conspiracy to destroy the Christian population of every city. The consequences of this monstrous charge, and the credulity of the people by whom it was entertained, form, as detailed by Dr. Hecker, one of the most painful episodes of history.

Already, in the autumn of 1348, a dreadful panic, caused by this supposed empoisonment, seized all nations; in Germany especially, the springs and wells were built over, that nobody might drink of them, or empty their contents for culinary purposes; and for a long time, the inhabitants of numerous towns and villages used only river and rain water. The city gates were also guarded with the greatest caution: only confidential persons were admitted; and if medicine, or any other article which might be supposed to be poisonous, was found in the possession of a stranger, —and it was natural that some should have these things by them for their private use,—they were forced to swallow a portion of it. By this trying state of privation, distrust and suspicion, the hatred against the supposed poisoners became greatly increased, and often broke out in popular commotions, which only served still further to infuriate the wildest passions. The noble and the mean fearlessly bound themselves by an oath, to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and to snatch them from their protectors, of whom the number was so small, that throughout all Germany, but few places can be mentioned where these unfortunate people were not regarded as outlaws, and martyred and burnt. Solemn summonses were issued from Berne to the towns of Basle, Freyburg in the Breisgau, and Strasburg, to pursue the Jews as poisoners. The burgomasters and senators, indeed, opposed this requisition; but in Basle the populace obliged them to bind themselves by an oath, to burn the Jews, and to forbid persons of that community from entering their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this, all the Jews in Basle, whose number could not have been inconsiderable, were enclosed in a wooden building, constructed for the purpose, and burnt together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without sentence or trial; which indeed would have availed them nothing. Soon after, the same thing took place at Freyburg. A regular diet was held at Bennefeld, in Alsace, where the bishops, lords and barons, as also deputies of the counties and towns, consulted how they should proceed with regard to the Jews; and when the deputies of Strasburg—not, indeed, the bishop of this town, who proved himself a violent fanatic—spoke in favor of the persecuted, as nothing criminal was substantiated against them, a great outcry was raised, and it was vehemently asked, why, if so, they had covered their wells and removed their buckets? A sanguinary decree was resolved upon, of which the populace, who obeyed the call of the nobles and superior clergy, became but the too willing executioners. Wherever the Jews were not burnt, they were at least banished; and so being compelled to wander about, they fell into the hands of the country people, who with-

out humanity, and regardless of all laws, persecuted them with fire and sword. At Spires, the Jews, driven to despair, assembled in their own habitations, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families. The few that remained were forced to submit to baptism; while the dead bodies of the murdered, which lay about the streets, were put into empty wine casks, and rolled into the Rhine, lest they should infect the air. The mob were forbidden to enter the ruins of the habitations that were burnt in the Jewish quarter; for the senate itself caused search to be made for the treasure, which is said to have been very considerable. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial-ground, where a large scaffold had been erected: a few, who promised to embrace Christianity, were spared, and their children taken from the pile. The youth and beauty of several females also excited some commiseration, and they were snatched from death against their will: many, however, who forcibly made their escape from the flames, were murdered in the streets."

Dr. Hecker proceeds to relate that the effects of the Black Death had scarcely subsided, before a new epidemic appeared in Europe, of an extraordinary character, showing itself in an involuntary motion of the muscles, of which examples are still occasionally met with in the practice of physicians, but in a mild form,* and which continues to be known by its ancient name of St. John or St. Vitus's Dance—so called from the names of the two patron saints supposed to possess the power of curing the disease by their miraculous interposition. It would appear that the disease having first shown itself in

* Instances, indeed, are not altogether uncommon of the disease showing itself in all the violence by which it was marked in the middle ages. Dr. Babington remarks that—

"In the third volume of the 'Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal,' p. 434, there is an account of 'some convulsive diseases in certain parts of Scotland,' which is taken from Sir J. Sinclair's statistical account, and from which I have thought it illustrative of our author's subject to make some extracts; the first that is noticed is peculiar to a part of Forfarshire, and is called the leaping ague, which bears so close an analogy to the original St. Vitus's Dance, or to Tarantism, that it seems to want only the 'foul fiend,' or the dreaded bite, as a cause, and a Scotch reel or strathspey as a cure, to render the resemblance quite complete. 'Those affected with it first complain of a pain in the head, or lower part of the back, to which succeed convulsive fits, or fits of dancing, at certain periods. During the paroxysm they have all the appearance of madness, distorting their bodies in various ways, and leaping and springing in a surprising manner, whence the disease has derived its vulgar name. Sometimes they run with astonishing velocity, and often over dangerous passes, to some place out of doors which they have fixed on in their own minds, or, perhaps, even mentioned to those in company with them, and then drop down quite exhausted. At other times, especially when confined to the house, they climb in the most singular manner. In cottages, for example, they leap from the floor to what is called the baulks, or those beams by which the rafters are joined together, springing from one to another with the agility of a cat, or whirling round one of them with a motion resembling the fly of a jack. Cold bathing is found to be the most effectual remedy; but when the fit of dancing, leaping or running comes on, nothing tends so much to abate the violence of the disease, as allowing them free scope to exercise themselves till nature be exhausted.'"

violent and involuntary contractions of the muscles of the legs, the physicians of the time formed the idea, that if the patients were encouraged to dance until they fell down exhausted with the fatigue of the exertion, a reaction would commence, by which a cure might be promoted. Bands of music were therefore provided for the use of the afflicted, and airs, somewhat of the polka character, were composed, to suit the wild kind of Bacchanalian leaps which their dancing resembled. The public exhibition, however, of these dances seems to have had the effect of propagating the disorder over the whole of Germany, doubtless through the power of that sympathetic action of the nervous system which, in the familiar instances of laughing and yawning, will impel a large company to imitate the example of a single individual.

"So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, upon which they recovered, and remained free from the complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out. And some of them afterward asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high; others, during their paroxysms, saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations."

The symptoms varied with the character of the patients. The visions might be occasioned by a morbid action of the visual organs producing optical delusions, or by a predisposition to fanaticism. The common notion of the time, countenanced by the clergy, was, that the persons afflicted were possessed, and the patients themselves gen-

erally fell into the same belief, and acted accordingly.

"It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread from Aix-la-Chapelle, where it appeared in July, over the neighboring Netherlands. In Liege, Utrecht, Tangier, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, on the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight. Many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer, for wherever the dancers appeared, the people assembled in crowds to gratify their curiosity with the frightful spectacle. At length the increasing numbers of the affected, excited no less anxiety than the attention that was paid to them. In towns and villages, they took possession of the religious houses; processions were everywhere instituted on their account, and masses were said, and hymns were sung, while the disease itself, of the demoniacal origin of which no one entertained the least doubt, excited everywhere astonishment and horror. In Liege the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavored by every means in their power to allay an evil which threatened so much danger to themselves; for the possessed assembling in multitudes, frequently poured forth imprecations against them, and menaced their destruction. They intimidated also the people to such a degree, that there was an express ordinance issued that no one should make any but square-toed shoes, because these fanatics had manifested a morbid dislike to the pointed shoes which had come into fashion immediately after the great mortality of 1350. They were still more irritated at the sight of red colors, the influence of which on the disordered nerves, might lead us to imagine an extraordinary accordance between this spasmodic malady, and the condition of infuriated animals."

At Cologne five hundred persons became affected by this dancing plague, and at Metz eleven hundred. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties to join the wild revels, and the most ruinous disorder prevailed in the city. The epidemic extended to Italy, where it was attributed to the bite of a ground spider, common in Apulia, called the *tarantula*; whence the disease was known under the name of *Tarantism*.

"At the close of the fifteenth century, we find that Tarantism had spread beyond the boundaries of Apulia, and that the fear of being bitten by venomous spiders had increased. Nothing short of death itself was expected from the wound which these insects inflicted, and if those who were bitten escaped with their lives, they were said to be seen pining away in a desponding state

of lassitude. Many became weak-sighted, or hard of hearing; some lost the power of speech, and all were insensible to ordinary causes of excitement. Nothing but the flute or the cithern afforded them relief. At the sound of these instruments they awoke as if by enchantment, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first according to the measure of the music, were, as the tune quickened, gradually hurried on to the most passionate dance. Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarionets and Turkish drums; and patients were everywhere to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness and a fixed stare to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent, until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this overstrained exertion of mind and body the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless, until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances.*

* A modern instance of the power of music in this disorder is narrated by Mr. Kinder Wood, in the seventh volume of the "Medico Chirurgical Transactions." The patient was a young married woman, who was attacked by headache, sickness, followed by an involuntary motion of the eyelids, and extraordinary contortions of the trunk and extremities, and who finally exhibited all the symptoms, in the most marked manner, of the dancing mania of the middle ages.

The following are extracts:—

"Feb. 27th.—The attack commenced in bed, and was violent, but of short duration. When she arose, about ten, she had a second attack, continuing an hour, except an interval of five minutes. She now struck the furniture more violently and more repeatedly. Kneeling on one knee, with the hands upon the back, she often sprang up suddenly, and struck the top of the room with the palm of the hand. To do this she rose fifteen inches from the floor, so that the family were under the necessity of drawing all the nails and hooks from the ceiling. She frequently danced upon one leg, holding the other with the hand, and occasionally changing the legs. In the evening, the family observed the blows upon the furniture to be more continuous, and to assume the regular time and measure of a musical air. As a strain or series of strokes was concluded, she ended with a more violent stroke, or a more violent spring or jump. * * *

"In the afternoon of the 28th the motions returned. At this time a person present, surprised at the manner in which she beat upon the doors, &c., and thinking he recognized the air, without further ceremony began to sing the tune; the moment this struck her ears, she turned suddenly to the man, and dancing directly up to him, continued doing so till he was out of breath. The man now ceased a short time, when, commencing again, he continued till the attack stopped. The night before this her father had mentioned his wish to procure a drum, associating this dance of his daughter with some ideas of music. The avidity with which she danced to the tune when sung, as above stated, confirmed this wish, and accordingly a drum and fife were procured in the evening. After two hours of rest the motions again reappeared, when the drum and fife began to play the air to which she had danced before, viz., the 'Protestant Boys,' a favorite popular air in this neighborhood. In whatever part of the room she happened to be, she immediately turned and danced up to the drum, and as close as possible to it, and there she danced till she missed the step, when the involuntary motion instantly ceased. The first time she missed the step in five minutes, but again rose and danced to the drum two minutes and a half by her father's watch, when, missing the step, the motions instantly ceased. She rose a third time, and missing the step in half a minute, the mo-

"At the period of which we are treating there was a general conviction that by music and dancing the poison of the *tarantula* was distributed over the surface of the whole body, and expelled through the skin, but that if there remained the slightest vestige of it in the vessels this became a permanent germ of the disorder, so that the dancing fits might again and again be excited *ad infinitum* by music."

The belief that the disorder was occasioned by the bites of spiders was of course a delusion, but one which had taken such firm hold of the mind, that no one in Italy seems to have questioned the fact; and it appears that a dread of venomous spiders prevailed about the same time in distant countries of Asia, where insects being a greater pest than in Europe, the idea probably originated. While the delusion lasted, and it appears not to have been dispelled for several centuries, every kind of insect bite was set down to the account of the tarantula; and if the person bitten had a constitution already predisposed to nervous affections, an attack would frequently follow from the power of the imagination. The celebrated Fracastoro found the robust bailiff of his landed estate groaning, and with the aspect of a person in the extremity of despair, and suffering the agonies of death from a sting in the neck inflicted by some unknown insect, which was believed to be a tarantula. A little vinegar and Armenian bole reduced the inflammation, and hope returning as the pain subsided, the dying man was, as if by a miracle, restored to life and the power of speech.

The world is not so much wiser in our own day that we can at all afford to smile at this chimera of public credulity. The belief continues unabated, even among the majority of medical men, of the connection of hydrophobia in human beings with the bite of a mad dog, and every year hundreds of persons bitten by dogs allow their wounds to be cruelly cauterized with a view of extirpating the poison supposed to be communicated by the saliva of a dog—a poison abundantly proved by chemical analysis and experiment to have

tions immediately ceased. After this, the drum and life commenced as the involuntary actions were coming on, and before she rose from her seat; and four times they completely checked the progress of the attack, so that she did not rise upon the floor to dance."

By acting upon this hint a cure was effected. A roll of the drum at the commencement of every attack interrupted the current of associations in the patient's mind, and acting perhaps as a counter-irritant to the nerves, neutralized their action. On the 2nd of March an irruption appeared on the skin, after which the patient became rapidly convalescent.

no existence.* An injury to a nerve, when of such a character as to be difficult of healing, whether occasioned by a bite, a scratch, or even the prick of a pin, may so affect the system, as to bring on, in some cases, tetanus, and in others death by convulsions; but beyond this the only poisonous influence to be feared is that of a morbid fancy; the effects of which may, however, be sufficiently serious. Many have undoubtedly gone mad from the belief that madness was inevitable. Zimmerman narrates a case of an epidemic of the fifteenth century, contemporaneous with the dancing plague, which began with a nun in a German nunnery showing a propensity to bite her companions. Soon after, all the nuns of the convent began biting each other. The news of this infatuation reached other convents, and the biting mania spread from nunnery to nunnery throughout the greater part of Germany and Holland, and extended even as far as Rome. He mentions another case of a sick nun in a convent of France, who began mewling like a cat; when the example became equally infectious. All the nuns in the convent commenced mewling at a certain time in

* We regret to see this popular error countenanced by so high an authority as that of the Registrar-General. In his report for the third quarter of the present year it is stated, after alluding to the decrease of nervous affections, and to the fact that there had been no death by hydrophobia recorded in London during the last five summers, that

"Hydrophobia disappears when the dogs which are liable to become mad, or to be bitten every summer, are removed by police regulations."

This statement it would be very difficult to support by any evidence entitled to credit. 1. There has been no such extraordinary vigilance of the police but that unmuzzled dogs have been seen running about the streets in summer time; and especially on Mondays, in Smithfield-market; whatever formal instructions may have been issued respecting them. 2. In the cities of the East, as in Constantinople, where the heat of summer is greatest, and where dogs and pigs are the only scavengers, the inhabitants do not suffer more from hydrophobia than in Europe. 3. It has been proved by M. Trollet, who published, in a memoir, the dates of all the cases of hydrophobia of which any account had appeared, that the greatest number had occurred in January, the coldest month of the year, and the smallest number in August, which is the hottest. 4. It has been shown by the records of hospitals, that not more than one person in twenty-five said to be bitten by mad dogs ever suffers from hydrophobia; and in that case the influence of fear upon weak nerves may have been as much a cause as the actual laceration. 5. Although there are few persons who have not been bitten by dogs or cats, the disease has frequently occurred in human beings where no possible connection could be traced between the malady and any previous bite or scratch.

the day for several hours together, to the great scandal of the neighborhood, and this daily cat-like concert did not cease until soldiers were sent to the convent with rods to flog, or threaten to do so, those in whom this strange propensity might be incurable.

Nervous affections appear to have been unusually prevalent in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the dancing mania, or Tarantism, continued in Italy during the seventeenth century, long after it had disappeared from Germany. This may perhaps in part be accounted for by the more lively temperament of the Italians, who were perhaps glad of an excuse for dancing when the physical necessity for it had ceased. Indeed, the dance of the *Tarantella* is still a favorite popular pastime, although its origin has been forgotten.

The close of the fifteenth century was marked by a train of malignant epidemics, chiefly of an inflammatory kind. In 1482 France was devastated by an inflammatory fever, attended with such intense pain in the head, that many, it is said, destroyed themselves to avoid the endurance of the agony. The king, Louis XI., in terror, shut himself up in his castle of Plessis des Tours, and forty men with cross-bows kept guard, to put to death every living thing that might approach and communicate the infection. A fever of a corresponding character raged in Italy and the North of Germany about the same time; and in 1485 a plague called the Sweating Sickness, broke out in England, the fatality of which was nearly as great as that of the Black Death. This disorder was a violent inflammatory fever, which prostrated the powers as if by a blow; and amidst painful oppression at the stomach, headache, and lethargic stupor, suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. The disease arrived at a crisis in a few hours, its duration seldom extending above a day and a night; and its fatality was so great that not more than one in a hundred of those attacked escaped with life.

The Sweating Sickness principally attacked robust and vigorous men, or persons of a full habit of body from high living; passing over almost entirely children and the aged. In London, two lord-mayors and six aldermen died within one week, with many merchants of high standing, and some numbers of the nobility. No record has been kept of the total mortality it occasioned, but Bacon tells us that "infinite persons" died, and Stow "a wonderful number."

The disorder appeared in England in the beginning of August, about the time of the landing of Henry the Seventh at Milford Haven, and is said to have first broke out in his camp on the banks of the Severn. It would seem, however, to have prevailed generally in the west of England at the same period; for Lord Stanley assigned the prevalence of the new disease as a sufficient excuse for not joining the army of Richard. It reached London about the 21st of September, compelling the postponement of the coronation, and then spread all over England; but did not extend to either Ireland or Scotland.

In 1499, a plague in London, of the oriental character, carried off 30,000 persons, and in 1506 the Sweating Sickness re-appeared in England, but in a curative form, which occasioned comparatively little uneasiness. In 1517 it raged with extreme violence from July to December, and was so rapid in its course that it carried off multitudes of those attacked in two or three hours. Ammonius of Lucca, private secretary to Sir Thomas More, Lords Grey and Clinton, with many knights, officers, and gentlemen of the court, fell victims to the disease; while Oxford and Cambridge lost many of their most distinguished scholars. Henry VIII., in alarm, retired to a country seat, where he received message after message from different towns and villages, announcing that in some a third, in others even half the inhabitants were swept away by this pestilence. In this case, the presence of the Sweating Sickness was not marked by the extreme humidity of former seasons. The summer of 1517 was one of the ordinary character, following a cold winter. The disease did not cross the Scottish borders, nor extend south beyond Calais; and Dr. Hecker concludes that the reason it was principally confined to the English was their intemperate habits at that period; it being the practice to drink strong wine immediately after rising in the morning, to eat in excess flesh-meats seasoned with spices, and to indulge frequently in nocturnal carousings. The people of Holland and Switzerland, however, had been visited at a little earlier period by a malignant inflammation of the throat, accompanied by convulsive paroxysms, which proved generally fatal.

In May, 1528, the Sweating Sickness appeared for the fourth time in England, and manifested itself with the same intensity as in the last visitation. Between health and death there lay but a brief interval of six hours. Public business was postponed; the courts were closed; and the king, alarmed

at the death of two chamberlains, and numerous other persons of distinction, left London immediately, and endeavored to avoid the epidemic by rapid traveling,—finally isolating himself at Tytynhanga, and surrounding his lonely residence with fires, for the purification of the air.

In this instance the disease was attended, and was doubtless aggravated, by a season of excessive moisture. The winter had been mild and wet, and although March was dry, the rains againset in with April, and continued without intermission for eight weeks, entirely destroying the hopes of harvest. Heavy rains and floods prevailed throughout Europe during the summer of this year, and the year following, and inflammatory fevers, in some countries corresponding with the Sweating Sickness of England, were universal.

In France, the epidemic of this period was known under the name of the *trousse-galant*,* or short thrift, which is described as attended both with inflammation, fever, and a morbid condition of the bowels, often carrying off the patient in a few hours. In the dictionary of the French Academy the term *trousse-galant* is explained as the ancient name of *cholera-morbus*, from which the identity of this epidemic with the malignant cholera of modern times may be reasonably surmised; profuse perspirations being sometimes one of its symptoms, and its effects upon the skin or the bowels apparently depending upon the habit of body and constitution of the patient.

The political effects of pestilence in the year 1528 were of unusual significance. It led to the total destruction of the French army before Naples, and changed the destiny of nations. Francis I., in league with England, Switzerland, Rome, Geneva, and Venice, against the Emperor of Germany, led a fine army into Italy, burning to revenge the disgrace of Pavia. The emperor's troops everywhere gave way, and Naples alone, weakly defended by a few German lansquenets and Spaniards, remained to be vanquished. The city was already blockaded by Doria with Genoese galleys; and, on the land side, 30,000 veteran warriors, with a small body of English, sat down before the walls to await, as they imagined, an easy conquest. This expectation was destined never to be realized. Sickness, with diarrhoea, attributed in the first instance to fruit, broke out in the

camp in the beginning of June, and rapidly increased; the measures taken by Lautrec, the commander, to deprive the city of water by cutting off the supplies at Poggio, turning against the besiegers.

"The water, having now no outlet, spread over the plain where the camp was situated, which it converted into a swamp, whence it rose, morning and evening, in the form of thick fogs. From this cause, and while a southerly wind continued to prevail, the sickness soon became general. Those soldiers, who were not already confined to bed in their tents, were seen with pallid visages, swelled legs, and bloated bellies, scarcely able to crawl; so that, weary of nightly watching, they were often plundered by the marauding Neapolitans. The great mortality did not commence until about the 15th of July; but so dreadful was its ravages, that about three weeks were sufficient to complete the almost entire destruction of the army. Around and within the tents, vacated by the death of their inmates, noxious weeds sprang up. Thousands perished without help, either in a state of stupor, or in the raving delirium of fever. In the entrenchments, in the tents, and wherever death had overtaken his victims, there unburied corpses lay; and the dead that were interred, swollen with putridity, burst their shallow graves, and spread a poisonous stench far and wide over the camp. There was no longer any thought of order or military discipline, and many of the commanders and captains were either sick themselves, or had fled to the neighboring towns, in order to avoid the contagion.

"The glory of the French arms was departed, and her proud banners cowered beneath an unhallowed spectre. Meanwhile the pestilence broke out among the Venetian galleys under Pietro Lundo. Doria had already gone over to the Emperor; and thus was this expedition, begun under the most favorable auspices, frustrated on every side by the malignant influences of the season."

On the 29th of August, the army broke up; and in the midst of a storm of thunder and heavy rain, endeavored to effect a retreat; but reduced to a mere skeleton of its former strength, and in an enfeebled condition, they were speedily captured by the Imperialists. It is said that 5,000 of the French nobility, including the commander himself, perished with this army. The blow was too heavy to be recovered. It reminds us of the scriptural account of the delivery of Jerusalem by the destruction of the Assyrian host in the days of Hezekiah, doubtless effected by some similar pestilential agency:—

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the

* From *trousser*, to turn up; the allusion being to the quick work of death made by the hangman.

morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh."*

A fifth visitation of the Sweating Sickness occurred in 1551, said to have been the last appearance of the disease in England; by which we are merely to understand that it was the last appearance of any epidemic known by that particular name—a name probably dropped by physicians of a later date, as not sufficiently generic, and as belonging to a symptom not found to be invariable in complaints otherwise of a similar character. It broke out this year in the same locality as when it made its first appearance, in the time of Henry the Seventh, on the banks of the Severn; and on this occasion nearly depopulated the town of Shrewsbury, before it was at all seen in the northern and eastern parts of the kingdom.

"Here, during the spring, there arose impenetrable fogs from the banks of the Severn, which, from their unusually bad odor, led to a fear of their injurious consequences. It was not long before the Sweating Sickness suddenly broke out on the 15th of April. To many it was entirely unknown, or but obscurely recollected; for, amidst the commotions of Henry's reign, the old malady had long since been forgotten.

"The visitation was so general in Shrewsbury and the places in its neighborhood, that every one must have believed that the atmosphere was poisoned, for no caution availed—no closing of the doors and windows; every individual dwelling became an hospital, and the aged and the young, who could contribute nothing toward the cure of their relatives, alone remained unaffected by the pestilence. The disease came as unexpectedly, and as completely without all warning, as it had ever done on former occasions; at table, during sleep, on journeys, in the midst of amusement, and at all times of the day; and so little had it lost of its old malignity, that in a few hours it summoned some of its victims from the ranks of the living, and even destroyed others in less than one. *Four-and-twenty hours*, neither more nor less, *were decisive as to the event*; the disease had thus undergone no change.

"In proportion as the pestilence increased in its baneful violence, the condition of the people became more and more miserable and forlorn: the townspeople fled to the country, the peasants to the towns; some sought lonely places of refuge, others shut themselves up in their houses. Ireland and Scotland received crowds of the fugitives. Others embarked for France or the Netherlands; but security was nowhere to be found, so that people at last resigned themselves to that fate which had so long and heavily oppressed the country. Women ran about negli-

gently clad, as if they had lost their senses, and filled the streets with lamentations and loud prayers; all business was at a stand, no one thought of his daily occupation; and the funeral bells tolled day and night, as if all the living ought to be reminded of their near and inevitable end. There died, within a few days, nine hundred and sixty of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, the greater part of them robust men and heads of families; from which circumstance we may judge of the profound sorrow that was felt in this city.

"The epidemic spread itself rapidly over all England, as far as the Scottish borders, and on all sides to the sea-coasts, under more extraordinary and memorable phenomena than had been observed in almost any other epidemic. In fact, it seemed that *the banks of the Severn were the focus of the malady*, and that from hence a true impestation of the atmosphere was diffused in every direction. Whithersoever the winds wafted the stinking mist, the inhabitants became infected with the Sweating Sickness, and, more or less, the same scenes of horror and of affliction which had occurred in Shrewsbury were repeated. These poisonous clouds of mist were observed moving from place to place, with the disease in their train, affecting one town after another, and, morning and evening, spreading their nauseating insufferable stench. At greater distances, these clouds being dispersed by the wind, became gradually attenuated; yet their dispersion set no bounds to the pestilence, and it was as if they had imparted to the lower strata of the atmosphere a kind of ferment, which went on engendering itself even without the presence of the thick misty vapor, and being received into men's lungs, produced the frightful disease everywhere. Noxious exhalations from dung-pits, stagnant waters, swamps, impure canals, and the odor of foul rushes which were in general use in the dwellings in England, together with all kinds of offensive rubbish, seemed not a little to contribute to it; and it was remarked universally, that wherever such offensive odors prevailed, the Sweating Sickness appeared more malignant. It is a known fact, that in a certain state of the atmosphere, which is perhaps principally dependent on electrical conditions, and the degree of heat, mephitic odors exhale more easily and powerfully. To the quality of the air at that time prevalent in England, this peculiarity may certainly be attributed, although it must be confessed that upon this point there are no accurate data to be discovered."

The disease remained in the country, on the whole, about half a year, namely, from the 15th of April to the 30th of September, and was attended, as usual, with a train of inflammatory epidemics breaking out in different parts of Europe about the same period. It is further traced by Dr. Hecker as appearing in Saxony in 1652, in France and Piedmont in 1715, at Rottingen in Germany in 1802; and he concludes by showing its connection, although not absolute identity,

* 2 Kings, xix. 35, 36.

with the present military fevers on the Continent.

The work of Dr. Hecker closes here, as far as it relates to England; but we learn from other writers that fatal epidemics, popularly known as plagues, continued, after the year 1551, to be of frequent occurrence; and it is remarked by Sir William Petty, that "a plague happeneth in London every twenty years, or thereabouts, and do commonly kill one-fifth of the inhabitants." There was a plague in London in 1592, the year when a first attempt at a general registration of deaths was made by an association of parish clerks, in the publication of "bills of mortality." In the succeeding century there were four visitations of plague, including that of the great plague of 1665, immediately preceding the fire of London. The number of persons carried off by these epidemics was as under:—

Date.	Died of plague in London.	Total deaths in London.
1603	30,561	37,294
1625	35,417	51,758
1636	10,400	23,357
1665	68,596	97,306

The plague had appeared in Amsterdam in 1664, and ships from Holland were ordered into a quarantine of thirty days, but without effect. Isolated cases of plague appeared in London during the winter; and as the following summer advanced, which was exceedingly hot, it began to rage with extreme virulence. For the week ending September 19, the deaths were 7,165, of which 4,000 are stated by Dr. Hodges to have occurred in one night; but from this time the disease began to decline. The following week the deaths were 5,533; the next, 4,929; and in the first week of December they declined to 210. The disease is described as commencing with shivering, nausea, headache, and delirium, followed by sudden faintness, total prostration of strength, and sometimes paroxysms of frenzy. If the patient survived these to the third day, buboes commonly appeared, and when these could be made to suppurate, there was hope of recovery.

The buboes, like the profuse perspiration of the Sweating Sickness, the purgings and vomitings of epidemic cholera, and the eruptions of small-pox, were doubtless the result of an effort of nature to throw off from the system some morbid agent; and there is reason to believe that in all cases of plague the whole of these symptoms have been more frequently manifested than has been gener-

ally supposed. In the middle ages every disease was plague that produced a sudden and great mortality; and the malady only obtained a more specific name when some one of its various symptoms exhibited itself more generally than another; and this would obviously depend more upon diet, temperature, and the state of the patient's constitution than upon the action and insidious cause of the disease itself, whatever its origin.

In a table of London casualties given by Graunt, there is set down among eighty different causes of death, a disease called "the plague of the guts," which carried off 253 persons in 1659, and 402 in 1660, beyond which the tables were not continued.

There can be little doubt but this disease was cholera in its malignant form; common dysentery being separately mentioned under the heads of "bloody flux" and "scouring," and that it exhibited itself in 1665, when the deaths occurred with too great rapidity for the clerks who framed the bills of mortality to make nice distinctions between one kind of plague and another. We hear of it again as occasioning great devastation in 1670 and 1699, from Dr. Tralles, in his "*Historia Cholerae Atrocissimæ*," a work published in 1753, the minute descriptions of which identify the disease with the epidemic of the last summer and autumn.

The work of Dr. Tralles must completely set at rest the controversy about the modern Asiatic origin of malignant cholera. The received opinion of the medical profession, with few exceptions (Mr. Thackeray and Dr. Chambers among the chief), has been that malignant cholera is altogether a new disease, first appearing in August 1817, in the delta of the Ganges, at Jessore, after the annual inundation of the marsh lands by which it is surrounded, and there carrying off 10,000 persons (a sixth of the population) in a few weeks; thence proceeding to Calcutta, and devastating every town and village within an area of several thousand square miles. It is admitted, however, that Brahminical records notice vaguely a disease of a somewhat similar character to have prevailed among the Hindoos of remote antiquity, and our own occupation of India is not so recent, but that a little research has now established the fact that it appeared in 1781 at Ganjam 500 miles to the north-east of Madras, where 500 men sunk beyond recovery within an hour; at Madras, the following year, when it attacked the army of Sir John Burgoyne; and the next year at Hurdwar, where it swept off 20,000 pilgrims. It was then called by the

Moslems *mordechim*, or bowel-death, corrupted by the Europeans into *mort-de-chien*; and it was remarked that at the same period a severe epidemic influenza, or catarrhal fever, visited Russia, England, Germany and France, and occasioned a great mortality.

The doctrine, therefore, that malignant cholera is new in India, rests entirely upon assumption; and that it is new in Europe, can hardly be maintained as in the slightest degree probable by any one who has attentively considered the analogous effects of several of the epidemics of the middle ages, as described by Dr. Hecker. The testimony, however, of Dr. Tralles is decisive of the fact that epidemic cholera was known in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those who hold the contrary opinion have generally maintained that the cholera morbus of antiquity was a violent dysentery, characterized by the presence of bile; but Dr. Tralles shows that in his time the absence of bile had not only been noticed, but various theories formed to account for the want of this secretion. He notices the serous and aqueous discharges by vomitings and purging; the draining of the body of all its fluids; the thickening of the blood by the loss of its serous portion, and consequent arrest of circulation; the icy coldness; the consecutive fever; the rapid death in a few hours, with cramps and spasms in severe cases, and their frequent sudden occurrence in the middle of the night; all of which have been marked features of the epidemic recently prevailing among us. Commenting upon this evidence, the editor of the "London Medical Gazette" observes—

"We began the investigation already prejudiced in favor of the view entertained by Dr. Copland and other reputable authorities, namely, that before the year 1817 it was altogether unknown either in India or Europe, and that the *materies morbi* first sprang from the jungles of Jessore in that year. We must admit, however, that the description given by Dr. Trotter of cholera, as it was known to medical writers in 1753, has satisfied us that a much older date must be assigned to the first outbreak of this pestilence. His description is, perhaps, as complete as the state of pathology at that time would admit, and if we except the want of reference to any account of the state of the renal secretion, all the marked peculiarities of the present disease are clearly indicated."*

Celsus, the Hippocrates of Rome, is quoted

* See the numbers of the "London Medical Gazette" for September 28th and October 5th, 1849, in which numerous extracts from the work of Dr. Tralles are given at length.

by Dr. Chambers to prove the existence of cholera, with serous discharges, in the first century; and in looking attentively at Dr. Hecker's summary of the statements of ancient medical writers, respecting the *cardiac*, or heart disease, referred to as early as the time of Alexander the Great, 300 years before Christ, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that they were describing, under another name, the last stage of malignant cholera. The disease was called *morbis cardiacus*, not by medical writers, but by the people, who concluded the heart to be the seat of the malady from the irregular beatings and violent palpitations which were one of its symptoms. Other symptoms were "cold numbness of the limbs" (*torpor frigidus*;) "profuse and clammy perspirations;" "a feeble and almost extinct pulse;" "a thin and trembling voice;" "a countenance pale as death;" "an insufferable oppression on the left side, or even over the whole chest;" "eyes sunk in the sockets, and, in fatal cases, the hands and feet turning blue;" "and while the heart, notwithstanding the universal coldness of the body, still beat violently, they, for the most part, retained possession of their senses." Finally, "the nails became curved on their cold hands, and the skin wrinkled."* These are nearly the very expressions used by Dr. Adair Crawford, in describing the last stage of malignant cholera, as it occurred in St. Petersburg in 1848.

"The whole surface of the body became as cold as marble, and covered sometimes with a clammy moisture; the pulse extremely feeble, and often imperceptible; the face sunk, and the features contracted to sometimes nearly half their usual size; the eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and surrounded by a dark circle, and the pupils generally dilated. The cheeks, hands, feet, and nails assumed a leaden-blue or purplish color, and likewise, though in a less degree, the entire surface of the skin, whose functions seemed completely paralyzed. One remarkable phenomenon was the sudden collapse of the soft parts of the body, the effect necessarily of all the vessels being nearly emptied of their fluids, and of the rapid absorption of the adipose substance; so that patients were reduced, sometimes in twenty-four hours, perhaps one-third or more of their previous size. The skin of the hands and feet was shriveled up; the violence of the cramps usually diminished, though not always, and they were limited chiefly to the hands and feet, which often remained contracted after death. The vomiting and diarrhoea were also less urgent; the tongue was moist, flabby, and cold; the respiration hurried, or else slow, and much oppressed with fre-

* Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," page 308:

quent deep sighing; the breath cold, the voice plaintive and reduced almost to a whisper. There was great heat, oppression, and anguish in the epigastrium and about the heart, to which regions all the suffering was referred."*

These facts are important, for they help to dispel much of that mystery about cholera which has made it the object of superstitious terror, and point out the path to be followed by those who would learn the cause of epidemics and the means of obviating their effects. It is a great step toward a true knowledge of the evil to discover that epidemics are not caprices of nature, to be regarded as original marvels, but *periodical* visitants, obeying therefore fixed laws which it may be possible to trace out by closely watching the recurrence of their operation.

It is of vast moment, also, to the interests of humanity, in a moral as well as in a commercial view, to be thus enabled to get rid of that most mischievous of medical errors—the doctrine that epidemics, like the cholera, are propagated by contagion. We would guard this observation by an admission that in all cases of disease the air of an unventilated room may be rendered poisonous to the healthy by the sick, and that the sick may otherwise predispose the healthy to attack, by the influence upon the nervous system of fear and sympathy; but that the casual contact of strangers with the person or the clothes of a sick man has ever been a cause of the spread of cholera, or of any other epidemic, is a notion at variance alike with probability and fact. In a paper presented by Dr. Strong, of the Bengal army, to the Statistical Society, he states, that during the twenty years ending with 1847, there were deaths annually from cholera in the gaols under his superintendence, but that it did not spread; never attacking more than one in nine of the inmates. But the sudden cessation of cholera in London at the close of the last autumn, and its equally sudden disappearance from other cities, after raging for an average interval of eight or ten weeks, demonstrates the fact that its propagation depends upon atmospherical conditions, and not upon human intercourse. Even in the height of an epidemic season, the nurses and physicians in constant attendance on cholera patients, have not suffered more than the rest of the community, from the supposed danger of their exposed position, and have enjoyed comparative immunity where the arrangements of ventilation and drainage have

been perfect. In the general hospital of Hamburgh, no case of cholera occurred among its 1,600 inmates, although 117 cholera cases were admitted between the 7th and 22nd of September;* and in London, at St. Bartholomew's hospital, where 478 cholera patients were admitted during the past summer, of whom 199 died, the disease proved fatal to one only of the nurses of that institution. The attacks in other cases being confined to premonitory diarrhoea, which, by prompt attention, were speedily subdued.

If it be said that its appearance in different countries has not been exactly simultaneous—that it is in India one year and in Europe the next—in France in the summer, and in England in the autumn, showing a march or progress like that attributed to contagion—the answer is, that neither do corresponding seasons always occur in different countries in precisely the same years or months. The weather is often wet in England when it is dry in Germany; cold and dry in England when it is hot and damp in Russia; winds blow from different points of the compass, even within the same country—moving in eddies or circles;† electrical phenomena equally vary, and the course of epidemics must obviously vary with them.

Little, however, remains to be said on this subject, after the able and conclusive reports of the Board of Health on the uselessness of quarantine establishments as a means of prevention, in which the fallacy of popular ideas, on the supposed contagious character of epidemics, is fully exposed. For the interests of civilization, we trust that translated copies of this valuable report will be forwarded to every government of Europe and Asia with which we maintain friendly relations; and we think that the present cabinet will be wanting in its duty to the country, if they do not promptly act upon its recommendations, in abolishing during the next session, as an example to other nations, English quarantine regulations, and in otherwise exerting themselves to cause the example to be followed. Wherever the principle of quarantine is maintained, a standing lesson of inhumanity is inculcated. It is a practical mode of teaching the people the wisdom of abandoning the sick and leaving them to perish, as a cruel necessity; while, at the same time, it diverts the mind from an investigation of

* Report on Quarantine, p. 23.

† A fact established by the very useful meteorological tables published in the *Daily News*; a further elucidation of Captain Reid's theory of the law of storms.

* "Official Circular," for Oct. 10, 1848.

the true causes upon which the propagation of epidemics chiefly depend. Upon the disastrous effects of quarantine in paralyzing the trade and industry of commercial countries, we need offer no observation. They are now too well known to require comment.

Quarantine regulations are a relic of the ignorance and superstition of the middle ages. They were first established at Venice and in Italy about the close of the fifteenth century, in the vain but abortive hope of opposing a barrier to the eruption of the plague; and bills of health were introduced about the period of the destruction of the French army, before Naples, by an epidemic in 1528. The notion of the importance of a forty days' detention was founded upon the religious ideas of the period, of some magical virtue residing in forty-day epochs. Christ had fasted forty days in the wilderness; forty days were asserted to be the limit of separation between acute and chronic diseases; forty days were assigned for the perfect recovery of lying-in women; forty days were supposed to be necessary for every change in the growth of a foetus; and forty days composed the philosophical month of the alchymists. Let us hope that we are not far from the time when, instead of lazarettos of imprisonment founded upon such puerile theories, marine hospitals will be established in every port for the immediate but voluntary occupation of all sick persons landing after a voyage, and that the principle of the forcible detention of a ship's crew or passengers will be utterly abandoned.

It may be observed here, that very little faith ought to be placed in the correctness of any of the numerous statements that have appeared of the precise course of the cholera in its march from Asia to Europe, from the date of its appearance at Jessore in 1817. We know of course the year and month when it broke out at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and other European cities; and we assume it to be true, that it had appeared, as we are told, previously at Teflis, Astrachan, Saratoff, and other places of which we know little; but all these statements amount to nothing more than industrious collections of newspaper paragraphs; and it will be obvious, on a moment's reflection, that cholera may, and doubtless has appeared in a thousand places where there has been no newspaper reporter to testify of its existence. Who will prove to us that it was not raging last September in the interior of Thibet, or at the sources of the Niger, or on the banks of the Amazon? Even its existence last summer in the United

States has been but little noticed in England; and although the mortality in many towns of the Union has been excessive, the contagionists have failed to explain to us when and by what mode it crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and appeared, without local spontaneity of origin, at New York.

We shall not, therefore, attempt to follow the narrative of any so-called history of the progress of cholera that has yet been written; and not to extend this paper to a length too great for the patience of the reader, we shall now confine ourselves to the statistics of the disease as it manifested itself in Paris and London.

The following is an analysis of the principal facts connected with the appearance of cholera in Paris in 1832, drawn up by M. de Watteville.*

"Cholera showed itself in Paris on the 26th of March, 1832; four persons were suddenly attacked, and died in a few hours.

"The next day, March 27, six other individuals were attacked; on the 28th, those attacked were 22 in number; on the 31st, there were 300; and the cholera had already invaded 35 out of the 48 quarters of Paris.

"Out of the 300 cholera patients on the 31st of March, 86 had ceased to exist before the end of that day. On the 2nd of April, the number of deaths amounted to more than 100; on the 3rd, to 200; the 5th, to 300. On the 9th, more than 1,200 individuals were attacked, and 814 died. In short, eighteen days after the breaking out of the malady, namely, on the 14th of April, the number of attacks was 13,000, with 7,000 deaths.

"At length the virulence of the epidemic began to abate; on the 15th of April, the number of deaths fell from 756 to 631; on the 30th they were but 114; and from the 17th of May to the 17th of June, no more than from 15 to 20 per diem occurred. All at once, this limit was exceeded; on the 9th of July, 71 persons succumbed to the malady; on the 13th, 88 died; the next day, 107; on the 15th, 128; the 16th, 170; and the 18th, 225. But on the 19th, the number of deaths decreased to 130, and this rapid diminution continuing daily, the alarm of the public began to subside. The epidemic went on decreasing up to the end of September, and on the 1st of October, the cholera was regarded as extinct.

"The total duration of this epidemic, in Paris, was 129 days, or 27 weeks, from the 26th of March to the 30th of September, or from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

"The period of augmentation or increase was

* See the *Journal des Economistes* for April, 1849, a periodical of great merit, but too little known in this country. It is published by Guillaumin in Paris, and may be had of G. Luxford, Whitefriars-street, London.

15 days, and that of diminution 62. Thus the second period lasted four times as long as the first.

"The cholera carried off 18,402 individuals in the French capital, viz. :—

	Deaths.
March (from the 26th only),	90
April,	12,783
May,	812
June (from the 15th to the 30th, second increase <i>recrudescence</i>),	602
July,	2,573
August,	969
September,	357
General total,	18,402

"This total of 18,402 comprised 9,170 men, and 9,232 women; and bears a proportion to the general population of 1 to 4,270.

"Of these 18,402 deaths, there were,—

Under 5 years of age,	1,311
From 5 to 10 years,	392
" 10 to 15 "	202
" 15 to 20 "	377
" 20 to 25 "	959
" 25 to 30 "	1,206
" 30 to 35 "	1,423
" 35 to 40 "	1,348
" 40 to 45 "	1,311
" 45 to 50 "	1,416
" 50 to 55 "	1,473
" 55 to 60 "	1,440
" 60 to 65 "	1,527
" 65 to 70 "	1,594
" 75 to 80 "	756
" 80 to 85 "	307
" 85 to 90 "	58
" 90 to 95 "	13
" 95 to 100 "	1
Total,	18,402

"We may add, as a curious piece of information, the number of deaths which occurred in the different parts of houses, during the six months of the prevalence of the epidemic :—

Ground floor,	1,506
First floor,	2,868
Second floor,	2,264
Third floor,	2,023
Fourth floor,	1,375
Fifth, sixth, and seventh floors,	962
Not indicated,	170
Total,	11,168*

The last table, which M. de Watteville introduces as a curious piece of information, is the most important part of the whole. It establishes two facts upon which our attention cannot be too strongly fixed, and which there is abundant additional evidence to confirm—first, that the cholera does not attack the poor in preference to the rich, where the poor are not unhealthfully lodged; second, that the mortality is greatest where the air is the densest, namely, at its lowest level.

In Paris, the reader is probably aware that few persons rent private houses as in England. The different classes of society occupy separate suites on the different floors of houses, built somewhat upon the plan of the chambers of our inns-of-law. The only persons who sleep on the ground-floor are the porters and their families, who suffered largely, although the number does not appear so great as on the next floor, because the ground is principally devoted to shops and warehouses. The *première* and *seconde*, or first and second floors, are exclusively occupied by classes in easy circumstances, and it will be noticed that it was among them that the greatest number of deaths occurred. Higher up live the families of the poorer class, and it will be seen that there were fewer deaths on the third floors than on the second, fewer still on the fourth, and that the inmates of the attics or *mansardes* (always the very poorest of the poor), nearly escaped altogether.

In noticing the return of the aggregate deaths in each of the different arrondissements of Paris, the same rule may be observed. The cholera made no distinction between rich and poor, nor between crowded and thinly inhabited districts. The mortality was greatest in proportion to the number of residents, where the houses were built on the lowest land. Thus it was greater in the tenth arrondissement, which includes the fashionable Faubourg of St. Germain, where many of the houses are isolated and surrounded by gardens, but the level of which is low, corresponding with that of Lambeth in respect to London; and it was in Lambeth where the ravages of cholera in the British Metropolis were the most severe during the late autumn. The smallest number of deaths occurred in the third arrondissement, which embraces part of the Faubourg Poissonnière and Montmartre, inhabited by a poor population, *but situated upon high ground*.

Next to the tenth arrondissement, the mortality was greatest in the eighth and ninth arrondissements; the districts including the canals and ditches of the *Marais* and the *Cité*, which is an island, or collection of sand-banks in the middle of the Seine.*

* The number of deaths in the various arrondissements of Paris, exclusive of those who died in the hospitals, were as follows :—

1st arrondissement,	600
2nd "	535
3rd "	408
4th "	528
5th "	619

Here the cholera made considerable havoc, which is strangely enough attributed, by M. de Watteville, to the population being "poor and miserable," although he had just before admitted that "it more especially attacked those whose professions commanded competent means."

The returns explain another of the difficulties of this writer, who says that "the disease was not more formidable in places known to be infected by putrid emanations than in other localities," forgetting the *Marais*, and alluding to the open reservoirs of night-soil then existing (but since removed) at Montfaucon, near Montmartre, the highest ground in Paris. It would not be there on the hill-top that there would be any great concentration of malignant vapor; and we have to remember that, as gases follow the same law as fluids, the exhalations from Montfaucon, on cooling at night, would descend, not on the spot whence they rose, but mixing with other vapors would seek the lowest level, as naturally as a running stream.

This is suggestive of the reason of the frequency of night attacks during severe epidemics, as remarked in the epidemics of the middle ages, as also during the late visitation, and in ordinary cases of marsh fever. It was in one *night* that 4,000 perished in the plague of London of 1665. It was at *night* that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed. Both in England and on the continent a large proportion of the cholera cases, in its several forms, have been observed to have occurred between one and two o'clock in the morning. The "danger of exposure to *night* air" has been a theme of physicians from time immemorial; but it is remarkable that they have never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact.*

It is at night that the stratum of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin, and deleterious gases, such as carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration, and sulphuretted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In the

day, gases and vaporous substances of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of heat; at night, when this rarefaction leaves them, they fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere, while the gases evolved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas at a low temperature partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one vessel into another: it rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is toward the floor, or the bed of the sleeper, in cold and unventilated rooms.

At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at night in some parts of the city, was so great, that on some occasions many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning for the sake of warmth, and that warmth giving the expansion to any deleterious gases present, which would best promote their escape, and promote their dilution in the atmosphere, the means of safety were thus unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone, the natives have a practice in the sickly season of keeping fires constantly burning in their huts at night, assigning that the fires kept away the evil spirits, to which, in their ignorance, they attribute fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice; and those who have tried it, assert that they have now entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subject.

In the epidemics of the middle ages, fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air; and in the plague of London, of 1665, fires in the streets were at one time kept burning incessantly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly, trains of gunpowder have been fired, and cannon discharged, for the same object; but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, *out of doors*, be on too small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air, to produce any sensible effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain; and it is of course the air of the room, and that alone at night, which comes into immediate contact with the lungs of a person sleeping.

The mortality occasioned by cholera in Paris in 1849, appears to have very nearly

6th arrondissement,	817
7th "	1,201
8th "	1,306
9th "	1,239
10th "	1,685
11th "	1,051
12th "	1,194

Total, 11,178

* Formerly it was ascribed to lunar influences; whence the phrase "moon-struck," and the scripture, "the moon shall not smite thee by night."

corresponded with that of 1831-2, but there was this remarkable difference: in 1832, two-thirds of the deaths, 12,733, of the whole number occurred in the month of *April*, while, in the recent instance, the deaths in April were but 694, and the greatest mortality was in June.* In England the disease reached its greatest height in August and September, and has been much more violent than on its former visitation. In 1831-2, the deaths from cholera in the metropolis were 5,275. In 1849, 13,631, exclusive of 2,981 deaths by diarrhoea;† and the registrar-general's reports for the whole of England and Wales show an excess of 60,492 deaths for the last summer quarter over the summer quarter of 1845—an excess principally to be attributed to the epidemic, the mortality of the quarter exceeding the average by 53 per cent. The effects of the epidemic may also be traced in a falling off in the number of births, which had been 140,361 for the summer quarter of 1848, but only 135,200 in 1849, exceeding the number of deaths by only 164; so that, if there be truth in the common estimate, that nearly 300,000 persons have left the shores of the United Kingdom within the last twelvemonth, we have now a rapidly decreasing population. It may be noted also as probable, that population has remained stationary, or been turned back in its course throughout the world during the past year, for no part of the globe appears to have wholly escaped the ravages of the disease, and we hear of it as appearing at about one and the same time in Russia

* The deaths in Paris from cholera, of persons who died at their own residences in 1849, were as follows:—

March,	139
April,	694
May,	2,426
June,	5,769
July,	419
August,	810
September,	670
October,	32

To this must be added the deaths in the hospitals. The greatest mortality was in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes.

† Deaths in London from Cholera, 1849:—

Quarter ending March 31,	516
“ June 30,	268
“ September 30,	12,847
	13,631

Deaths in London from Diarrhoea, 1849:—

Quarter ending March 31,	284
“ June 30,	240
“ September 30,	2,457
	2,981

and Spain,* in Paris and New York, on the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Mississippi, the mortality in some places extending to the lower animals.†

* “From Bangkok, the metropolis of the kingdom of Siam, we have received accounts to the 26th July. These communications give fearful details of the havoc wrought by the scourge, cholera. At Quedah, thousands were carried off by cholera at the beginning of the year; and passing from thence along the eastern coast of the Malayan peninsula, the scourge visited Tringanu, Pahang, and Calantan, where it still rages with much virulence. Passing eastward, at the commencement of June, it visited the provinces of Siam, and on June 7th broke out in the capital, Bangkok. So few cases occurred at this latter place that no alarm was excited; but on the 9th its ravages had increased to the extent of two or three hundred; and 80 persons within the city were carried to one wat, or burning-place. On June 11, and two succeeding days, the cholera raged with frightful virulence, carrying off rich and poor. An eye-witness, an American missionary, remarks that its horrors were beyond all description. The streets were thronged with the dead and dying; it was impossible to walk even a short distance without witnessing the dead bodies lying in all directions, exposed to a tropical sun, and persons were attacked whilst walking from one place to another. The inhabitants became panic-struck. The deaths were so numerous that to burn the corpses was impossible, and multitudes were thrown into the river just as they had died. In many of the wats four hundred bodies were burned each day, without parade or mourners; they were placed like logs and left to the flames, or putrified on the ground. From correct returns it was ascertained that nearly three thousand perished daily in the city alone, whilst in the suburbs and provinces, the number is untold. From the government census it was ascertained at the end of twelve days that more than twenty thousand souls were swept from Bangkok, and within a radius of from twenty to thirty miles the deaths are estimated at thirty thousand. Amongst the early victims was Chau Khun Bodin, a noble of high rank, who commanded the Siamese troops against the Cochinese for possession of Cambodia, and who had returned to Bangkok but a few months previously, after an absence of ten years in the border war. In the sugar districts the fatality was also frightful, carrying off the Siamese by thousands, but being less fatal among the Chinese population.” —*Daily News*, October 29, 1849.

† It was publicly announced from the pulpit in St. Louis, on the Mississippi, a few days since, that there had been 8,000 victims to the pestilence in that city alone. So shocking were the ravages of cholera in Sandusky, Ohio, that even after the population had been reduced from 300 to 600 by death, and by flight inspired by terror, the deaths averaged from 30 to 40 per day, for several days together. The physicians, a rare instance, deserted the town, but several other physicians very nobly repaired to the afflicted place from Cleveland, Cincinnati, and even from Philadelphia. A few of the most distinguished men of Sandusky, who resisted the panic and remained at home, perished by the epidemic, while many of those who fled also became victims. It is singular, that in Cincinnati, both fowls and hogs

In all cases, however, we find the mortality has been greatest in *low-lying districts*. On high and naturally salubrious situations, comparatively few deaths by cholera have occurred, and the mortality has even been less than usual. In London it was almost wholly confined to the banks of the river, the district between Waterloo Bridge and Battersea, which in the time of the Romans was an unreclaimed marsh; and the low, but slightly more elevated, levels of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch. In the large parishes of Marylebone and St. George's, Hanover-square, the greater part of which lie between 50 and 100 feet above high water mark, deaths were scarcely above the average, and nowhere exceeded the births. Although most destructive on the Surrey side of the river, the cholera did not touch the Surrey Hills.* The returns to the registrar-general from parts of the country where the towns are situated on elevated lands, as in central and North Devon, Leicestershire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, state the population to have been unusually healthy, and the deaths below the average. The exceptions have everywhere been of the kind that prove the rule. Cholera was fatal at Huddersfield among some laborers' cottages, which, although situated on a hill side, were without drainage, surrounded by filth and refuse, and exposed to the malaria of an uncleansed fish-pond.

At Leeds, the deputy-registrar remarks, that although the ravages of cholera had been truly awful, it had been confined, in his district, almost exclusively to that part of the population that *dwelt in cellars*, although sometimes better drained than the unoccupied cellars of other streets,—a circumstance which makes the deputy-registrar undervalue the importance of drainage, he not perceiving that malignant vapors are not necessarily confined to the spot where they rise, but may flow from their own gravitation, or be drifted by the wind, into cellars a mile distant.

have died in immense numbers, as if by an epidemic somewhat resembling the cholera; while at Wheeling nearly all the cats have been carried off in a similar manner.—Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.

* Nor the chalk hills of Kent. At Fairseat, situated on the Wrotham range, about 800 feet above the level of the sea, there is, near the residence of the Editor, a boarding school establishment for young ladies, containing forty-four pupils, amongst whom not a single case of sickness of the most ordinary kind has occurred during the whole of the half-year ending with December, 1849.

The following is the proportion of deaths to the population in some of the towns where the mortality was greatest:—

Deaths from Cholera during the summer quarter of 1849:—

	Males.		Females.	
Hull	1	in 28	1	in 28
Plymouth	1	" 38	1	" 46
Merthyr Tydvil	1	" 39	1	" 39
Portsea Island	1	" 44	1	" 50
Liverpool	1	" 47	1	" 43
Tynemouth	1	" 61	1	" 64
Bristol	1	" 66	1	" 78

Of the numerous communications published by the Board of Health to throw light upon the causes of the epidemic, perhaps the following, addressed to Lord Carlisle by Mr. K. B. Martin, harbor-master of Ramsgate, is one of the most important.

"During the heats of the last days of August, having a considerable body of officers and men under my surveillance, I watched their state and habits with great care and anxiety. I knew they were exposed in no common degree to all the admitted predisposing causes. Some were occasionally at work in a sewer in progress; others in a cofferdam, surrounded by a fetid blue mud, and offensive sullage. All were employed in a harbor partially dry at low-water, and with a hot sun, liable to exhalations from decomposed marine exuviae; yet, to my great consolation, all these poor men, *thus employed*, continued well. The exception is extraordinary. The crew of my steam towing-vessel *Samson*, continually employed in the fresh sea-breeze, when at home living in well-ventilated comfortable houses, temperate in their habits, hale and young; and yet they were attacked, under the following curious and interesting circumstances. At midnight of the 31st of August, the *Samson* proceeded to the Goodwin Sands, where they were employed under the Trinity agent, assisting in work carried on there by that corporation. While there, at 3, a. m. on the 1st of September, a hot humid haze, with a bog-like smell, passed over them; and the greater number of the men there employed instantly felt a nausea. They were in two parties. One man at work on the sand was obliged to be carried to the boat; and before they reached the steam-vessel at anchor, the cramps and spasm had supervened upon the vomitings: but here they found two of the party on board similarly affected, and after heaving up the anchor they returned with all the dispatch they could to Ramsgate. Hot baths were immediately put in requisition, and by proper medical treatment they were convalescent in a few days. Here, then, is a very marked case, without one known predisposing local cause; while our laborers escaped, surrounded by local and continual disadvantages. Doubtless it was atmospheric, and in the hot blast of pestilence which passed over them. * * * *

"My men were carried home, where every

comfort awaited them, and not a member of their families was infected."

The facts to be noticed here are—first, the connection of cholera with "a humid haze with bog-like smell," corresponding with the "stinking mists" remarked during the progress of the epidemics of the middle ages; and, second, the circumstance that it was soon after *midnight*, or at 3, *a. m.*, when the crew of the *Samson* were attacked; while fourteen men who had been employed in the daytime in the docks, amid fetid exhalations, under a hot sun, continued well. Here we have again the most decisive evidence, not that fetid exhalations are harmless, as Mr. Martin would seem to infer, but that they are least hurtful when most rapidly disengaged and expanded by the action of heat; and that in their effects upon human beings, their malignity depends upon the accidents of temperature and winds that may cause them to sweep along the surface of the ground in a concentrated form. For aught that can be shown to the contrary, the "humid haze" seen by Mr. Martin may have been impregnated with the sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled the day before from the very dock he has described.

The presence of aqueous vapor appears to be one of the essential conditions of all epidemics; but the effect is not produced by aqueous vapor alone, for an ordinary Scotch mist will hurt nobody; the vapor must be impregnated with poisonous gases. It, then, naturally produces the same effect upon the lungs as poisoned water upon the stomach; and here it may be observed, that in numerous cases, quoted by the registrars and the Board of Health—as for example, the deaths in Wandsworth-terrace—cholera has been directly induced by the contamination of a spring or well with a neighboring sewer. No matter whether the elements of putridity enter the system in a gaseous or a liquid form, they will in either case produce a like result.

It has been remarked that the summer of 1849 was not one of great humidity, but, on the contrary, an unusually dry season, less rain falling in latitude south of 53, than in the average of seasons, but more rain than the average in the north of England. A warm and dry season, however, is the one most favorable to the process of exhalation; and in marshy districts, and on the banks of rivers, there is always a sufficiency of aqueous vapors to arrest the upward course of deleterious gases, and to hold them in com-

bination. Although the season was warm and dry, Mr. Glaisher, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, tells us that the period from August 20th to September 15th, when the cholera was at its height in London, "was distinguished by a thick and stagnant atmosphere, and the air was for the most part close and oppressive." He adds, that the movement of the air at the time was about one-half its usual amount.

"On many days, when a strong breeze was blowing on the top of the observatory, and over Blackheath, there was not the slightest motion in the air near the banks of the Thames; and this remarkable calm continued for some days together, particularly from August 19 to 24, on the 29th, from September 1 to 10, and after September 15. On September 11 and 12 the whole mass of air at all places was in motion, and the first time for nearly three weeks the hills at Hampstead and Highgate were seen clearly from Greenwich. After the 15th of September to the end of the quarter the air was in very little motion.

"From the published observations of the strength of the wind daily at all parts of the country, it would seem that the air has been for days together in a stagnant state at all places whose elevation above the sea is small."

The fall of rain in August was less than has fallen in any August since the year 1819; but heavy rains set in at the close of September, and whether or not from their influence in precipitating noxious vapors, and so purifying the air, the epidemic immediately decreased in violence, and shortly after disappeared.

Another peculiarity of the late season has been an unusually small development of insect life. A snow storm and severe frost, the last week in April, would seem to have destroyed the *ova* and the *larvæ* of many of the insect tribes. The turnip-fly was missing in many districts, to the great relief of farmers, and butterflies were scarcely seen. This militates against the theory which attributes epidemics to swarms of *animalculæ*; a notion which has no other foundation than the fact that immense flights of locusts, and sometimes a rain like drops of blood (the red color given by *animalculæ*), have been occasionally observed at periods preceding pestilence.

An analogous theory produced some impression, in the alleged discovery by Mr. Brittain and Mr. Swayne, of cholera fungi in the intestinal canal: but many of the fungi described have since been found to exist in every stale loaf; and an able report, presented to the Royal College of Physicians, has

shown that the evidence is totally insufficient to establish fungi as a cause of epidemics, although every form of disease may lead to the production of fungi of a peculiar character, as a subordinate symptom.*

Another theory has attributed cholera to a deficiency in the atmosphere of *ozone*, a volatile product of hydrogen and oxygen, but with a larger proportion of oxygen than in water. Ozone has a deodorizing property, and is generated by electric action, and by combustion; on which account the exemption of Birmingham from cholera has been said to be occasioned by its great fires; but although the beneficent influence of fires to those who are within their influence, is not to be doubted, several towns in which the furnaces are as numerous as in Birmingham suffered severely; especially in the epidemic of 1832. Birmingham probably owes its comparative healthfulness to the dry and porous red sandstone on which the town is situated. The ozone theory, however, deserves some countenance from the fact that the season has been characterized by a low amount of electricity. This was observed by M. Quetelet at Paris, and by Mr. Glaisher, at Greenwich; and Dr. Adair Crawford states, that during the prevalence of cholera at St. Petersburg in June 1848, that "the electric machines could not be charged, and to a great extent lost their power," and that "the disturbed condition of the electricity of the air was also indicated by the peculiarly depressed and uneasy state of feeling which almost everybody complained of, more or less: some entirely losing their sleep, whilst others slept more heavily than usual."†

The Telluric theory is founded upon the observations of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, as frequently accompanying epi-

demics, and from the death of fishes in great numbers, as if from the escape of gases, which have sometimes been seen after subterranean disturbances, bubbling up through the water. This subject is handled with great ability by Mr. John Parkin, in his treatise on the "Remote Cause of Epidemics;" and we incline to the opinion, that the true cause of the changes in the condition of the atmosphere which produce epidemics, may be found in these internal commotions; but not so much in the escape of any subterranean gas, as from the variations they produce in the currents of electricity, of which at present we know little or nothing. Some new agent, which is only occasionally present, there must of course be to produce a sudden vitiation of the air, in the same place where human beings, a month or two earlier or later, might breathe with comparative, if not perfect safety. Subterranean disturbance producing an altered direction of the electric currents, is perhaps the simplest hypothesis by which the phenomenon is to be explained, and it is that which best agrees with the important fact, that the intensity of the morbid influence, alike in cholera and in marsh fever, is greater by night than by day. The following remarks upon this head are by Dr. Kelsall:—

"Any one who has witnessed the fearfully rapid course of blue cholera, can scarcely fail to be struck with the similarity of the disease to the symptoms of poisoning by some energetic agent; in fact, the patient appears to suffer from the effects of some specific volatile poison. Experiments have not supported the opinion that any peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere has existed sufficient to generate a poison during the prevalence of the epidemic, but none have been instituted to ascertain the electrical condition of the earth's surface at the same period. It is true that, according to present theories, any electrical condition of the earth is supposed to influence that of the atmosphere, but such may not be strictly the case; and now, with this *petitio principii*, if it be permitted to suppose an electric current traversing the earth with some yet unknown relation to the magnetic meridians, the generation of a specific poison might be thus imagined.

"Cyanogen, prussic acid, strychnine, morphine, picrotoxine, and other vegetable poisons, are compounds of the four elementary gases, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, chemically united in various different proportions, each possessing widely different properties—the vegetable electricity of the laurel, the upas tiente, the poppy, the cocculus indicus, and the cinchona officinalis—each acting on these elements during the growth of the plants, to elaborate their several active principles.

"A little variety in the proportions of the union

* The following are the conclusions of the report, which is dated October 27, 1849.

"1. Bodies presenting the characteristic forms of the so-called cholera fungi are not to be detected in the air, and, as far as our experiments have gone, not in the drinking water of infected places.

"2. It is established that, under the term 'annular bodies' and 'cholera cells, or fungi,' there have been confounded many objects of various and totally distinct natures.

"3. A large number of these have been traced to substances taken as food or medicine.

"4. The origin of others is still doubtful, but these are clearly not fungi.

"5. All the more remarkable forms are to be detected in the intestinal evacuations of persons laboring under diseases totally different in their nature from cholera.

"Lastly. We draw from these premises the general conclusion that the bodies found and described by Messrs. Brittain and Swayne are not the cause of cholera, and have no exclusive connection with that disease; or, in other words, that the whole theory of the disease which has recently been propounded is erroneous, as far as it is based on the existence of the bodies in question.

"WILLIAM BALY, M. D. } Cholera
"WILLIAM W. GULL, M.D. } Sub-Committee."

† Official Circular, October 10, 1848.

of these four elements, produces *vastly differing properties in the products*—for example, the elements of quinine are 20 atoms of carbon, 12 of hydrogen, 2 of oxygen, and 1 of nitrogen; and strychnine, a substance very different in its properties, is composed of 30 atoms of carbon, 16 of hydrogen, 3 of oxygen, and 1 of nitrogen. The following table of five of these vegetable principles will render the matter more clear:—

Quinine is composed of	- -	C ₂₀	H ₁₂	O ₂	N
Strychnine	" - -	C ₃₀	H ₁₆	O ₃	N
Morphine	" - -	C ₃₄	H ₆	O ₁₈	N
Picrotoxine	" - -	C ₁₂	H ₇	O ₅	
Hydrocyanic acid	" - -	C ₂	H	N	

"The substitution of phosphorus, sulphur, &c. for one or more of these elements, would also be productive of other poisonous agents.

"The requisite for deleterious products being constantly at hand on the surface, or immediately below the surface, of the ground, if there always existed a power which should cause their chemical combination, the inhabitants of the land would never be free from the effects of some resulting poison. The vicinity of drains and fetid stagnant water is found by experience to be more favorable to the development of the cholera poison than dry open situations; but the drains, cesspools, and putrid grave-yards of London have from time immemorial emitted the gases before alluded to, with sulphur and phosphorus, which in ordinary years have not resulted in the formation of this peculiar miasm, and there must be some reason why it should be so during the summer of 1849. A telluric electrical cause would account for the anomaly. In ordinary years the requisite elements are being constantly evolved, but remain inert because they are dissipated and blown away in the state of simple mixture: this year, if chemically united in certain unknown definite proportions, by the power of electricity, they may result in the formation of a volatile poison.

"But, although low and dirty localities evolve the requisite gases in greater abundance than cleanly situations, and so produce a greater amount of the miasm; still, as these gases must be present more or less everywhere, cholera would be liable to appear in every situation where the electrical stream should pass through, and this is borne out by the fact that no locality seems absolutely and entirely exempt from the visitation of cholera. If Birmingham or other places have enjoyed immunity from the disease, it is because the electrical current has not approached them.

"If it be allowed that the symptoms of cholera are caused by the absorption into the blood of a specific volatile poison through the medium of the lungs, then, in proportion to the quantity of poison inhaled, will be the malignancy of the consequent effects, which are abortive efforts of the nervous system to eject it from the circulation along with the serum of the blood, which is poured in immense quantities into the intestines, so that the patient may (in a manner) be said to bleed to death; and those slight cases of cholera, called choleraic diarrhœa, are occasioned by the ab-

sorption of small doses of this unknown poison, of which the system can rid itself with comparative facility. It may be that the flocculent deposit in the watery fluid ejected from the bowels is the poison itself in combination with particles of serum, which it has coagulated.

"There may probably be this analogy between the poison of cholera and that of common marsh fever. In swampy districts the electricity accompanying the sun's rays, or the ordinary electricity of the atmosphere, may act on the gaseous elements evolved by the swamp, and cause the chemical union of two or more of them in certain definite proportions, and thus produce a peculiar volatile poison, difficult or impossible to obtain by analysis, because it is composed of the same elements as the atmospheric air which holds it in solution—i. e., oxygen and nitrogen, with, perhaps, carbon or hydrogen in such infinitesimal quantity (as an atom or two of either) as to escape appreciation; such a poison may occasion the phenomena of intermittent fever. But if a stream of electricity traverse the surface of the earth, either more powerful or of greater or less tension than that which elaborates the poison of marsh fever, then a different poison—(i. e., it may be composed of the very same elements, but combined in different atomic proportions) may be generated. In both cases the phenomena of the diseases consisting in abortive efforts of nature to rid herself of the noxious material.*

Upon the above, which generally accords with our views, we have only to observe by way of further elucidation, that although cholera does not appear in all places where deleterious gases are present, the difference occasioned by altered currents of electricity would seem merely to be one of greater or less intensity. We are not to suppose that sulphuretted hydrogen can be breathed with impunity, either in diluted or concentrated doses. It has been rendered abundantly evident by the sanitary reports, that the elements of putrefaction, wherever they are breathed, will produce diseases of varying types and degrees of malignity. It has been asked why cholera should have been absent, both in 1832 and 1849, from Lyons, one of the most ill-cleansed towns in France, the lower parts of which are subject to annual inundations; the town being situated at the confluence of two rivers. But Lyons is rarely free from typhoidal fever, and at the present moment (December 1849), it is raging there in so severe a form, that its

* In one case where a patient recovered from cholera, she was shortly afterward seized, *every third evening*, with the nausea, faintness, and sinking at the epigastrium which characterized the original attack, and always at the same hour; these symptoms quickly yielding to two or three doses of camphor.

identity with cholera is beginning to be asserted. To account for apparent exceptions, we have only to remember that the greatest danger is not necessarily in the place where the gases are evolved, if rapidly disengaged by heat and dispersed by winds, but where the mist which they impregnate lodges at night, and this, although generally in the plains, may sometimes be on hill sides, or in the hollows and ravines of a mountainous country; or again it may be at sea, as in the case we have quoted of the attack of the crew of a steam-boat on the Goodwin sands. It appears by no means improbable, that the coast of Africa, at the embouchure of its great rivers, would not be found sickly to Europeans, if those who visited it adopted the precaution of sleeping at night in an elevated region. They are safe above what is there called the "fever level," whether by night or day; and the high table lands of South Abyssinia, although within ten degrees of the line, are stated by Dr. Beke to be as salubrious as any parts of England.

Following out these conclusions, we think it will be found that the mortality of hospitals has always been greatest, other circumstances the same, where they have been situated in a low and marshy neighborhood, or near the banks of a river, as the Hotel Dieu at Paris.

In the cure of epidemics, the first step obviously is to escape from the cause that produces them. Where we are breathing a poisonous vapor no remedies can avail: to continue to breathe it must be death. The first care, therefore, of the patient should be, to change his lodging; and he will not require any table of levels for this purpose. A view about sunrise, from the top of any church steeple, will show him at a glance the level of the night mist. He should avoid that, especially during the summer heats, as he would the white pall of the grave.

When a patient cannot change his lodging, or be suddenly removed, the next care should be, to raise at night, by a fire in an open chimney, the temperature of the room in which he sleeps, sufficiently to dry up the vapor and rarify any deleterious gases that may be present. Upon the more medical part of the treatment that should be adopted for cholera patients, we again avail ourselves of the pen of Dr. Kelsall.

"In the cases which I have observed where the patients did not sink irrecoverably at once, from inhaling an inordinate dose of the poison, the prognosis seemed to depend on one symptom, viz., the violence or long continuance of the se-

rious purging and vomiting; other bad symptoms appearing to depend on these. If much serum was poured into the intestines, then the cramps, &c., were proportionately severe; the sufferer became blue, and sunk to a certain point, when a crisis took place, and he gradually and slowly rose again—the stage of recovery progressing according to his ability to bear the great depletion he had undergone; providing always that this stage was not officiously meddled with by the exhibition of food or physic. But if, with sufficient constitutional strength to bear safely the depletion, the alimentary canal was burthened with the weakest aliment, or what is more, with indigestible drugs, then the patient's only chance was often destroyed. In other words, a patient unencumbered with visceral disease and enjoying strong bodily vigor, being seized with cholera, the serous depletion, with its consequent symptoms, would continue until the whole of the poison was evacuated from the blood, and then a crisis would take place, and a restorative action commence. Such, I think, would be the course of the disease if the patient were left entirely to himself, and no impediments in the shape of aliments or drugs placed in the way.

"Throughout every phasis of this disease, from the premonitory diarrhœa to collapse, and throughout the typhoid stage which too often succeeds the state of collapse, the digestive function is totally suspended. The nausea, rigors, disgust at the sight of food, the rapid passage of indigested aliments, &c., through the intestines, are sufficient indications of the condition of the alimentary apparatus at the commencement of an attack of cholera. The dreadful sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach, so invariably mistaken by the patient for the pangs of hunger, during the state of collapse, and subsequent typhoid stage, is known to be a morbid symptom and not hunger, by the immediate rejection of the ingesta in most cases, either by vomiting or purging—if the cold white tongue, or bilious vomiting, were not already a sufficient guide to the state of the digestive organs. To attempt to force nutrition while this state of things continues, is absurd as it is pernicious; for as nothing which is introduced into the alimentary canal can be assimilated, it must act only as a cause of irritation, and aggravate the mischief already going on.

"If the stomach is not in working order we may as well expect sawdust to be digested as beef-tea, arrow-root, &c., and to the irritation of these aliments (?) during collapse, and subsequent typhus, I am persuaded that many persons owe their deaths, who would have survived had their stomachs been kept perfectly empty and at rest; indeed, it would be easy for me to quote some decided instances of the fact.

"The presence of a little milk and water in the stomach of a person suffering under this stage of the disease being productive of such aggravation, it would not appear to require much arithmetic to calculate the effects of the chalk, calomel, turpentine, laudanum, aromatics, astringents, brandy, &c., which have been so extensively 'exhibited' for the cure of this morbid state of the ali-

mentary canal. All that need be said on the matter is, that it would have been far better to have left the unfortunate patients alone than to have complicated their cases with the sufferings of indigestion, by stuffing them with these abominations. Those who survived this treatment have little to thank it for; they got well in spite of the drugs, and should rather rejoice that the attack was originally a mild one (perhaps aggravated by the physic), and that their constitutions could withstand the combined effects of cholera, and the empirical means used to cure it.

"Chalk mixture, &c., may do very well as palliatives, and even cure diarrhœa when this is occasioned by the presence of an acid in the intestines; but in malignant cholera the mucous membrane of the bowels is too busily engaged in pouring out serum to have time to think about manufacturing acids; and as to the stoppage of this flow of serum by means of astringents, the thing is impossible, their very presence adding to the irritation and increasing the flood of serum, whereby the chalk and astringents are quickly swept away. Opiates are indicated, perhaps, because the patient suffers, or is expected to suffer severe spasms, but as these spasms are merely one of the symptoms of the disease, to give laudanum is only to oppose a symptom, while the blood-vessels of the bowels may continue to pour forth their serum.

"The exhibition of calomel is equally empirical and injurious, for besides that its presence in the stomach is a mechanical cause of irritation, it has no power whatever to alleviate any symptom: I have seen six or seven unfortunates during the stage of reaction, in a state of severe ptialism, in whom the symptoms were just exactly the same as in others who had taken no mercury. That is to say, they still suffered from retching and vomiting of green bilious liquid, then bilious purging, extreme prostration, and superadded, the miseries of salivation, which might well have been spared, for they would have recovered without the use of mercury at all. One patient who had been under similar treatment ten days, and was then (when I first saw him) in a state of ptialism, still continued to suffer, not only from retching and bilious purging every half-hour, but *the cramps had not ceased*, and though taking a daily abundant allowance of rice, sago, &c., he was rapidly losing strength. On stopping this man's allowance of food, the cramps disappeared in a few hours, and he absolutely gained strength on no diet at all. Observing a rigid fast for four days, the stomach and bowels became tranquil, and then an occasional teaspoonful of beef-tea was allowed, on which he thrived, and soon convalesced. Here, then, is an example, both of the inutility of mercury, and the impropriety of harassing the disordered stomach of a cholera patient with food.

"The premonitory symptoms of cholera generally commence by loss of appetite, sometimes attended by chills and flushes of heat. Thirst—a peculiar sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach—rumbling in the bowels, like '*the fermentation of yeast*'—slight nausea—sometimes faintness—the tongue moist, flabby, generally whi-

tish, and the point of the tongue cold to the touch; these are the premonitory symptoms of cholera, and if at this time camphor is had recourse to, it rarely fails to remove them speedily. If these first symptoms be disregarded, the patient soon becomes affected also with diarrhœa (often painless), occasional eructations, and disposition to vomit; but even when the disease has advanced thus far, camphor will yet be often the best remedy. It will, at all events, arrest the diarrhœa with more certainty than other aromatics and astringents, without the disadvantage of imposing any labor on the disordered stomach, because of its volatile property. But, from the first moment a patient observes the peculiar sensation of *fermentation in the bowels*, he should be cautioned to cease immediately from taking any kind of food whatever, and content himself with an occasional sip of cold water until all disorder of the bowels has disappeared."

The use of camphor in epidemics is of very ancient standing. It was recommended at the time of the Black Death by Gentilis of Foligno, an Italian physician of great celebrity. His theory of the epidemic of that period appears to have been the sound one—that it depended upon a pestilential state of the atmosphere, the effects of which might be best counteracted by disinfectants. He ordered, therefore, the cleansing of houses, sprinkling the floors with vinegar, and the healthy to wash with vinegar, to smell frequently of camphor and other volatile substances, and to maintain fires of odoriferous woods. Like other followers of Galen, however, he relied too much upon bleeding and purging at the commencement of an attack, and fell himself a victim to the disease, or to this mistake.

Upon the necessity of a total abstinence from food in cases of cholera, Dr. Kensall further remarks that—

"While cholera prevailed in London, the sufferers were almost universally recommended to take food, to *strengthen* them, of which we have seen the result; for to this cause, conjoined to the liberal 'exhibition' of indigestible drugs, much of the late mortality is due; and many a case of cholera, which ran to extreme length, would speedily have been cut short, had the digestive organs been left in a state of perfect rest. Among the premonitory symptoms of cholera, loss of appetite is a common one, which of itself is a strong hint from nature to abstain from food; but the English are a people who regard with instinctive horror the slightest allusion to this remedial measure, so that the very man who would complacently bare his arm to the lancet, and submit to the loss of some two or three pounds of his vital fluid, contemplates with surprising dread the imposition of a few days' fast, even though he may have no appetite to eat.

"If the disease continues to gain ground the patient will suffer from intense thirst, heartburn, and the feeling of loss of appetite will degenerate to an intense feeling of sinking at the epigastrium, which increases till it amounts to perfect anguish, a sensation which the patient mistakes for the pangs of hunger, and is probably owing to some morbid condition of the nerves composing the solar plexus. Sometimes even an intelligent patient is aware that this feeling is not hunger, yet he imploringly demands oranges, apples, ginger-beer, milk, broth, water, &c., in large draughts, and if these be given to him they aggravate his sufferings by causing increased purging and vomiting, and anguish at the epigastrium. They must be denied and withheld with firmness, a teaspoonful of plain water only being allowed him every few minutes, besides his teaspoonful of medicine. In a few hours, if his constitution be sufficiently strong to hold out under the trial, a crisis will take place, when the whole of the poison having been ejected from the system, the purging will cease, and with it the cramps; the pulse will begin to regain a little power; warmth will return to the extremities, and to the tongue; the extreme thirst and craving for food will diminish, and the first step toward recovery will have taken place, which must not be marred by giving him food. The tongue will at this stage be found more or less furred (generally loaded and flabby), a sufficient indication that the stomach is still not in working condition, and that it must be left for a while in a state of perfect rest that it may recover itself; and be it remembered that this cannot be effected by any medical legerdemain, for there is no drug in the pharmacopœia capable of conjuring away this atony of the alimentary canal. The poison of cholera is ejected through the mucous coat of the stomach and bowels, and by the liver; in its passage through these surfaces, it acts on them as it acts on the ejected serum which it coagulates, and nothing but perfect rest will enable the surfaces to resume their healthy condition. Abstinence from every kind of aliment must therefore still be persisted in until there is decided constipation of the bowels, and the tendency to retching has entirely ceased, small quantities of weak beef-tea may then be given in teaspoonsful at a time; but even then we must feel our way with great caution, and not commit the folly of attempting to *force* nutrition. If the tongue begin to clean, the more nutritious aliment may be given, disregarding entirely the constipation of the bowels; for these two things, viz., constipation and cleaning of the tongue, will be found to proceed together, notwithstanding any preconceived prejudices to the contrary, and the bowels will in due time open a passage for themselves without the use of purgatives.

"The worst and most fatal cases are those where the patient is overtaken with cholera on a full stomach (perhaps after eating a hearty supper), and is suddenly attacked with faintness, coldness of the tongue and surface, cramps, retching, and purging of rice-water dejections, and other dangerous symptoms. In dealing with such a case the treatment had better be commenced by excit-

ing full vomiting of the undigested aliment, by means of draughts of tepid water in which a few drops of camphorated spirit have been mixed. But with the single exception of clearing the stomach of undigested aliment by means of draughts of tepid water, the patient should not be allowed to drink, however urgently he may entreat. *The stomach must be kept empty*; the prime object being to check the vomiting and purging, but this will not cease if the stomach be distended with water, or, what is worse, by gruel, arrowroot, drugs, &c.

"When the cramps, purging, vomiting, coldness, &c., have ceased, the patient must not be considered out of danger. Rice-water dejections may be succeeded by a thin, scanty, fetid, pea-soup-like diarrhœa; and if this continue, and be accompanied by cerebral symptoms, his condition is still very precarious. The skin is generally cool; pulse slow and marked; but restlessness, slight delirium, or disposition to coma, and the furred or glazed tongue, show that he is far from being convalescent. This state strongly resembles typhus, and is probably occasioned by the great loss of serum which has taken place during the rice-water purging: few who unhappily degenerate into this condition survive—from seven to twelve days, however, will decide the patient's fate.

"Post-mortem examinations of these cases show that the mucous coat of the bowels is diseased, and the mesenteric glands sympathetically enlarged; and, therefore, it is obvious that in such a state, the digestion and assimilation of food is impossible; to feed the patient is consequently only to present a mechanical cause of aggravation to the organic mischief which has already commenced, and hasten his end, or destroy his only chance of recovery, while total abstinence will afford that rest to the diseased tissues which alone can enable the vital power to rectify the nascent lesion of the mucous membrane.

"I have witnessed the recovery of several patients who were rapidly falling into this dangerous state, by keeping them entirely without food (in one instance for thirteen days); they all continued to suffer the painful sinking at the epigastrium, which is almost characteristic of the disease, and craved more or less for 'victuals;' but when, after this long fast, the tongue began to assume a more natural appearance, indicative of a return of some tonic to the stomach, this morbid craving for food ceased, the patients very contentedly desiring only the small quantities of beef-tea which were then allowed to restore them gradually, according to the well known rule of giving small quantities of such diet to persons whose bodily powers are brought to a low ebb by shipwreck and starvation. Under these circumstances, a boy aged eight years, was sentenced to total abstinence, at the same time that a medical gentleman prescribed 'a generous diet.' He fasted six days, tossing about, and incessantly raving for victuals and drink, which his dry furred tongue, thin bilious dejections, and retching, warned his intelligent mother to withhold. Then, uneasy at her son's long fast, she gave him one single tea-

spoonful of arrowroot made with milk, which was followed in less than ten minutes by alarming vomiting and purging, increased anguish in the epigastrium and abdomen, and delirium, which convinced her that though starvation be an extreme remedy, in it consisted the only hope of saving the life of her child. After this, she gave him nothing but a few drops of cold water at a time, for seven long days; when the tongue began to appear natural, bowels and stomach tranquil, craving for food gone, and then, feeling her way cautiously with a few tea-spoonfuls of weak beef-tea, the boy slowly convalesced, and was ultimately restored to perfect health. Had she persisted in trying experiments to force a diseased stomach to do what it is incapable of, she would have experimented away the life of her son."

We have given insertion to the above as the opinions of an old member of the Royal College of Surgeons, whose treatment of cholera we know to have been eminently successful. It may be a drawback to the estimation in which they should be held, in some quarters, that Dr. Kelsall has become a convert to the principles of homœopathy; a debateable ground, where we do not follow him. The doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*, and the new theory of the superior efficacy of medicines infinitesimally diluted, in their action upon the infinitesimal tissues of the mucous membrane, doubtless contain some element of truth, and are fit subjects for discussion; but recognizing as characteristic of human nature the general tendency of strong minds to extremes, we accept the advice of intelligent men, whether homœopaths or allopaths, when it approves itself to our judgment; confining our private faith in all remedial measures to those which we think we understand.

The assertion sometimes made, that the power of the globules of the homœopaths often depends upon the imagination of the patient, whether true or not, is suggestive of an undoubted fact, with which it would be well, in seasons of epidemic, if the public, and especially the clergy, should be made fully acquainted—that the mind acts upon the organs of digestion, in impairing or strengthening their functions, *through the nervous system*.

It was formerly taught by physiologists, that the process of digestion depended chiefly upon the action as a solvent of an acidulated saliva, called the gastric juice, secreted by the glands of the stomach; but it is now generally believed that the solvent properties of the gastric juice are chiefly derived from the food itself, and that the first part of the process is a chemical action in-

duced by the nervous system, through which some portions of the food pass through the stages of starch, sugar, alcohol, or perhaps lactic acid, and the whole is converted into the pulpy state which is termed *chyme*. It has been proved by experiment, that by a separation in the neck of an animal of the *par vagum*, or eighth pair of nerves, the functions of digestion are interrupted, and almost entirely destroyed; and it is remarkable, as showing the connection with the nervous system with the electric fluid, and perhaps of a low state of atmospheric electricity with diarrhœa, that digestion may be renewed for a considerable time, by exposing the mutilated nerves to the galvanic action of a voltaic battery.*

We may thus account, and with tolerable clearness, for the enfeebling, and other fatal effects of fear, grief, and great mental anxiety. A shock is given to the nervous system, which interrupts the process of assimilation. The food taken ceases to nourish, and perhaps becomes converted into poison-

* This subject has been ably discussed by Dr. Robert Dundas Thomson, lecturer on practical chemistry at the University of Glasgow, in his "*Experimental researches on the food of animals*." He remarks upon the influence of the nervous system, that the pulse beats quicker the moment food has been swallowed, and that when faint with hunger we feel immediately refreshed after eating, and long before the food can have been assimilated with the blood. He adds that—

"So remarkable is the influence of even simple food on the nerves, when abstinence has been practiced for some time, that it may be interesting to quote the following case, in which intoxication was produced by the stimulus of oysters alone.

"In the well known mutiny of the *Bounty*, Captain Bligh was set adrift in boats, with twenty-five men, about the end of April, in the neighborhood of the Friendly Islands, and was left to make his way to the coast of New Holland in such a precarious conveyance. At the end of May they reached that coast, after undergoing the greatest privations, the daily allowance for each man having been one-twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, a quarter of a pint of water, and occasionally a teaspoonful or two of rum. Parties went on shore, and returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. Soon, however, the symptoms of having eaten too much began to frighten some of us; but on questioning others who had taken a little more moderate allowance their minds were a little quieted. The others, however, became equally alarmed in their turn, dreading that such symptoms (which resembled intoxication) would come on, and that they were all poisoned, so that they regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what would be the issue of their imprudence. Similar observations have been made under other circumstances. Dr. Beddoe states, that persons who have been shut up in a coal-work from the falling in of the sides of a pit, and have had nothing to eat for four or five days, will be as much intoxicated by a basin of broth, as an ordinary person by three or four quarts of strong beer. In descending the Gharra, a tributary of the Indus, Mr. Atkinson states ('Account of Expedition into Afghanistan, in 1839-40,' p. 66), that on two occasions, during the passage, he witnessed the intoxicating effects of food. To induce the Punjaubees to exert themselves a little more, he promised them a ram, which they consider a great delicacy, for a feast, their general fare consisting of rice and vegetables, made palatable with spices. The ram was killed, and they dined most luxuriously, stuffing themselves as if they were never to eat again. After an hour or two, to his great surprise and amusement, the expression of their countenances, their jabbering and gesticulation, showed clearly that the feast had produced the same effect as any intoxicating spirit or drug."

ous compounds. And, on the other hand, we may see why hope, joy, and great faith in a physician, act as restoratives to health. The wonted action of the nervous system is renewed, the functions of digestion are strengthened, and the waste of the solids and fluids of the system repaired.

We would have these facts brought before the attention of the clergy, because if incontrovertible, as we regard them, it follows that the efforts which were made by many of their body to procure the sanction of government for a national fast (which it is to the credit of the present ministry that it had the firmness to resist), and their successful efforts for local fasts in different parts of the country, were, like the processions of the flagellants at the time of the Black Death, the means of spreading alarm and fear, and therefore of aggravating the evils of the calamity sought to be averted. Very numerous have been the cases recorded of persons the most *nervously* anxious to secure themselves against the infection of cholera, falling among its first victims; and the reason is now apparent.*

Dr. Johnson observes, that the influence of fear, anxiety, or surprise, will frequently induce attacks of asthma, which is another affection of the nervous system, producing a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial tubes; and it is again to be remarked that the attacks of this disease, as in cholera, are the most frequent in the middle of the night, or at an early hour in the morning; showing an analogy in the cause of both. The cure, where there is no organic mischief, is found in removal to a purer air, and in cold water ablutions of the whole body, but especially of the spine, with active exercise afterward. To this extent the hydropathic treatment is the best that can be adopted by all who would fortify the system, whether against asthma, or any of the epidemics which have been the subject of this paper; and its invigorating effects in bracing the nerves and improving the tone of the stomach, will not be doubted for an instant, by any one who has tried the experiment and habitually repeated it.†

* Public fasts are entirely of Rabbinical origin. Moses instituted public *festivals*, but not a single fast. Christ emphatically condemned even the appearing to fast in public. National thanksgiving days are of course open, on sanitary grounds, to no other objection than that, when not held on Sundays, they are often to the poor man fasts in disguise, which, certainly, there is no authority in the New Testament to enforce.

† *The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy*, by Ed-

It would be a work of supererogation to enter into an exposition of the remedial measures recommended in the sanitary reports and by the Health of Towns' Commissioners, for increasing the salubrity of human habitations. The necessity of drainage,—of a continuous, instead of an intermittent, water supply,—of the abolition of the practice of intramural burials,—of the removal of city slaughter-houses,—and of the prevention of overcrowding, has now been universally discussed by the press, and is beginning to be generally understood. It is reasonable to believe that some legislative and administrative fruits may now be expected from the agitation of these subjects; and we will therefore point out only two or three practical applications of the principles they involve, which should not be overlooked.

First, with respect to drainage. We have seen that the greatest mortality is invariably found in the *lowest lying districts*. It is with them, therefore, independently of all considerations of outfall, that the work should begin. The work may be difficult, as in London on the Surrey side of the river, where the roadway is frequently below the level of high water, but it is the first difficulty with which we should grapple.

Second, with respect to the overcrowding of habitations. It is again in low-lying districts where this overcrowding is the most fatal. The lower the level of the habitations, the greater is the necessity for their thorough ventilation. We would, therefore, have the municipal authorities of towns form a fund, to be assisted where needful with government grants, to pull down at once the houses of all back courts and alleys situate on the banks of rivers, or about the same level. In a report by Dr. Laycock, on the sanitary state of York, he has shown, that a dark and filthy court thus situated, where the cholera broke out in 1832, was the very spot where the plague first appeared in that city in 1551 and 1604.* And it is satisfactory to find, that the destruction of similar nests of pestilence at Hamburg by the fire of 1842, and the subsequent construction, under the superintendence of Mr. Lindley, of broad and well-drained thoroughfares, has led to the nearly total exemption from cholera in 1849, of the same localities which suffered so se-

ward Johnson, M.D. A work to be consulted by all who would investigate for themselves the laws of health, and dispense as much as possible with the very questionable aid of the apothecary.

* First Report of the Health of Towns' Commissioners, vol. i. p. 261.

verely in 1832.* In connection with this object, we trust it may be permitted us to hope, that the evaporating surface of the mud banks of the Thames may at last give place to a terraced embankment, worthy the metropolis of a great empire.

And lastly, with respect to *light*. From tenderness for the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Health of Towns' Commissioners refrained from reporting upon the baneful tendencies of a system of taxation which offers a direct encouragement, in the shape of a pecuniary saving, to the blocking out of light and air, and at the same time induces habits of personal uncleanness. The evidence collected, however, upon this subject was printed, and the responsibility of neglecting it, after the late painful visitation, will, we imagine, be too serious to be longer incurred by any government; and we anticipate, if not the abolition of the window duty, at least its commutation into a house-tax in the ensuing session. Let it be remembered, that without permission to open an unlimited number of windows, no system of ventilation can be rendered perfect. It is in the cellars, closets, and roofs, now rendered dark by the tax-gatherer, that mephitic vapors are most collected, and to disperse them we require not merely the fresh air from without, stealthily introduced by ventilating apertures, but *the warmth of the sun* to rarify the gases there confined, and facilitate their escape.

Light is also a chemical agent, and the character of the gases evolved from various substances is dependent upon its action. In

the respiration of plants less oxygen, and a greater quantity of carbonic acid gas, is given out at night than by day. In the germination of *seed*, carbonic acid gas is freely liberated; a process by which the starch of the seed is converted into sugar for the nourishment of the young roots; but the seed must for this object be supplied with moisture, and *deprived of light*. It is, therefore, quite certain that in all *dark* and damp situations there is a constant vitiation of the air from the germination of the seed of mosses, or fungi. Deprived of light, however, plants, after they have appeared above the ground, will not thrive: they grow devoid of color, and without fibre, like the *celery*, which is made white and crisp for the table by earthing up the stem. *With light*, plants gain both color and fibre, and it is most interesting to learn that the process by which this is effected is one which at the same time purifies the air, and renders it fit for animal respiration. The carbonic acid gas, says Dr. Carpenter, "is decomposed by the green parts of the surface of plants, and the solid carbon fixed in their tissues; while the *oxygen* is set free."*

Upon the action of light upon the nervous system, and its consequent influence upon human health, a treatise might be written. Every physician can testify to the restorative effects of a gleam of sunshine, and the corresponding depression of mind and body produced by living in a gloomy apartment. But enough has been said to induce reflection, and too much earnestness has now been awakened upon sanitary questions, to permit us to doubt the result.

* Official Circular for January 27, 1849; Mr. Grainger's Report.

* "Vegetable Physiology," page 176.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE SOME FAIR STREAM.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I wish my love were some fair stream,
Soft singing through her woodland way;
And I some star, whose loving beam
Might in her bosom rest its ray!

I wish my love were like the dew,
Half hidden 'neath the rose's lip;
VOL. XIX. NO. IV.

And I the young Dawn, trembling through
The fragrance, none but I might sip!

I wish—like flowers that fondly meet
And cheer and charm the humblest spot—
Our lives might blend while life was sweet,
And even death divide us not!

From the English Review.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.

Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by SIR ALEXANDER and LADY DUFF GORDON. In Three Volumes. London: Murray. 1849.

THE interest which we feel in the history of a nation or the life of an individual, is less in proportion to their intrinsic merits than to the result produced by their actions or exertions: a quiet and sensible man passes through the world unobserved, and though we may venerate his memory, we feel little inclination to write his life; while, on the other hand, he who raises himself from a cottage to a throne, or arrives at the highest distinctions of his own profession, will always be an object of curiosity. Kings while they live are always a sort of spectacle for the vulgar; their high station and supposed power create a sensation of awe in the breasts of those who gaze upon them. But, as history deals chiefly with kings, the monarchs of another century are often lost to our mind amidst the multitude who went before and who succeeded them; and, in a long dynasty, one or two only are found whose characters are remembered beyond their own country, and to whom distant nations accord the distinction of recollecting much more than their names.

As, however, in private life we read with intense interest the struggles of the rising barrister whom casual circumstances, as well as his own talents, afterward placed upon the woolsack of England, so in history we look with admiration upon the prince who raises his State to a higher rank among kingdoms than it formerly possessed; his predecessors or his successors may be more worthy of our esteem, but the world is so constituted that results give prominence to character; and Alexander the Great, by extending his empire throughout Asia, has gained more celebrity than his father, whose exertions were confined to Greece. The earlier kings of Macedonia are scarcely known by name: Philip was the first who gave weight to his

nation in the affairs of foreigners; we therefore feel an interest in him, on account of the effects produced by his reign.

Just so, in the history before us, Brandenburg is but a subordinate state of the German empire. A German electorate, with the pomp and ceremonial of royalty, the dependence of vassalage, and the cares and embarrassments of needy nobility, often gives us a mere picture of poverty and pride. The grandfather of Frederick the Great was the first to raise the House of Brandenburg from this subordinate position, and to declare himself king of Prussia by the title of Frederick the First. This took place in July, 1700; his coronation followed in January, 1701. Much, however, still remained to be done; a royal crown gives only title without power; Austria held Silesia, to which Prussia had a prior claim; the army was small, the people uneducated, and little better than the serfs of the feudal system; and though neighboring nations did not object to the royalty of King Frederick, they seemed little to respect or fear him in his new capacity. Till his death, in 1713, little progress seems to have been made; taxation and a new system of farming the crown lands were his principal objects. It was reserved for his son Frederick William I. and his grandson Frederick II., to give royal dignity to their newly acquired crown, and to place Prussia in the rank of a powerful kingdom. Frederick William was a warrior, and had little else to recommend him; but a warrior was what Prussia required. Europe was in a state of great disorder, the wars of Louis XIV. had not yet subsided. To form an empire, then, it was necessary to raise a powerful army, and for this Frederick William had peculiar talents. He reigned till the year 1740; and then his celebrated son, with greater genius for war,

and unrivaled versatility of talents, continued the aggrandizement of Prussia down to the time of the French revolution. To watch the gradual rise of empires and of men is, as we said before, the most interesting of all studies. Frederick William, therefore, and Frederick II. are characters on which history loves to dwell. Their minute actions and feelings are interesting to all; and as modern ingenuity now searches the archives of palaces, and brings to light letters and records long forgotten, we have ample materials for history and biography in the courts and times of these remarkable men. Nor is this interest without its moral use; successful exertion like theirs teaches mankind that they may rise to high stations by the diligent use of opportunities; and when we meet with the troubles, faults, and failings of kings and their children, we may learn contentment, in reading that the mightiest of the earth are, like ourselves, exposed to petty vexations, and not exempt from the weakness and trials to which ordinary mortals are liable.

Let us now, from the materials before us, consider a few of the characters presented on the scene.

Frederick William married the daughter of George I., and the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea; he was, therefore, brother-in-law of George II., whom he cordially disliked, and his son was cousin to Frederick, prince of Wales, the father of George III. This relationship to England gives an additional interest to the Prussian family, as marriages between the royal families were frequently projected. As Frederick William's great object was his army, he became a thorough-going old soldier; the term "good officer," gives us too much the idea of a gentleman. Had we met him incognito, we should have supposed him to be a respectable coarse-minded adjutant, who had risen from the ranks. Continued drill, great anxiety about the appearance of his troops, minute knowledge of all the technicalities of mounting guard, manœuvring, and reviewing, great nicety as to the dress of officers and men; these were the great subjects that occupied the king's mind, and everything else seemed worse than useless, as it only tended to distract attention from the study of his favorite science. He must have been the most disagreeable companion in private life that we can well imagine: his children actually trembled at his presence, and his wife seemed in continual danger of losing her life by his violence. We have the best account of the "old Corporal" from his eldest daughter,

Wilhelmina, afterward margravine of Bareith. Her private memoirs, published toward the end of the last century, were at one time supposed to be a forgery; we believe, however, that their authenticity has since been established. They certainly carry with them the internal evidence of truth; we can perceive all through the graphic descriptions of an eye-witness; and if not actually written by the princess herself, the author must have been well acquainted with her, and with the habits and feelings of the court. We give a few anecdotes of the king's domestic life, extracted at random from his daughter's memoirs. It appears, that the Prince Frederick and his sister had gone to their mother's room on some occasion, when their father was supposed to be absent: he returned suddenly, and both of them, fearing his displeasure, hid themselves, Wilhelmina in a closet, and Frederick under the bed. The old king continued for some hours in conversation with his wife, and the prince and princess remained in their undignified position till they were nearly smothered.

Sometimes, it appears, that Frederick William was seized with a fit of religious melancholy: he would then send for a clergyman named Franke, who lectured the family all the time of dinner, and made them feel as dull as the monks of La Trappe; he condemned all amusements, and would not allow any conversation in his presence, except upon the subject of religion. The king, at these times, used to preach a sermon to his family every afternoon; his valet acted as his clerk, and his children were obliged to affect a contrite and penitent air, which only taught them hypocrisy. On these occasions, the king would talk of resigning his throne, and setting up for a country farmer: Wilhelmina was to be his washerwoman; Frederick, a younger daughter, being, as he said, the most avaricious of the family, was to be the storekeeper; Charlotte, a third daughter, was to attend the market and be his cook. If the king had really had any feeling of true religion, we might sympathize with his care of his family, and even if he were somewhat prolix in his sermons, we might commend his zeal rather than his discretion; but he seems to have had little idea on the subject of his duty toward God; and the course which he pursued shows that his sermons and advice proceeded rather from a determination to exact military obedience from his children, than from any sincere desire for their spiritual good. His daughter says of him,—

"We shortly after followed the king to Potsdam, where he had a violent fit of the gout in both feet. This illness, added to the vexation of seeing his hopes vanished, put him into an insupportable humor. The pains of purgatory could not equal those we endured. We were obliged to be in the king's room by nine o'clock in the morning, we dined there, and durst not leave it on any account. The king passed the whole day in abusing my brother and me. He called me the English baggage, and my brother the rascally Frederick. He forced us to eat and drink things which we disliked or which disagreed with our constitutions; this ill-judged severity sometimes made us throw up in his presence all we had in our stomachs. Every day was marked by some unlucky event; we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some ill-fated being tormented in one way or other. The impatience of the king would not suffer him to lie in bed. He was placed in an arm-chair, upon casters, and rolled about all over the palace. His arms rested on crutches. We followed this triumphal car everywhere, like unfortunate captives undergoing their punishment. The poor king was really suffering violent pains, and the overflowing of black bile caused his intolerable humor." —*Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith*, vol. i. p. 148. Edition of 1812.

The great grievance of the family appears to have been the concern which her parents took as to Wilhelmina's settlement in life. She does not venture to give us a description of herself in her own words, but she quotes the expressions of some of her friends, which are anything but flattering to her beauty. She was low in stature, sharp-featured, exceedingly plain, and, we suspect, slightly marked with the small-pox: be this as it may, to provide her with a husband seemed to be the great object at which her parents zealously aimed, and which she herself as carefully avoided. Her cousin Frederick, prince of Wales, as heir-apparent to the crown of England, presented a grand object for her father's ambition; but the match was broken off by some offence given by George II. or his ambassador. Though she had never seen her cousin, she confesses considerable aversion to him; and probably would have begun her matrimonial career, like Mrs. Malaprop, by hating him like a blackamoor. After the prince of Wales, the next on the list was Count Weissenfeld, a distant relation and pensioner of the king of Poland; he seems to have been in no way an eligible match, as he is described as poor and dissipated; but for some reason Frederick William had set his heart on having him for a son-in-law. Quarrels, faintings, beatings, and threats of imprisonment, produced little ef-

fect upon the princess; at last the old king, who seems to have been more anxious for the removal of his daughter than for her domestic comfort, introduced a third suitor, the Margrave of Schwedt. Wilhelmina would now have been too glad to have fallen back upon her cousin the prince of Wales, as the least evil of the three; but her uncle, George II., had other views for his son, and allowed his German cousins to settle their disputes without his interference. Then followed a most extraordinary series of domestic quarrels. Sometimes the king would lay hold of his daughter, and she would endeavor to escape. On one occasion her governess, Madame de Sonsfield, came to the rescue, and at the same moment the princess tripped over a screen; she fell, she says, between the hammer and the anvil, receiving all the blows intended either for herself or her governess; till, being near the hearth, she was only saved from her father's rage when her clothes began to catch fire. Wilhelmina, however, still held out against matrimony, till the 10th of May, 1731, which she says was the most memorable day of her life. On this occasion an emissary from the king visited her in the morning before she had left her bed; he told her he had just seen her mother and the king; the former in tears, the latter in a violent passion; that he had received orders to make immediate preparations for the wedding; and that the queen's entreaties were of no avail. "The king," said he, "finding himself thwarted, turned round to Madame de Sonsfield, and swore, with the most bitter imprecations, that he would drive her from the court, and, as an example of his severity, he will have her publicly whipped as the cause of your disobedience. 'I pity you,' said the king to the governess, 'to be condemned to such an infamous chastisement; but it rests with the princess to rescue you from this disgrace. It must be confessed, however, that it will be a fine sight, and that the blood which will run down your white back will heighten its whiteness, and be delightful to look upon.'" (See *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 299.)

The princess herself was to be confined in a fortress, and she was informed that the horses were ready to convey her thither. Women, however, generally manage to have their own way. Madame de Sonsfield was the first to advise Wilhelmina to persist in her purpose, and refuse the Polish count; and the queen wrote to her that the solitude of a prison was preferable to an ill-assorted marriage. We fear she could speak from

experience. The matter was at length compromised by Wilhelmina's accepting the eldest son of the margrave of Bareith, a distant relation of her own, and to whom she entertained less objection than to the others. She does not pretend to any romantic attachment to her new suitor; indeed it seems, according to custom, she fainted when he was first mentioned; but by her own account she made a good wife, except that she was sometimes jealous; and her husband seems to have shown her as much kindness as could well be expected from a German prince of the eighteenth century.

To his son, Prince Frederick, the king was even more severe: "*ce coquin Fritz*" was his common designation. The prince was much attached to his sister, and they always took the part of each other; he was, therefore, involved in her misdemeanors. But there was another insuperable reason for the old soldier's dislike of his son. Frederick studied other subjects than war; and though his subsequent life proved his vast military genius, yet he could read classics, play on the flute, and take delight in the fine arts. All these accomplishments the king regarded as crimes: he believed that no man who wrote verses could drill a regiment. Frederick wrote poetry, and his father drew a logical conclusion that he never could make a soldier.

Musicians also were his detestation; and once, when Frederick was sitting in his dressing-gown with a young man who gave lessons on the flute, he was obliged to hide his teacher on the approach of his father, who only vented his rage upon the dressing-gown, which he tore to pieces, and threw into the fire. The dislike, however, of the king to his son went to much greater lengths. Few young men ever endured such privations and annoyances as the prince of Prussia. His father, in one of his fits of passion, attempted to strangle him with the cord of a window-curtain, in which he became entangled. He pulled the string which was round his son's neck, and nearly lifted him off the ground. The prince declared to his sister that his life was only saved by the interference of the servants. Though Frederick held the commission of a general officer, his father struck him repeatedly with his cane; and when his son received the insult in silence, he taunted him as a coward, telling him, that had his father treated him so, he would have fled from the country. The patience of the prince was at length worn out, and he determined to take refuge in England. His flight was arranged for a time during one of the king's

long marches, when the party had halted for the night at a farm-house; and the king and his suite occupied a barn, and the prince and his attendants slept in another at some little distance. Frederick's scheme, however, was betrayed, and he was arrested in the act of mounting his horse. His father had him and his friend, Lieutenant Katt, tried as deserters by a court-martial, and sentence of death was recorded against them both. The prince was closely imprisoned, without his books or his flute, or even a bed; he was allowed only sixpence a day for his food; and it seems as if his father intended either to put him to death, or to compel him to renounce his right of succession. The queen and the princesses actually believed at one time that Frederick had been executed. Whether his father really intended to have gone so far cannot now be proved; certain it is that the officers about the king declared that as an electoral prince Frederick was subject to the laws of the empire, and therefore could not be tried by his father's court; and old General Mosel, seeing the king greatly enraged, put a sword into his hand, and exclaimed, "Sire, slay me, but spare your son." But if the king did not intend to take away his son's life, he certainly determined to wound his feelings in every possible way. There was a young girl of low birth, named Doris Ritter, whose company Frederick had sought, as she was a good musician. The king accused her of being his son's mistress. Though he did not bring any proof of his assertion, he seized her, and without a trial sentenced her to be conducted through the streets by the common hangman, and then publicly whipped in presence of his son, whom he forced to attend. While Frederick was in prison, an officer of the court was sent to him on some message. He happened to be dressed in a scarlet cloak. As soon as Frederick saw this, he believed that his father had sent the executioner to put him to the torture. But what most deeply hurt the feelings of the unfortunate young prince was the tragic end of his friend and companion, Lieutenant Katt. Though the grandson of one of the most distinguished Prussian generals; though the greatest interest was exerted in his favor; and though Frederick professed his willingness to renounce his claim to the throne, in order to save his friend, the king was inexorable, and the sentence of the court-martial was carried out. A scaffold was erected under the window of the prince's prison. Katt was led forth between two clergymen, and with his last

words addressed the prince, assuring him of his devoted attachment, and his willingness to suffer death for his sake. The prince saw his friend's head roll on the scaffold, and fainted in the arms of his attendants.

These events happened in the year 1730, and the king did not receive his son till the next year. In the year 1740, Frederick William died. In the same year died also Charles VI., emperor of Austria, so the power of Germany passed into new hands. The emperor was succeeded in his hereditary dominions, Hungary and Silesia, by his daughter Maria Theresa, "The queen whose beauty set the world in arms." This had been arranged some years before by the act of settlement, commonly called the Pragmatic Sanction. The empire, being elective, passed after some delay into the hands of Charles Albert of Bavaria, who reigned by the title of Charles VII., till his death in January, 1745. The new choice fell upon the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the husband of Maria Theresa, known in history as Francis I.

We now come to consider the character of the queen of Prussia, Sophia Dorothea, the mother of Frederick the Great. From the daughter of George I., much delicacy or refinement could not be expected; and we find her at first in grievous terror of her husband, and endeavoring by all her arts to soften his unkindness toward his children; she does not, however, appear to have been much more worthy of their love. The princess Wilhelmina confesses that the unkindness of her mother was her principal motive for accepting the addresses of the prince of Bareith. Like the king, she seemed to prefer the Polish count; and when the young margrave appeared, she did all in her power to break off the match, although she had at first given her consent. Wilhelmina now found that the other ladies of the court followed the queen's example, and treated her with contempt; her patience was severely tried by their insolence; they had sought her patronage while she was her mother's favorite, but they now despised her as a discarded courtier. She was, therefore, the more inclined to leave the court of Berlin, and seek an establishment with her husband. She tells us she only publishes an extract from one of her mother's letters, lest it should reflect upon her memory: we give the extract, but we confess we are at a loss to divine what the rest of the letter must have been:—

"You break my heart, by giving me the most vio-

lent pain I ever felt in my life. I had placed all my hopes in you; but I did not know you; you have artfully disguised the malice of your soul, and the meanness of your sentiments. I repent a thousand times over the kindness I have had for you, the cares I have taken of your education, and the torments I have endured for your sake. I no longer acknowledge you for my daughter, and shall henceforth consider you as my most cruel enemy, since it is you that sacrifice me to my persecutors, who triumph over me. Rely on me no longer. I vow you eternal hatred, and shall never forgive you."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 311.

The Princess Wilhelmina draws such strongly colored pictures, that we begin to suspect some defect in her own powers of vision; but she seems to have been a person of great natural abilities. Her mother once, when she was a child, laid a wager that she could learn 150 verses in an hour. The lady who doubted her powers replied, "I will try her local memory;" she then wrote down 150 names of her own invention, to each of which a number was annexed, and read them twice over. The princess was then called upon to repeat them, which she did with little hesitation; the numbers were then called out of their order, and the princess again succeeded in giving the names. Her great talent seems to have been for description or sketching characters. We have, in a few lines, the appearance of the character and manners of some of the most remarkable personages of the day. Among others George I., Peter the Great, and the Empress Catherine. Of the first she says:—

"The king of England was a prince who valued himself on his sentiments; but, unfortunately, he had never applied to the enlightening of his mind. Many virtues, carried to an extreme, become vices; this was his case. He affected a firmness which degenerated into harshness, and a tranquillity which might be called indolence. His generosity extended only to his favorites and mistresses, by whom he suffered himself to be governed; the rest of mankind were excluded. Since his accession to the crown, his haughtiness had become insupportable. Two qualities, however, his equity and justice" (we should have thought these the same), "rendered him estimable. He was by no means an evil-disposed prince, but rather constant in his benevolence. His manners were cold; he spoke little, and listened only to puerilities."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 70.

Of Catherine, the queen of Peter the Great, and her husband, we read:—

"The czarina was short and stout, very tawny, and her figure was altogether destitute of gracefulness. Its appearance sufficiently betrayed her

low origin. To have judged by her attire, one would have taken her for a German stage actress. Her robe had been purchased at an old-clothes broker's; it was made in the antique fashion, and heavily laden with silver and grease. The front of her stays was adorned with jewels singularly placed—they represented a double eagle, badly set, the wings of which were of small stones; she wore a dozen orders, and as many portraits of saints, and relics fastened to the facing of her gown; so that when she walked, the jumbling of all these orders and portraits, one against the other, made a tinkling noise like a mule in harness.

"The czar, on the contrary, was very tall and pretty well made; his face was handsome, but his countenance had something savage about it, which inspired fear. He was dressed as a navy officer, and wore a plain coat. The czarina, who spoke very bad German, and did not well understand what was spoken to her by the queen, beckoned to her fool, and conversed with her in Russian. This poor creature was a Princess Galitzen, who had been necessitated to fulfill that office in order to save her life; having been twice implicated in a conspiracy against the czar."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 44.

The margravine is a thorough-going gossip, and the petty courts of Germany give a wonderful field for the exercise of her peculiar talent. As Englishmen, we all value royalty: the dignity of the king, the splendor of his court, the ceremony with which royal personages must be treated, have all their value. They give dignity to the executive government, and teach the world that laws must be enforced and power revered. If, however, every county in England were a separate principality; if every duke and marquis were to be treated as a sovereign prince, the good sense of England would soon consider such idle ceremony as a useless burden. The margravine gives us a continued history of petty sovereigns,—a long detail of pride, poverty, and etiquette,—amusing enough to the reader, but tiresome in the extreme to those engaged in the farce. Tables of precedence were multiplied till they had become inexplicable. The heir of the margrave brought home his bride, and she was, of course, to be received with all the honors of expectant sovereignty. But she finds her new palace cold and comfortless; numerous servants in tarnished liveries; great rooms surrounded with worm-eaten tapestry, and letting in the cold through broken doors and cracked wainscots. The dinners were served with the greatest pomp; trumpets sounded, cymbals played, and a guard attended. The meal sometimes lasted for three hours; but the food was so badly cooked that the prin-

cess could not eat it, and managed, with the help of her governess, to have her food dressed in her own room. These princes were in continual want of money. Wilhelmina and her husband proposed to visit the king of Prussia at Berlin: they entered into a long calculation as to the probable expense of the journey, and then tried to prevail on the old margrave to find the funds: he sent them about a third of what they required; and as they thought it too little, the journey was put off. About the same time, the governess of Wilhelmina complained that one of the ladies at Bareith took precedence of her in going into a carriage. The dispute went on to some height, but at last it was settled on the principle, that Wilhelmina being of royal descent, her attendant had a right to a higher position than the wife of an officer of a prince who could not claim royal honors. Now, though it is not fair to despise a race of nobility merely on account of their poverty, yet we confess we think the pride of these German barons must have been a source of unmixed vexation to themselves and their dependents: to be obliged continually to claim respect which there is no power to enforce, to be constantly indebted for pecuniary assistance to those whom the debtor feels it a duty to despise,—all give us an idea of an unsound state of society; and while we look up with respect to the nobility of England, we congratulate them and ourselves that they are content with the titles and wealth of the peerage, without arrogating the state of royalty, or insisting upon the honors of sovereign princes.

But other misfortunes awaited the Princess Wilhelmina at Bareith. Her governess and chief friend, Madame de Sonsfield, proposed to bring with her to Bareith her sister, named Flora, and two nieces, named La Marwitz. The king of Prussia disapproved of their plan, as he had made a law that no Prussian heiress should marry out of his dominions; however, after many promises, the king consented. Flora, after some time, began to wish for a respectable settlement for herself; and the margrave, father-in-law to Wilhelmina, began to think of her as a second wife. Of this project La Marwitz informed Wilhelmina, who saw herself threatened with a step-mother in the person of her humble dependent. The margrave, though not fifty years of age, seems to have grown fat and stupid, and to have cared for little but wine and reading *Telemachus*. Flora, who had but little sense, thought only of her own advancement, and of the precedence which her

marriage would give her above her patroness. Madame de Sonsfield feared the king of Prussia, and expected that the whole family would be imprisoned for life for disobedience to the laws; so the whole party were thrown into the most amusing confusion. The women, however, managed to persuade Flora to discard her princely suit-or, and she wrote to him declining his offer of marriage, but in such terms, Wilhelmina tells us, that she might still be of use to her patroness, by holding her ascendancy over the old gentleman's affections. Flora de Sonsfield does not seem to have had much to recommend her, as she is described in the following terms:—

"She is only five feet high. She is exceedingly corpulent, and lame in the left foot; when young she was a perfect beauty, but her features had become so coarse from the small-pox, that she could no longer be considered as such: her countenance, however, is prepossessing, and her eyes delusively sparkling and expressive; her head, which is too big for her little body, gives her a dwarfish appearance; her figure, however, is not remarkable: her manners are graceful, and such as prove her acquaintance with high life. Her heart is excellent; she is gentle and accommodating; and, in one word, her character is unblemished; but Heaven has not blessed her with intellect: she possesses a certain fashionable routine that veils this deficiency, which can only be found out in private intercourse. She had been struck with the advantageous offers of the marriage, and overcome by her vanity and ambition; and the narrowness of her understanding had prevented her from foreseeing the consequences."—*Memoirs*, ii. 177.

Having thus described the near relations of the hero of Prussia, we now come to the leading character of the history, Frederick the Great. He was certainly a great man in one sense of the word: he possessed a greater variety of talents than usually falls to the lot of a single individual; he fully inherited his father's taste for war; and during a long reign of nearly forty-six years, and during violent commotions, battles, and sieges, he proved himself a consummate master of the art. His literary talents are also very uncommon for a king and a soldier: like Cæsar, he has left us the history of his own campaigns; but Cæsar only professed to be a warrior and historian, Frederick attempted nearly every species of literature. Fifteen volumes of his posthumous works, in French, contain poems, letters, history, essays on politics, morals, and infidelity. He made himself acquainted with the most distinguished literary men of his time; and we

have whole volumes of his correspondence with D'Alembert, Jordan, and Voltaire. He wrote an elaborate treatise in answer to Machiavelli's Art of Governing by Deceit. In this he lays down as a first principle, that a king holds office for the benefit of his subjects. This is certainly a strong sentiment for an absolute monarch, and it is one on which Frederick did not always act. He certainly was capable of strong acts of tyrannical justice, and would sometimes hear a cause which had been decided, and if he did not approve of what had been done, he would reverse the decision and degrade the judge. He played the king through life; he acted strenuously and on his own judgment, with little advice from his ministers, whose duty he believed it to be to obey orders, and not to question them. By this means he certainly founded a great empire; he made the power of Prussia respected by foreigners; and where the laws were defective, he made new ones to suit the exigency of the times. His people advanced under his care; and if he were arbitrary, it was generally because he supposed he was acting for the public good. But with all these qualities, which mankind admire, and which stamp the greatness of the king, Frederick, like his father, was, we fear, a very bad man in private life. He treated his wife ill. Constrained to marry, when, like his sister, he had no thoughts of marriage, he had no fancy for the princess of Brunswick Bevern, whom his father had selected for him; he says himself, in a letter to his sister,—

"Until this time my fate has been mild. I have lived pleasantly in my garrison: my flute, my books, and the company of some kind friends, have made my life tolerable; and they would compel me to abandon this tranquillity, and to marry the Princess de Bevern, whom I do not know. They have extorted a consent from me which has occasioned me much uneasiness. Must one suffer forever these tyrannies without the hope of a change?"

The queen, his mother, adds at the same time:—

"The princess is handsome, but as vulgar as a basket-woman; she has not the least education. I don't know how my son will reconcile himself to this young ape."—*Memoirs*, ii. 28.

The consequence was, Frederick neglected his wife; he passed his time at Sans Souci,*

* This palace derives its name from a tomb which Frederick had erected for himself near the entrance

and the queen lived at a palace at some distance. He visited her occasionally, and dined at her table, but generally left the room without addressing a word to her. He seems to have been entirely absorbed in business. All letters or applications must be written on one side of a sheet of paper and addressed to himself; he always read these himself, and wrote a few words on each, from which his secretaries gathered the answer they were to make. He kept four private secretaries; they were obliged to remain unmarried, and in a kind of honorable imprisonment, as they were never allowed to mix in society, lest they should divulge any of the royal secrets; they were obliged to be in continual attendance, and probably an attempt at resignation would have led to the forfeiture of life or perpetual imprisonment. In religion Frederick was a blasphemous infidel; his essays on religion contain the most determined and shocking infidelity that can well be imagined. In early life he had made some profession of religion. Katt declared that he had seen several essays on religious subjects by him, in which he maintained the doctrines of Calvin.* His father, who hated Calvinism, sent several theologians to argue with his son, who was then in prison; and after several disputations the prince declared that whichever were the true view of Scripture, neither one nor the other was worth a martyrdom. We suspect that he always disliked religion itself, as well as his father's sermons, and only wanted the tuition of his friend Voltaire to render him an unbeliever, if not an atheist. The tree is known by its fruits; and if philosophy could render him a just judge, or a love of public applause could lead him to generous actions, we cannot expect that it could either change his heart or give him a motive for serving God, whose Word he slighted, and whose religion he abhorred.

He is said to have had hereditary claims to Silesia: they had certainly lain dormant for a very long period. His first act was to seize upon this province, and he thus involved Europe in wars which lasted during

of one of the gardens. It was surmounted by a statue of Flora, and bore the inscription,—

Ici je serai
SANS SOUCI.

The large letters caught the eyes of passengers, and gave a name to this celebrated palace, which conveys a meaning exactly opposite to that which the king intended.

* See Ranke, vol. i. p. 317.

the greater part of his life. How far such an act is justifiable, even on philosophic principles, is not for us to determine. We should think, on Christian principles, there can be no question upon the subject. As soon, however, as Silesia was in his possession, he justified his holding it on Protestant principles. He cannot, he says, cede the province to Maria Theresa, because it would be betraying his Protestant subjects into the hands of the Pope. Now, as God overrules evil for good, Frederick was certainly an instrument in his hands for promoting religious liberty. No prince ever more firmly held or more strenuously supported the principles of universal toleration. In his letters to Voltaire we have a long correspondence on the subject of a young man named Etallonde, who had been persecuted in Switzerland, and whom Voltaire sent into Prussia. Frederick calls him "Divus Etallon dus," and writes of him as a martyr. We believe, however, that this conduct did not proceed from any love of truth or religion; he saw the frightful evils of Papal tyranny, and the inquisition, and these he was determined to oppose at all hazards. His religious liberality and his determination to overthrow every persecuting power reminds us of King Nebuchadnezzar, who passed the first act of toleration on record: "Therefore I make a decree, that every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses made a dunghill."

The sayings and sentiments of a great man are matter of interest to general readers; we shall, therefore, give a few of these extracted from his writings. On the subject of Capital Punishment, which is now so much discussed, he says:—

"It is very wrong that judges should be in haste in pronouncing sentence; and it is better to allow a guilty man to escape than to destroy one who is innocent. However, I am quite convinced by experience, that it is not proper to neglect any of the restraints by which men are governed; I mean, rewards or punishments: and there are cases where atrocity of crime calls down the severity of the law. Murderers and incendiaries, for example, deserve the punishment of death, because they have assumed a tyrannical power over the lives and property of others. I believe that perpetual imprisonment is in effect a more cruel punishment than death; but it is not so striking as that which is done before the eyes of the multitude, because spectacles of this kind make more impression than any description of the miseries which those endure who languish

in a dungeon."—*Oeuvres Post. de Fred.*, vol. xii. p. 344. Ed. Berlin, 1789.

He had evidently a great dislike to the English language:—

"As England was conquered by the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, the language," he says, "is a jargon formed of a mixture of these; and it is, at least, as coarse as any of its component parts. At the revival of literature, England, being always jealous of France, aspired to the production of authors, and the improvement of her language; and, in order to do this, she appropriated such terms from Latin, French, and Italian, as she judged necessary. She had her celebrated writers, but they could not soften her sharp sounds, which grate upon the ears of foreigners; other idioms lose by translation, but English idioms alone are gainers. I once heard the question proposed by some literary men, 'What language did the serpent speak in Paradise?' 'It must have been English,' was the reply, 'for the serpent hissed.' You may take this bad joke for what it is worth."—vol. xiii. p. 393.

Frederick honored the memory of the Chevalier Bayard of Grenoble, one of the knights of Francis the First of France. His motto was, "Sans peur et sans reproche." Frederick instituted the order of knighthood called from his name, with the motto of his hero, and a sword surmounted by a crown of laurels. The knights were twelve in number, generally his own near relations or neighboring princes: each knight assumed a particular title of virtue on his admission to the order. One was named the Chaste, another the Temperate, another the Stout-hearted; Frederick assumed the surname of the Constant. Besides the ordinary duties of chivalry, the object of the order was to improve military science, to study the tactics and campaigns of ancient heroes, to lay up a store of brilliant points and military problems. It is, perhaps, to this institution we owe some of the treatises on military science, which Frederick has left behind him. (See *Post. Works*, vol. xiii. p. 367.)

It is extraordinary that Frederick, though despotic at home, should have been opposed to royal power in the government of other nations. He thus writes of Lord Bute and the English political system of that day:—

"It is the Scotchman Bute who governs the king and the kingdom. Like those evil spirits of whom we hear so much, but whom we never see, he envelops his operations in the deepest darkness; his emissaries and creatures are the springs by which he moves the political machine according to his own will. His system is that of the ancient Tories, who assert that the happiness of

England requires that the king should enjoy despotic power; and that, far from forming alliances with the continental powers, Great Britain ought to confine herself to the object of extending her commercial interests. He looks on Paris as Cato the censor did on Carthage; and if he had all the French vessels together, he would crush them at one blow. Imperious and harsh in his government, unscrupulous in the use of his means, his mismanagement throws him back upon his obstinacy. To carry out his grand schemes, this minister has introduced corruption into the lower house. A million sterling which the nation pays annually to the king for the support of the civil list, is scarcely sufficient to satisfy the venality of members of parliament. This sum, which is intended to support the royal family, the court, and the ambassadors, is employed every year in depriving the nation of its energy. And George the Third has no means of supporting his royal dignity in London, except 500,000 crowns which he draws from his electorate of Hanover."

This we do not believe; but, with more truth and great sagacity, Frederick proceeds to show, that

"Want of money had led Lord Bute to attempt the taxation of the American colonies; and that the result would be the destruction of British power over the States."—vol. iv. p. 148.

The admirers of Frederick the Second compare him with Philip of Macedon; and there are, certainly, many points of similarity both in their characters and circumstances. Both were the means of raising a small kingdom to the rank of a powerful nation; both were skillful masters of the art of war; and both gave great attention to financial affairs; both could combine the characters of the lion and the fox; and both, while studiously endeavoring to amass wealth, were ready to spend it to the last, in order to carry out their objects. Philip was a generous enemy, and after the battle of Cheronæa, refused to destroy Athens, because, he said, that as he had fought for glory, and had obtained it from the Athenians, it would be ungrateful to destroy a city which had given him his object. Frederick could treat a treacherous enemy with equal magnanimity, as he proved in the case of Augustus the Third, king of Poland.

The two monarchs are remarkable for their appreciation of literature. Philip's letter to the Athenians is a masterpiece of powerful and concise argument; and he congratulates himself less on the birth of an heir to his dominions, than on the fact that Aristotle should be the tutor to his son. It is remarkable that both these great men should have

come in contact with the most powerful intellects of their day; and though the terms on which they met were exactly opposite, yet, in each case, the celebrity of the king is increased by his proximity to contemporary genius. Philip's great enemy was Demosthenes; Frederick's chief friend was Voltaire. Philip would willingly have pursued his plans in secret, his object was personal and national aggrandizement; and could Macedon have risen in the scale of nations, and Philip have gained over the Grecian colonies on his coast one by one, he would have allowed matters to remain very quiet, and would have felt satisfied in his own persevering improvement of his country. But the overwhelming genius of a single orator, while it marred many of his favorite schemes for the moment, has immortalized his actions, and involuntarily shed a lustre upon his whole history. Frederick had his flatterers, as all great men have; but we doubt if any of them has given him so high a character for heroism as Demosthenes has given to Philip. He describes him as struggling against bad fortune, repairing his disasters in one place by his successes in another; wintering in the open air amidst the snows of Thrace; exposing his person in every encounter, bruised in his thigh, his eye transpierced with an arrow, yet eager to sacrifice whatever remained of his body, and of his life, provided he may accomplish his purpose and secure his renown. Philip at one time patronized Theopompus, the Chian, as his friend and historian; but on some trifling cause of quarrel, the historian endeavored to blacken the reputation of his patron, by accusing him of the most disgraceful crimes. Frederick, before his quarrel with Voltaire, has left us several volumes of his correspondence with him. Mutual flattery is the staple commodity of these. We give a few specimens. In a letter, dated the 4th of September, 1749, the king thus concludes an invitation to Prussia:—

"Finally, you are like the white elephant, for which the king of Persia and the Great Mogul go to war, and with whose name they increase their titles when they are happy enough to possess him. If you come here, you shall see at the head of mine, Frederick, by the grace of God, king of Prussia, elector of Brandenburg, possessor of Voltaire," &c. &c.

That Voltaire could repay his patron in kind we see from many of his letters. Thus, on the 1st of May, 1775, he writes:—

"Your letter is a masterpiece of reason, wit, good taste, and kindness;"

then in verse he adds:—

"It is the sage who instructs us, the hero who civilizes us. Nothing so fine has been produced upon Parnassus or in the Church, &c. &c."—*Post. Works*, viii. 317.

In the same year he writes:—

"You overwhelm me with kindness. Your majesty changes the last miseries of my life into brighter days."

Then, after a few lines, he adds in verse:—

"Who is this astonishing Proteus? One would say that he held the lyre of Apollo. When I run to hear, and flatter myself with delight, I find that it is the bloody armor of Mars that he bears. Let us then examine the hero.—But, no! he is Plato, he is Lucian, he is Cicero; and if he pleased, he could be Epicurus, &c. &c."—*Post. Works*, viii. 296.

The friendship, however, of these literary allies ended in a grievous contention, and each had recourse to his natural weapons—Frederick to his power, Voltaire to his wit. Frederick ordered Voltaire's *Akakia* to be burnt by the hangman in presence of its author, and Voltaire revenged himself by a series of lampoons.

In all that we have read or quoted on the subject of King Frederick and his family, we cannot help remarking the great want of anything like religion. From the great patron of Protestantism something might have been expected; and though Ranke intimates that the king was opposed to priestcraft, and not to religion, we cannot help coming to the conclusion, that he was neither more nor less than a disciple of Voltaire. His own writings contain the best key to his sentiments; and these are melancholy proofs, that when man sets up his own reason as his idol, he goes more and more astray from the knowledge of God and his ways. In his father, Frederick William, we might have expected to find some serious thought; though sadly mistaken as to the government of his family, yet he certainly endeavored to bring religious truth before their minds; his long sermons, his tedious chaplains, his acknowledgment of the vanity of the world, might have led us to suppose that he had some right feeling as to his state before God; and that at the hour of his extremity, his hopes for eternity might have been found placed on the true foundation of the sinner's confidence. But, alas! this is not the case; his daughter Wilhelmina, who is so fond of

minute details, gives us a lamentable account of his death-bed scene, which she describes as melancholy and heroic.

"He had been very ill the whole night through. At seven in the morning, he caused himself to be drawn in his rolling chair to the apartment of the queen, who was still asleep, not believing him so dangerously ill. 'Rise,' said he to her; 'I have but a few hours to live; I wish to have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in your arms.' . . . He said to the prince of Anhalt, 'You are the oldest of my generals, and you deserve to have my best horse.' He ordered it immediately to be brought. And seeing the prince-royal affected, 'It is the lot of man,' said he; 'we must all pay the tribute to nature.' But, apprehensive lest his firmness might be shaken by the tears and lamentations of those who were present, he signified to them to withdraw, and gave orders to all his servants to wear a new livery which he had caused to be made for them, and that his regiment should wear a new uniform." (The ruling passion here was strong in death.) "The queen then entered; she had scarcely been a quarter of an hour in the room, when the king fainted away: he was immediately put to bed, when, by means of the efforts employed, he was restored to his senses. Looking around him, and seeing the servants in their new dresses, he said, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Then addressing his first physician, he asked him if his end was near: the physician having informed him that he had still half an hour to live, he asked for a looking-glass; and having looked at himself in it, he smiled and said, 'I am very much changed; I shall cut a very ugly appearance when dying.' He reiterated his question to the physicians; and on their telling him that a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and that his pulse was ascending, 'So much the better,' he answered; 'I shall soon return to nothing.' They then wished that two clergymen might enter to pray with him, but he told them that he knew all they had to say, and that they might therefore withdraw. He became weaker and weaker, and at last expired at mid-day." —*Memoirs*, vol. ii. 341.

When Wilhelmina describes the death-bed of her father-in-law, the margrave of Bareith, she gives us an equally unhappy picture of the low state of religion among the German Protestants of that day:—

"One day, when we were at table, a message was brought us from the margrave's, that he was in the last agony. We found him stretched on a sofa: he had been seized with a suffocation which brought him to the verge of the grave, and his pulse was like that of a person at the point of death. He looked at us without saying a word. An ecclesiastic was sent for, but he appeared displeased at this. The priest delivered a very fine exhortation to him on the state in which he was; told him he was on the point of appearing before God to render an account of his actions;

and advised him to humble himself to his holy will, and he would receive courage to look on death with fortitude. 'I have administered justice,' said he to the priest; 'I have been charitable to the poor; I have never been guilty of debauchery with women; I have discharged the duty of a just and equitable prince; I have nothing to reproach myself with; and I can appear before the tribunal of God with confidence.' 'We are all sinners,' replied the almoner; 'and the most righteous of us all sins seven times a day.' 'When we have done all that is commanded us, we are still unprofitable servants.' We all remarked that he was displeased with this discourse: he repeated more vehemently still: 'No; I have to reproach myself with nothing; my people may weep for me as their father.' He preserved silence for some moments, after which he begged us to withdraw. The privy councilors came next; he made them a long harangue, in which he detailed all the obligations which the country was under to him, and repeated nearly what he had said to the clergyman. He recommended them strongly to have the good of their country always at heart, and to be attached to their new master; after which he took his last leave of them. He had sufficient strength of mind to take leave of his whole court, from the prime minister to the lowest of his domestics. I was very much affected; but it cannot be denied that there was a good deal of ostentation in his proceedings; for he carefully pointed out to all of them the care which he had always taken for the good of his country. It will be afterward seen that he did not think himself dying, and that all this was merely theatrical. At the end of this melancholy ceremony, however, he became extremely weak: when it was over, he begged us to withdraw." —*Memoirs*, ii. 245.

The poor old margrave died in a few days, apparently much in the same state.

As our object is rather to delineate the religion and morals of mankind than to describe their wars or enter into their political intrigues, we have been led away from the subject more immediately before us, to which we now return. Professor Ranke is a true German: he is indefatigable in research; he gives us his authorities from the times of which he writes; and as we have no means of consulting them, we must assume that he quotes correctly. His object is to lay before his readers the rise and progress of the House of Brandenburg. After a short sketch of the early electors he begins with the grandfather of Frederick the Great, and continues his history through the first ten years of Frederick's reign, concluding with a few chapters on the character of the king, and the improvements introduced in his reign. The laws of Prussia were one great object of his care, and Professor Ranke's account of the legal reforms is highly inter-

esting. In the sixth year of his reign he undertook to draw up a code of civil laws; and in this task he was assisted by his legal adviser, Samuel Cocceji: this code, however, was soon superseded. Frederick's chief success as a reformer was in the administration of justice, and to this he always gave the greatest attention. He preferred corporal punishment to fines, as more summary and less injurious to the revenue, as fines tended to impoverish the taxpayers.

He ordered a new scale of fees for legal certificates and bills of sale, which ignorant or corrupt magistrates had raised to an exorbitant price, and which they enforced with the stick. He appointed Cocceji controller-general of the courts, with power to revise all proceedings, and if he thought a cause unjustly decided, to bring it before the king in council. He abolished appeals to the imperial tribunal, and references to foreign lawyers, whom it had been usual for the judges to consult in difficult cases. By Cocceji's advice the office of attorneys was abolished, and the number of barristers limited, and they were obliged to confine their practice to one court. Every precaution was used to prevent delay, as Cocceji declared it was better that the debtor should suffer, than that he should be allowed to ruin his creditor on pretence of protecting himself. (Our law courts might take a hint from this maxim.) An ordinance was also issued calling upon judges and lawyers to make a return of the suits then pending, the length of time they had been before the court, and the reasons which prevented their being decided. The result was as follows:—

"In May, 1747, Cocceji announced with no little satisfaction that a lawsuit between the court of exchequer and certain nobles touching certain boundaries, that had lasted more than 200 years, and filled above seventy volumes of manuscript, had been brought to a conclusion satisfactory to the parties mainly by the industry of Jarriges and Fürst. In this manner they worked during the whole year. In January, 1748, Cocceji reckoned that, during the past year, 1600 old, and 684 new suits had been before the court in Stettin; and 800 old, and 310 new, in Cöslin. All the old cases had been decided; and of the new ones, only 183 remained outstanding in Stettin, and 169 in Cöslin. 'Your Majesty perceives,' exclaimed Cocceji, 'what can be done by courts of justice presided over by learned and upright men.'"—*Ranke*, vol. iii. 371.

In Frederick's arrangements there was one element of the feudal system which he left

unchanged, and which has led to half the revolutions of Europe: while he gave distinct privileges to peasants and nobles, he left the impassable barrier between them unbroken. The nobleman must be a land-owner, the peasant a farmer, and the burgher a merchant. The burgher was not allowed to invest his capital in land, for fear of withdrawing it from trade; and the peasant could not become a landed proprietor, because his birth disqualified him from holding the commission of an officer. These distinctions, like those of the patricians and plebeians at Rome, must always give rise to jealousies and disturbances. Mankind have in themselves quite sufficient tendency to split into factions, without legal distinctions to facilitate their doing so. If a law were passed in England that every native of the counties north of the Trent must wear a white hat, and every man to the south a black one, two new factions would be at once created, and the streets of London would be an arena for their trial of strength. Though England possesses an aristocracy, yet the poorest man in the kingdom may rise to become a member of it; and there is no law to prevent a man, whose father was in trade, from rising to be a general officer or a bishop.

To prevent the revival of old disputes, Frederick declared that no nobleman should be called upon to prove his title to his estate further back than 1740; and he endeavored to give each of his new provinces a government according to the habits and genius of the people. Frederick William had long ago projected improvements in agriculture and commerce, which his son continued with the greatest zeal. Vast tracts of lands were drained by his orders, and families who understood spinning were encouraged to settle. He considered it a fortunate discovery, that where his predecessors imported yarn, he imported the men to make it. To his manufacturing families he allotted a house and garden, and the grass of two cows; and reckoned that he could thus settle a thousand families in the year. He encouraged bricklayers who came to Berlin to remain in his dominions, and found employment for them. When he found his colonists troublesome (as a transplanted race usually are), he comforted himself that though the first generation are not worth much, their descendants would improve. The local governments were allowed to reserve to themselves the right of regulating the number of artisans in each branch; and if they increased too much in any given locality, they were sent without

appeal into the next province. Thus we have an instance of the singular combination of improvement and despotism which characterizes all the acts of Frederick the Great.

All this, and much more, will be read with interest; it is to us by far the most agreeable portion of the book. We have little knowledge of tactics; and the dry details of skirmishes and engagements, in which the Prussians are one day victorious, and defeated the next, is matter of little curiosity to us. We confess ourselves, therefore, little able to appreciate either the professor's details or the king's narrative of his own exploits; and we feel rather inclined to sympathize with Gil Blas, when he was valet to the old colonel, and thought himself safe, if, in undressing his master and taking off his leg, he could escape with two battles and a siege. Again, political manœuvring is as little interesting to the generality of readers as military tactics; and it has this disadvantage, that the accounts are less likely to be properly authenticated. What George II. or his advisers desired to do; what Charles VI. or Maria Theresa would have done if they could, and what they pretended to do in order to conceal their real intentions, are to us matters extremely apocryphal, and for this obvious reason,—diplomacy is the art of concealment; the politician has always reversed the principle of the philosopher, and instead of wishing that others should know what he knows, his maxim is,

"Si sciat hoc alter, scire tuum nihil est."

We do not suppose that Sir Robert Walpole or Lord Bute could penetrate the schemes of their German contemporaries, much less is it possible to do so accurately at this day. This must plead our excuse with our readers for departing from our immediate subject, and rather leading them to join us in gossiping with the Princess Wilhelmina, than following the hero through the toils of the camp, or the politician through the mazes of diplomacy. Our professor does both, and to those who prefer such studies as more solid, he will doubtless be more acceptable than lighter reading. We have given but a short sketch; but, as much has been written and published lately, if we have awakened curiosity, our readers will find ample means of gratifying it. The proper study for mankind is man; and he who reads for his own improvement will always turn with pleasure to the history of genius, and the gradual development of the powers of nations and men. Frederick, however, presents another instance of the vanity of all earthly ambition; he lived long, and gained much, but he did so at the expense of almost incredible labor; and he seems to have forgotten that true happiness consists in the knowledge and service of God, and that,

"Give all he can, without Him we are poor,
And with Him rich, take what He will away."

EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

THIERS, in his *History of the Consulate*, relates some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (5d.) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had at one time only one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, turn and turn about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror "at whose mighty name the world

grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterward so famed for its classical mould, was, during this period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it after a duration of more than ten years. The squalid beggar then, the splendid Emperor afterward,—the threadbare habiliment, the imperial mantle,—the hovel and the palace,—the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet,—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and the terror of the world,—an exile and a prisoner,—such are the ups and downs of this changeable life, such the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

THE Press, the mighty Press, so ambitious and so laborious, that looks so high, that attempts, and does so much; that lends itself so readily to all purposes and to all parties,—to the vicious and the virtuous; to the cause of good order and the furtherance of disorder; that gives utterance equally to the thoughts of the wise, to the devices of the crafty, and to the fancies of fools; that is the ever-ready tool of all men, and that some men use to their very great profit and honor, and others to their ruin and dishonor; this all-powerful agent for evil or for good, to work weal or woe to the thousand millions of this world's inhabitants, comes now before us, on this the first day of a New Year, to render an account of its labors throughout the year which is past and gone forever.

Indeed, there are times with us all, when it is prudent and right that we should, for a moment or so, consider our ways, and assure ourselves that we are walking and working wisely and safely; and, as the Press, like ourselves, has a character to lose, and is often exposed to much misrepresentation and abuse, and is very properly anxious to stand well in the world's opinion, it has entrusted this office to us, to say, briefly and honestly, what, by night and by day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year of Grace 1849, the Press has been doing within the limits of the United Kingdom.

Unavoidably, and of very necessity, we must do the Press no little injustice in this matter, since of much that it does we can know but very little; so hard does it work while we are asleep, and so much does it work in places of which we have scarcely any knowledge; yet, of what we do know we will now report. The Press never knows of any intermission to its labors. Now, what these labors are, may in some little measure be judged of by this fact, that to gratify the desire, which we all more or less have, to know the general news of the day, the Press sends forth in the daily papers a printed surface which amounts in the year to 347,308,000 superficial feet; and, if we add

to these all the papers that are printed, weekly and fortnightly, in the metropolis and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,466,150,000 square feet, upon which the Press has left in legible characters the proof of its labors. Of the Newspapers, therefore, that have been published in the United Kingdom during the year 1849, we may say, that they would cover a surface of 33,658 acres, or would extend, if joined one to another, to 138,843 miles; that is, they would nearly six times encircle the earth at the equator.

But to this daily and weekly labor to supply subjects which men will insist to be daily and weekly gratified with, must be added those many monthly and quarterly publications, for which we are content to wait somewhat more patiently. It is no light toil, however, to prepare these for our use, since these, if spread out, sheet by sheet, would cover 4700 acres, and would extend, with a breadth of one foot, to 38,000 miles. Upon these publications alone has the Press, through the year 1849, used up considerably more than 1000 tons of paper.

And who can say what the results of such labors are, or by what skill and toil, by what talents and risks, such results have been produced? It is only by unceasing vigilance, and untiring exertion, and intense application of mind and body to the work, that all the advantages and enjoyments of the daily papers are secured to us.

But let us give praise where especial praise is due, even to that giant of the Press, "The Times," than with whom none, for usefulness or completeness, can compete or compare. That paper keeps no fools on its staff, but the very ablest writers, the most acute reasoners,—men with intellects of the highest order, with minds the most gifted, with talents the most distinguished, with acquirements the most varied; and such is their energy, activity, thought, and enterprise, that they will suffer none to have equal energy with themselves. And we daily see the sum of the united daily toils of this phalanx of able men.

What a mass of information they contrive, day by day, to collect together; and how ably they arrange it, how briefly they state it, how accurately they report it! Nothing of general interest escapes their vigilance or notice; no subject is beneath them, none too hard for them: whatever concerns others concerns them, and hence the patronage "The Times" receives, and the circulation it obtains.

Nor is this circulation unworthy of a paragraph. "The Times" publishes daily, according to the season, from 28,000 to 33,000 copies; but 30,000 the year through, is, probably, the daily average of the copies "The Times" sends out. Now this paper, with its supplement, if spread out on the floor, would be found to cover a space of 9 feet by 2=18 feet; and if 30,000 of these are printed daily, and the printing days are 313 in the year, it follows, that what "The Times" Office sends forth each year, would cover an estate, and would purchase two such, of 3880 acres; and what they send forth in eighteen months, would completely encircle the earth at the equator.

But we turn from the daily Press, which interest us chiefly for the moment, to those more stately publications, the folios and quartos, the useful octavos and the humble duodecimos, of which the writers too often vainly hope that they will be hailed by the world's applause, and a vast mine of wealth will be opened to them. Of all fallacies this is one of the most deceiving; the most frequent, and the most mortifying: to write a book which the reviewer cannot praise, and which the public will not purchase, is gall and bitterness indeed, and deep affliction of spirit; but it is a needful correction to the vain, and a just recompense to the presumptuous.

Of the Press's labors in this department of literature we must, on this occasion at least, confine our observations to what it has done in London alone, and from the lists now before us, should say, that about 4000 new works, or new editions of old works, have issued from the press of the Metropolis during the year 1849. Of the number of impressions of each of these which have found their way to the public, we can know nothing, and should probably say nothing, even if we knew; but it is rather more to our purpose to define the books that are published,—to discover what the Press has been most busy upon,—what class of works the public most patronize, or that they who write to be read, conclude the public would most wish to have.

Now, the result of this inquiry is in the highest degree creditable to both the Press and the public. Of trash there may have been more than sufficient, and of twaddle enough to weary the most patient and wakeful of reviewers; but the discouragement given to these in years past, may have partially acted as a check upon their production in the year 1849. We have very little to complain of on this score. The works which have most abounded are works of real usefulness, of great present interest, and of lasting importance, as we shall proceed to show.

Whatever a few may think, the thoughts of the many most decidedly are to the things of eternity, rather than of time; the works upon Theology, or Divinity, or by whatever name we would designate what refers chiefly to the soul, exceeding four times over those of any other, of the many subjects which the Press has brought under our notice. We were not prepared for this result to our inquiries, but we rejoice at it, and regard it as a certain sign of the healthy tone of the public mind—of the strong and general religious feelings of the nation. We take into no account, in this case, the four millions and upward of books and tracts circulated within the year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, nor of the one million one hundred thousand by the British and Foreign Bible Society,—nor of the large number sent out by the Religious Tract Society,—nor of the many thousands upon thousands of Bibles and Prayer Books which issue yearly from the presses of Oxford and Cambridge, of Bagster and others, in every variety of form, and expensiveness of decoration; but will keep strictly to the four thousand new publications, as they appear in the trades' circular, and we announce the fact with pride and with pleasure, that one-fifth of the works which the press of London has been engaged upon, during the last twelve months, are decidedly of a religious character. The fact speaks volumes for the sound religious principles of a vast majority of the English people, and it accounts fully for the tranquillity we enjoy, and for the sober, quiet way in which we pursue our several avocations, to the enriching ourselves, without despoiling our neighbors.

Having thus proved how greatly we care for our souls, the Press then certifies to us that our next greatest care is for our property, books upon law being more in number than any other after divinity. Some of these are really most instructive books to all classes; and to name one out of many,

we consider that Colquhoun's "Summary of the Roman Civil Law," with its commentaries and parallels, would be found a very valuable class-book in every school and college in the kingdom.

Having taken due care of our property, we then give attention to what concerns our health; and the large number of works upon Medicine, published throughout the year, testifies to the alarm the Cholera excited, and the total ignorance of medical men as to the nature of it and the right treatment of it; and we know of nothing more damaging to the profession than their contradictory opinions and practice upon this one disease. Arrant quacks must many of them be, if the books they write are any evidence of their real opinions on this matter; men of little useful knowledge and with very deficient understandings, if their letters and pamphlets are to be considered as the test of either.

With our property safe and our health cared for, we may next give a thought to the subject that stands next on our list, which is the History of past Ages and Nations,—of times long gone by, or barely preceding our own. Foremost among these is a reprint of Thirlwall's "History of Greece," and a new volume of Grote's "History of Greece," a very able work, displaying great learning and research, much patient investigation, and many original and strong party views of powerfully interesting subjects, but we shall not for this displace Mitford from our shelves. Macaulay is publishing his personal opinions upon men and their proceedings during the last two hundred years in his "History of England," the great popularity of which is attested by the almost unprecedented sale of it—upward of twenty thousand copies. It is brilliantly written, and men read it, and will continue for years to read it, from precisely the same cause that they continue to read Sir Walter Scott's historical novels; namely, for their own amusement and from their admiration of the writer's dashing style, of his dexterity and odd fancies and strong prejudices. Its value as a history, strictly speaking, will become a matter of history, perhaps, ten years hence. Of other works of this class, such as Kemble's "Saxons," we may hereafter probably speak, and more in detail.

With these more formal histories we may connect those valuable materials for history, which are to be found in the Memoirs and Correspondence of public men in times gone by, several of which the past year has laid open to us. And the first we may name,

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from their intrinsic value, are the Rupert Letters, which have strangely confounded all the novelist writers of the histories of the Civil Wars, and have occasioned an unpublished history or two to be thrown, as damaged property, into the fire. There is, in truth, people discover, no gainsaying what the "Rupert Correspondence" asserts; it is useless to distort facts from what we there find them to be; there we have the truth from eye-witnesses and from the actors in those scenes, ungarbled and undisguised; and it matters not what writers now say or think, if their thoughts or words are opposed to the facts which the Rupert Letters disclose.

The "Fairfax Correspondence" is another valuable contribution to our historical stores. The numerous letters may not have been made the most of, and the political opinions of the present day may have been mixed up more than was needed with these records of the past, but their value is, nevertheless, unquestionable. They are faithful evidences of what men thought and did, and why they so thought and so acted; they unfold to us new views of some of the leading men in those stormy times, and enable us to judge far more correctly of their characters, and far more charitably of their motives, with less prejudice and with far greater satisfaction.

The "Memoirs" by Keith and Lindsay are of a later date, and read admirably well with "Horace Walpole's Memoirs;" but those of such men as Lord Hervey and Lord Castlereagh, who lived almost with us and amongst us, must of very necessity be either in some measure imperfect or in some measure objectionable; since, if *all* their letters are published, many persons who are living must be injured and many a fair character would be damaged; and if many are held back, then the value of the memoirs as helps to history is so far depreciated.

Biography supplies a very large class of publications, and they are works that in general sell well; the object of the notice being usually, in some sense or other, a partyman, committed to a party either in politics or religion, or both; his party, therefore, praise and patronize the work on principle and purchase it largely.

Of Travels and researches in other lands there are above two hundred separate publications, and of many of these it would be impossible to speak too highly. Layard's "Nineveh" has procured for him a triple reputation,—European, Asiatic, and American,

—a reputation that he is very likely and very speedily very greatly to increase. Curzon's "Monasteries in the Levant" is a fascinating book, and enough to drive a thorough bibliomaniac perfectly crazy. Wilkinson's "Dalmatia," Dennis's "Cities of Etruria," Werne's "White Nile," Tindale's "Sardinia," are books that give us a vast amount of information upon countries and cites that very few, indeed, amongst us have the least knowledge of; and there are three books we may name which we have read with the most absorbing interest, Lynch's "Dead Sea," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and "The Nile Boat."

But we must tarry no longer in this flowery field, and will now refer to the books on Education, to the Grammars and Dictionaries and helps to modern languages, which the past year has brought to light; of these there are above two hundred. The Geographical works number nearly one hundred; while the works on Science generally, upon the arts of Painting and Architecture, may number two hundred; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, with Mineralogy and Geology, supply about fifty new volumes; Botany about seventy; and Classics about eighty.

Sir Charles Napier's letters in the *Times* have brought out numerous writers upon Naval matters, a subject that will bear much writing upon before the thoroughly-proved incompetency of the Admiralty Board, as at present constituted, to build ships scientifically and economically, is made evident to themselves. Upon the state of the army and its arrangements few pamphlets have been hazarded, and were probably, therefore, not needed.

Politics have but little stirred men's minds during the past year, and controversies upon the proper policy to be pursued by the Government, in reference to our trading interests and political institutions, have not been so rife as to call out more than one hundred and fifty volumes and tracts on those subjects; people, perhaps, generally concluding that a Whig Administration, although at times very squeezable, is at all times very unteachable.

Novels have far more engaged the public attention than matters of general policy, above two hundred works of fiction having made their appearance during the last year. Even Poetry has been asked for, or at least supplied, and to a considerable extent, one hundred and fifty effusions having come forth, but none giving promise of either a Pope, a Byron, or a Milton. Upon Natural History about two dozen works have appeared, the

like number upon Music; half that number upon Agriculture, and a very small number upon that subject yearly will suffice, since book-farming is very soon found to crop the land with weeds, which no manual of farming supplies rules very quickly to destroy.

The *Times* keeps so strict an eye upon railway-boards, and is so unceasingly occupied in bringing all their proceedings under public observation, that very little remained on the subject to be said by any one else, and that little has been said in about a dozen pamphlets.

Works on Astronomy and Mathematics may close the account: they amount to about thirty, Herschel figuring pre-eminently among them.

Many of the works which we have thus briefly passed over, and many which we have not even named, are got up in a style that speaks highly for the taste and liberality of the publishers. The Ecclesiastical Architectural works are in general singularly enriched by engravings, as is Milman's "Horace," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and far, far above all, the "Nile Boat;" while the "Rupert" and "Fairfax" volumes, and, indeed, all the Historical works sent out by their publisher,—such as the "House of Orleans," "Louis XIV.," "Francis I.,"—are ornamented with portraits of the chief characters, which, from the high excellence of the engravings, are truly ornaments.

Herbert's "Fishes of North America" is another instance of the manner in which books of this class can be decorated: but the expense must be enormous, with so many illustrations and all of such high finish.

The republication, in a 12mo form, of the first-rate Historical works of Prescott is a great public advantage; since they are works of sterling worth, and being now accessible to all classes, the very superior character of the writings of this most able historian will now be much more known, and much more generally appreciated, than they yet have been.

Of works of high Art with which the Press is more or less directly or indirectly connected, it would be unjust to do more than slightly to allude to them, since they merit a distinct notice by themselves.

Indeed, the superior character of the literature of the present day, is a subject that deserves more especial notice than it has yet received. The Press of England is yearly doing wonders, in enlarging the knowledge, in refining the taste, in promoting the civilization and happiness of the human race, and the merit of this belongs, in truth, to the

men who chiefly employ and control the Press in this great metropolis. Never were the chief London Publishers more united or more resolute among themselves, without any concert, but solely from principle, to keep the press pure,—to make it a blessing to the land,—to make it the means of adding to the intelligence, the enjoyment, the information, and the welfare of all classes. There will, of course, be found some men of such depraved tastes or of such craving stomach, as to prefer the garbage that others would not touch nor look upon; and we have within our knowledge some few who will publish any profane or polluting trash that is brought to them; but these few are scouted by the whole body of Publishers besides, nor will any respectable paper or review take the least notice of their publications, and many will not even take in the advertisements of their works.

For the purity and usefulness of our general literature we are, therefore, distinctly and mainly indebted to the London Publishers; they throw from them with scorn whatever is impure, or mischievous, or immoral; and they very mercifully return to many a luckless wight, what, if printed, would expose him to the contempt or sarcasm of his fellows. Honorable, liberal, generous, and kind, it is impossible, in speaking of the Press, not to give a small measure of praise to those whose judgment controls the press, whose taste adorns it, and whose high and noble principles, whose firmness and consistency, are sure pledges that the Press of England will be the pride and glory of Englishmen, and will long continue to be that to which we shall all look and trust to, as the best human means to ensure our prosperity, and our happiness as a nation.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE CASTLES WE BUILT IN AIR.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THERE were builders strong on the earth of old,
To-day there are planners rare;
But never was temple, home, nor hold
Like the castles we built in air.
We piled them high through the long lone hours,
By a chill hearth's flickering brands,
Through the twilights heavy with wintry showers
That found us in stranger lands.

The store was small and the friends were few
We own'd in those building days;
But stately and fair the fabrics grew
That no gold of earth could raise;
For time was conquer'd and fortune moved,
Our wishes were builders there,
And, oh! but there gather'd guests beloved
To the castles we built in air.

No place was left for the bonds and fears,
For the lore so sagely small,
Of this gaining world that wears our years
Away in its thankless thrall.
Once more we stood in the lights that cross'd
Our souls on their morning track,
And oh! that we had not loved or lost,
But ever the dream comes back!

It was joy to pause by the pleasant homes
That our wand'ring steps have pass'd,
Yet weary looks through the woodbine blooms
Or the wreathing vines were cast.
But there fell no age and there rose no strife,
And there never was room for care,
Where grew the flowers of our dreaming life
By the homes that we built in air.

Oh! dark and lone have the bright hearths grown
Where our fond and gay hearts met,
For many have changed, and some are gone,
But we build the blithe homes yet;
As men have built in the date tree's shade
Ere Egypt raised her fanes,
Ere a star was named, or a brick was laid
On the old Chaldean plains.

Even thus have they framed their towers of thought
As the ages came and went,
From the fisher boy in his Shetland boat,
To the Tartar in his tent.
And some that beyond our azure say
There are realms for hope and prayer,
Have deemed them but ling'ring by the way,
These castles we build in air.

From the Quarterly Review.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. By JAMES C. PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France. Third Edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 1836-1847.

WE are liable, we fear, to some reproach for not having earlier noticed the works which are placed first in the above list; and we feel this the more because a year has now elapsed since Dr. Prichard was lost by premature death to the science of his country. His various writings, directed to topics of the deepest interest to all mankind, are characterized by an industry, ability, and candor of research well meriting the reputation they have obtained both at home and abroad. In regard to those more directly before us, by conjoining the physiological part of the inquiry with its historical and philological relations, they form the most ample and complete text we yet possess on the subject, and one to which all future investigation must be more or less referred.

While acknowledging and seeking thus late to repair the omission, we may fairly allege as to the subject itself, that it can never be out of season or date as long as man has his place on the earth. For what inquiry of higher import, or more lasting interest, than that which regards the physical condition of the human species as first created and appearing on the surface of the globe? What investigation in all science more vast and curious than that which, from observation of the numerous races and physical varieties of man, and from the equally numerous forms and diversities of human language, deduces conclusions as to the more simple and elementary states from which these wonderful results have been developed, and the manner and course of their development? Questions like these, even if already settled to our reason and knowledge, would yet have a constant hold on the minds of all thinking men, in their simple relation to that greatest of all phenomena—the existence of human life upon the earth. But, in truth, they are far from being thus settled. A spacious field is

open to research, in which certain paths are laid down, and certain landmarks fixed in guidance and preparation for further culture; but where no harvest of complete knowledge has yet been reaped, and where even the boundary of what can be effected by human effort is still obscure.

In this very circumstance we find further excuse for taking up the subject thus late. Better defined as a department of science, and its importance more fully appreciated, the study of the physical history of mankind, in all its varieties of race and distribution, has, like other branches of knowledge, been continually enlarged by the accession of new facts and new methods of research. It has become more copious in its details, more exact in all its conclusions. Aided and emboldened by its growing connection with other sciences, and by the number of eminent men who have given their labors this direction, it has of late years especially made rapid progress; embracing, together with the kindred subject of ethnology, some of the most curious questions which come within the range of human inquiry.

What we have said thus generally is well illustrated by the course of Dr. Prichard's own researches. A Latin thesis, *De Humani Generis Varietate*, written and printed at Edinburgh in 1809, when he took his degree there, forms the basis of all that he has since so elaborately performed. It is a bold and able treatise, considering the materials he then had in his hands. The theme, pursued with unremitting zeal, grew into a large volume published in 1821, entitled *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*; and it is the third edition of this work, enlarged gradually to five volumes by a perseverance in the same diligent inquiry, which we now have before us. The volume entitled *The Natural History of Man*, is a sort of sum-

mary of it, suggested probably by the need of comprising the new materials which had accrued while the other volumes successively appeared.*

We are further justified in presenting this subject to our readers, from the conviction that the great questions it involves are still only partially appreciated by those familiar with other branches of science. The history of Man, as a denizen of the earth, has indeed been conceived and pursued in many different ways, according to the objects, genius, or opportunity of those engaged in the study; but these portraiture, which have severally presented him as

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

are partial and subordinate, and in nowise fulfill the purport of the larger title before us. The philosopher, living in the comparative seclusion of one community, may indeed, like Blumenbach and Prichard, construct a science from the labors of those cosmopolite travelers who have studied mankind on a bold and broad scale, under every diversity of region and race. But, generally speaking, the tendency of common life and habitual pursuits in the most civilized communities is to narrow, by division and refinement, all great views of the human race. The social pictures of man, found in poetry, history, essay, or romance, will explain our meaning. They are for the most part individualities of character or custom, which tend rather to curtail than enlarge the outline of inquiry, and in truth have little relation to the Natural History of Man as a part of creation at large. Even the moral and religious feelings are concerned in giving their tone and temper to such investigations, differently defining the objects and pursuing them by separate routes. And further, these objects are in themselves so numerous, and their natural aspects of such endless variety, that we can scarcely wonder at the vague understanding of the questions which lie at the bottom of the

* Dr. Prichard's other writings, whether philological or medical, warrant further what we have said of his merits as a philosophical inquirer. His character was one of great simplicity, zealous in the pursuit of everything true and useful in science. His death may well be termed premature, inasmuch as the peculiar subject of his successful research was before him to the last. We are indebted to Dr. Symonds of Bristol for a very interesting memoir on his life and writings, and find every cause to wish it had extended to greater length. The events indeed are few, but it is always agreeable and useful to trace the workings of an ingenuous mind steadily devoted to one great object.

whole—questions well worthy, nevertheless, of all the learning and ingenuity given to their solution.

Whatever may be the causes, certain it is that the physical history of man has only recently taken its place as a definite branch of science. The ancient philosophers dealt with it loosely, imperfectly, and erroneously. Their limited knowledge of the surface of the earth, their entire ignorance of whole existing races of mankind—the prejudices of their mythology—and their general want of appreciation of scientific evidence, the preference of the *δόξα* to the *ἐπιστήμη*—these difficulties which, in their totality, even the genius of Aristotle could not surmount, may readily be admitted in explanation of the fact we have stated. Passing over the earlier but ambiguous researches of Camper, we may affirm that the true foundation of the science was that laid by Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, whose long life of honorable labor closed not many years ago. His celebrated collection of skulls (which we have ourselves examined under his guidance), obtained by unwearied perseverance from every part of the globe, suggested new relations and more extended and exact inquiries in prosecution of one branch of the subject. The researches and writings of Cuvier, Humboldt, Lawrence, Owen, Tiedeman, Rudolphi, and other physiologists, while differing in certain conclusions, have continually enlarged the scope of the science, and concentrated the results obtained by travelers and naturalists—thus augmenting the means upon which the removal of these differences and the certainty of all conclusions must eventually depend. Philology, meanwhile, has come largely in aid of the inquiry, and the study and classification of languages, indicated more remotely by Scaliger, Bacon, and Leibnitz, has grown into a vast body of authentic knowledge, ministering through new and unexpected relations to the history of the races and communities of mankind. The names of Adlung, Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Remusat, Grimm, Klaproth, Rask, Bunsen, Meyer, &c., indicate the more conspicuous of those who have advanced this science abroad. In our own country, we may cite Harris, Horne Tooke, Sir W. Jones, Wilkins, Marsden, Young, Prichard, Latham, &c., as worthy associates in the same learned career.

The physical history of mankind, derived from these sources, has now assumed its place as one of the most eminent branches of natural science—assuredly one of the most interesting, in expounding to man his

natural relation to the rest of creation on the globe, and those progressive causes of change which have unceasingly modified his condition here, and may continue to affect and alter it in ages yet to come.

For what are we fitly to understand as comprised in the titles of the works before us? In stating it to be the natural history of man, as a branch of that larger science which includes the physical history of all organized life on the globe, we give but a meagre conception of the subject. Vegetable life, individually fixed to one spot—generically distributed into different regions, so as to form an especial science of botanical geography—limited by climate, soil, and other circumstances, though capable of vast changes by culture—all this, while furnishing much of curious illustration and analogy, can only slightly represent to us what pertains to the physical history of the human race. When we rise in the scale of creation through the innumerable forms and gradations of animal life, and reach those wonderful instincts, and yet higher functions of intelligence and feeling in certain animals, which Aristotle well calls *μυμηματα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς*, though finding some of the analogies to approach more closely, still are we far below the level of those great questions which regard the human species—the origin, dispersion, and mutual relation of the various races of mankind. To mere physical evidence are here added other and higher methods of proof, connected with the exercise of those mental faculties which mark man as the head of the animal creation. The peculiarity, the grandeur, and, we may add, the difficulty of the theme, depend mainly on his condition as an intellectual being, whereby his whole existence on earth is defined, and the relations of races and communities of men created and maintained.

And here we touch upon the question which may be said to govern the whole subject, and which we cannot better or more briefly define than in Dr. Prichard's own words:—

“It will be the principal object of the following work to collect data for elucidating the inquiry, whether all the races of men scattered over the surface of the earth, distinguished as they are from each other in structure of body, in features, and in color, and differing in languages and manners, are the offspring of a single stock, or have descended respectively from several original families? This problem is so extensive in its bearings, and in many particulars so intricate and complex, that I can scarcely hope to discover evidence

conclusive in respect to every part of the investigation. I shall endeavor to collect and throw upon it all the light that can be obtained from different sources.”

We have said that this question, as to the unity and single origin of the human race, governs the whole subject; and it does so in the obvious sense, that if the fact be admitted or proved (as far as proof is attainable), certain other collateral questions at once disappear. If, for instance, it can be rendered certain to our belief that all mankind, throughout all ages of human existence on the globe—in all their innumerable varieties of form, color, customs, and language—have been derived from one single pair, nothing remains but to investigate the causes, physical and moral, which have produced from this unity of origin the wonderful diversities everywhere visible. A subject, wide enough, in truth, to satisfy the most eager speculator! yet well defined in its limits, and even in many of the lines through which research must be pursued. But this simpler form of the question is not permitted to us: the point is one upon which naturalists of eminence have held very different opinions. It has been contended not only that there is no proof of the derivation of mankind from a single pair, but that the probability is against it. Some have ventured to suppose an absolute difference of species in the beings thus placed by the Creator on the earth. Many have adopted the idea of detached acts of creation, through which certain of the more prominent races had their separate origin in different localities—interblending afterward, so as to give rise to those subordinate varieties which we see so numerous around us. Others again, putting aside the notion of the immutability of species, have boldly hazarded the belief that inferior animal organizations, either fortuitously or by necessities or latent laws of nature, may have risen into the human form: and this under conditions so far unlike, as to give origin to the more remarkable diversities which have perplexed our ideas of unity, and puzzled both philosopher and physiologist to explain.

Before going further, we may briefly advert to a point which must already have occurred to every reader. Has not this question been long ago settled on the authority of Scripture so as to preclude all further discussion upon it? Are we entitled to go beyond, and to risk any portion of our faith, upon statements or inductions derived from other sources, if contradicting the interpre-

tations commonly given to this higher authority?

The question is one not new to modern science. In reply to it, and to vindicate that right of reason and inquiry which Man has received as one of the greatest gifts from his Creator, it might be enough for us to cite passages from the writings of several distinguished geologists, who have weighed this point with all the seriousness and candor befitting their reputation as men of piety and truth. The difference of the subject does in no wise affect the argument, which applies alike and with equal force to both cases. We might further cite what Dr. Prichard himself, in his Introduction, has clearly and forcibly written in vindication of the research he is about to commence. Take indeed what course we may, these questions, from their very nature, must needs infix themselves deeply in the minds of thinking men, and become in one way or other the matter of earnest inquiry. That the cause of truth will assuredly gain in the end, we can affirm with the greater satisfaction in this case, because it is our conviction, in common with Dr. Prichard, that the conclusions of reason and science, unaided by Scripture, concur mainly with those derived from the latter source. We think there are sufficient grounds, without reference to the sacred writings, for arriving at the conclusion that all races and diversities of mankind are really derived from a single pair; placed on the earth for the peopling of its surface, both in the times before us, and during the ages which it may please the Creator yet to assign to the present order of existence here. The arguments for such belief we shall now state; and they will be found to comprise, directly or indirectly, every part of this great subject.

In doing this we shall not bind ourselves closely to Dr. Prichard's arrangement, but seek in the shorter space at our disposal to put forward those points which bear most cogently on the conclusion just denoted. On some of these points we think that neither he, nor other writers, have been explicit enough, or given them their full weight in the argument. We shall endeavor to place the evidence in as clear a form as possible, and to aid those unacquainted with the subject in comprehending its relative value and effect.

What, then, are the sources of knowledge, what the methods of research, through which to arrive at, or approximate to, the solution of this inquiry? They may best, we believe, be classed under three heads:—

First, the Physiological, including all that relates to the physical conformation of Man—his mental endowments—the question of the unity or plurality of species—and the laws which license or limit the deviations from a common standard. *Secondly*, the Philological, including all that relates to human languages—their connections, diversities, the theory of the changes they undergo, and the history of such actual changes, as far as we can follow it. *Thirdly*, the Historical—taking the term in its largest sense, as including all written history, inscriptions, traditions, mythology, and even the more common usages which designate and distinguish the different communities of mankind.

This, too, seems the natural course and order of the inquiry. Man is first to be considered as a part of the animal creation at large, and under the many points of close and unalterable likeness to other forms of animal life, in all that relates to his procreation, nutriment, growth, decay, and death, as well as in regard to the modifications of which the species is susceptible and the diversities it actually exhibits. Various instincts—belonging especially to the early stage of life, before his higher faculties have risen into action—further attest this great natural relation, which human pride can neither deny nor discard. But beyond and above this comes in the peculiar condition of Man as an intellectual being, richly provided by his Maker with those endowments which, in their highest elevation from nature or culture, have bequeathed to the admiration of all ages names made immortal by their genius and attainments—Homer, Aristotle, Dante, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Laplace, and others which crowd on the memory—and gifted yet further with that moral sense, those faculties and sensibilities of feeling and passion, to which, duly guarded and governed, we owe our understanding of virtue and conscience, and of all that is beautiful and sublime in the world around—forming what Milton has well called “a piece of divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owing no homage to the sun.”

The consideration of these higher attributes of man, and of the organs adapted to the faculty of speech, carries us naturally to the second, or philological part of the inquiry. Human language, derived from these conditions, has become a main index to the history of mankind. Its numerous forms, as we find them in existence and maturity among different communities of men—forms,

in many cases, so remote in the roots of words, in grammatical structure and idiom, that the doubt may well arise whether they can have any common origin—these very diversities, as well as the connections of languages, are all subservient to the inquiry before us. We have already spoken of the many eminent men who have devoted themselves to this part of the subject; collating on philosophical principles the detached records of the numerous languages which crowd the globe; and giving to the history of races and nations, irrespectively of all other tradition, a new and wider basis than heretofore. The progress of such researches of late years is the best exponent, as we shall see, of what may be attained by their future prosecution.

To the physiological and philological succeeds the historical part of the argument. It might seem on superficial view that this would be the most copious source of knowledge as to the physical history of man, and his original dispersion over the earth. We might expect here to verify and extend the conclusions derived from the former methods of inquiry, and to give to the whole science more certainty and completeness. And so it is, whenever we can obtain concurrence, or even approximation of results, from these different sources. But, pursuing the investigation on this principle, we shall find ourselves speedily and continually at fault. History, as we have it in our hands, is rarely capable of conducting us to the heights of this great argument, seen dimly through the mists of time, and often rather obscured than enlightened by human tradition. Its line, broken and interrupted even before, stops where the more arduous part of the ascent begins, and gives us no guidance into the earlier ages beyond.

We might much enlarge, were it needful, on this incapacity of History to satisfy our just curiosity as to the primitive condition of the human race on earth. But we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks, such as may obviate misconception as to the bearing and value of this part of the evidence. In placing them here, we deviate from the order of arguments just laid down; but we do this purposely, that the attention of our readers may be better concentrated afterward on the two other topics, on which the solution of the inquiry chiefly depends.

We have already spoken generally of the bearing of sacred history on this subject. In the Old Testament we have a record of the creation of man upon the earth, and of a

line of successive generations down to the period of the great Deluge; from which we are led to date a second growth and dispersion of mankind. But it would wrong the proper objects and influence of the sacred volume to regard it as a physical history of man, or to seek in its pages for the facts with which this science has especial concern. A few passages only can be brought to bear directly on the conclusions we seek to obtain; and there is constant danger, as well as difficulty, in tampering with words and phrases so alien in their objects and manner of use. The Mosaic writings are the record of the origin and progress of one people, wonderful in every age of its history, and by the dispensation of Providence signal in its influence on the whole human race. All that is given to us, apart from this main object, is incidental, brief, and obscure; and the chronology of the Jewish people itself rendered ambiguous by the recognized differences of the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Septuagint texts; amounting in the whole to a period longer than that which has elapsed from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy to the present day. Even in an early part of these books we find allusion to nations which had grown into existence and power; but without any sign to mark their origin beyond some single name, or the general statement of the multiplication of man on the earth. It is, however, this affirmation of the origin and multiplication of mankind from a single pair of created beings which forms the great link between the Scripture narrative and the subject before us. We have already stated this as the basis of the inquiry—the question to which all others are subordinate; and expressed our belief that the evidence derived from other sources concurs with what is thus delivered to us in the Mosaic history. We must not look to Scripture for description of the primitive physical characters of the human species, or for details as to the origin of human languages. But it is much to arrive at the same point through paths thus diverse; and we shall do well for the cause of truth to hold the sacred volume ever in our hands, seeing where it fairly comes into contact with other knowledge, but never forcing its peculiar objects and phraseology into conclusions with which it has no concern.

Passing from the Scriptural to other history, whether of writings, tradition, or mythology, we lose this distinct affirmation of the unity of mankind, without any equivalent in the more certain record of the primitive state of the species. The notices, indeed,

multiply as to the growth and spread of particular tribes; but even if possessing much more authority than belongs to them, they would go short way to satisfy our seeking for knowledge of that mysterious period, which intervenes between the creation of man and the formation of nations and empires. We lose ourselves in utter darkness when we seek to go beyond certain epochs, remarkable in the ancient world as the periods of great movements and migrations among the people best known to us. One of these may especially be denoted, as comprising within a very brief time the record of six migrations and settlements, each containing some germ of future history.* Yet even this period, in which were sown the seeds that ripened into Grecian genius and civilization, how vaguely and scantily is it known to us! How much more obscurely still those vast Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic migrations which have given cast and color to all the succeeding destinies of Europe! Here we have hardly the ground of tradition to stand upon: all measure of time is lost: we are obliged to come at once to the relations of language, as the only index we possess to these mysteries of the ancient world.

Of the grandeur of Egypt at a remote period we have numerous proofs; and the genius and industry of the present age have derived from its sublime monuments, its hieroglyphics and paintings, the evidences of vast extent of power, of various refinements of policy and civilization. But in this very point lies the deficiency of history. Whence, and how, this growth of grandeur, unrevealed in its origin, and so faintly traced in its earlier progress? Long series of sovereigns have been determined through hieroglyphic inscriptions, compared with the fragments of history; the founders and dates of many of the great monuments—"those wild enormities of ancient magnanimity," as Sir T. Browne calls them—similarly fixed; certain astronomical periods ascertained; and a chronology of much exactness carried back to a remote antiquity. But antiquity is a relative term; and the researches of Bunsen and Lepsius, the latest laborers in this great field, though stretching backward nearly 5000 years, are arrested at a period far short of the origin of the remarkable nation on whose

history they have bestowed so much learning and toil.

The history of the Assyrian Empire, contemporary with that of Egypt, has been more deeply sunk in obscurity. Fragmentary notices in Scripture and in Greek authors have told us of its greatness and conquests, the magnitude and decorations of its capital. But we have only just begun to disentomb the great Nineveh, and can only partially decipher the peculiar cuneiform characters which designate and give date to its wonderful works of art. The intrepid zeal and ability of Mr. Layard, already redirected to the spot, will, we doubt not, achieve further successes on the same fertile soil; but when all is done, there will yet remain the void of time beyond, in which genius and diligence are alike lost and fruitless.

The vast empires of China and India offer yet more striking examples of this imperfection of history, as bearing on the early condition and diffusion of the human race. Native records, aided here also by astronomy, carry us obscurely back to dates as remote as those of Egypt and Assyria; but beyond this all is lost in the depths of time, or in the still darker depths of mythology. And to take another instance, from a different source, but not less cogent for our object, where do we find the faintest authentic trace of those maritime migrations, seemingly not single, but successive, which peopled the great American continent; giving birth to numerous nations and languages, and to various monuments of power and civilization still only partially explored? Here only one or two vague traditions float before us, which poetry may adopt, but which history refuses to appropriate to its graver purposes.

These few examples will show how scantily we can draw from ancient history the peculiar information required. We nowhere get high enough. The regions of tradition or mythology are reached; but it is still the *selva oscura*, the *basso loco* of the poet, and we do not obtain access to the clear sky above. It may even be affirmed that we gain less certain knowledge of the early races of mankind from direct history than from those relations and resemblances of custom which often remain infixed for ages, when all other connections are lost—the usages pertaining to birth and death—the methods of warfare—the regulations of property—the punishment of offences—the manner of habitation—and yet more remarkably the bodily mutilations which are found so strangely to exist in common among nations widely sepa-

* Cuvier has particularly marked this period, extending from about 1550 A.C. to 1450 A.C., and including, besides the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, some of the most noted epochs of settlement in Greece.

rate on the earth. Much caution is obviously needful in dealing with indications from this source. There is the same liability to deception here as in the case of etymology, where ingenuity so often deceives itself by a shadow of resemblance alone. But pursued with discretion and the multiplication of authentic facts, wherewith to correct hasty conclusions, this method of research becomes fruitful of curious results; and, like those branches of the inquiry to which we are now hastening, gives yet more abundant promise for the future, aided as it now is by a thousand facilities, unknown and unsurmised heretofore.

We have dwelt thus long on preliminary parts of the subject, under the conviction that many, even of those conversant with other sciences, scarcely appreciate the entire scope of that under our review. We come now to the two main sources of knowledge as to the natural history of man, viz., human physiology and human language; lines of argument distinct in themselves, yet parallel in direction, and mutually giving force to every conclusion in which they concur. Through these channels alone can we proceed upward when history deserts us, and tradition throws a light too flickering or false to be safely trusted. Even admitting that certainty is unattainable, we may yet reach a degree of probability fully warranting the attempt, a timid abandonment of which would be treason against all true philosophy:—

Ardua dum metuunt, amittunt vera viâ.

Human physiology ranks as the highest department of that great science of organic life which has made such astonishing progress of late years, compassing conclusions and general results which would once have been deemed impossible to human research. The closer study of comparative anatomy—the improved use of the microscope—the increased resources of chemical analysis—the wider sphere of actual observation—and greater exactitude in the collection and classification of facts—all have concurred to this result. Other sciences, moreover, and especially geology, have lately furnished new and extraordinary aids to this branch of knowledge. What space is to the astronomer, time is to the geologist—vast beyond human comprehension, yet seen and comprised by the conclusions of the science. The astronomer indeed throws his line of numbers more boldly and securely into the depths of the infinite before him. The geologist can rarely give

this mathematical certainty to his subject, or express the vastness of time more definitely than by the relation and succession of periods. But this result, and the methods by which it is attained, are such as well attest the value and grandeur of the science. The study of fossil remains, in representing successive epochs of change, and renewed creations of organic life on the surface of the globe, becomes the interpreter of facts of transcendent interest. What more wonderful than to extricate from the depths of the earth those mute yet expressive evidences of time far anterior to the creation of man!—of ages to which no human estimate can ascend, save as respects the mere order of succession in the series! What nearer material approach can man find to his Maker, than in deciphering those repeated epochs and acts of creative power, and those successive modifications of animal life, which, while still including its simpler forms, gradually acquire higher types of organization, and express a scheme of fixed and constant progress, however imperfect our view of the steps by which this is attained? Dividing these periods by the geological characters which clearly denote their relative age and succession, and the altered conditions of the earth in each, we may affirm that each period, amidst a general change of species, contains some element of higher life and more consummate organization. We have not room to dwell on this topic, or to detail the different expressions which naturalists have given to the general fact; but its bearing upon our subject—the natural history of man—will be obvious at first sight, and rises in importance as we pursue and enlarge the inquiry.

For what is the position of man in the scheme and series thus described? The answer is written in clear characters in the same great volume of nature—the evidence negative indeed in part, but not on that account less certain. While all anterior conditions of animal life, as they have successively occurred, are represented to us by innumerable vestiges and fossil remains, no trace whatsoever is found of the human being until the epoch in which we have our present existence. Bones, shells, impressions of the most delicate structure, even the passing footsteps of animals over a moist surface, all these things have been wonderfully preserved to the inspection of this later age. The most minute as well as the most gigantic forms of the ancient animal world, in its several periods, are familiar to our present knowledge. If in one spot the remains have been too imper-

fect to allow the naturalist to complete his delineation, such is the rich exuberance of this fossil world that he rarely fails to obtain what is wanting from some contemporaneous strata elsewhere on the globe. Even the *lacunæ* which still exist in the series of zoological types are in progress of being filled up from the same fertile source—yet of man, we repeat, no one vestige is to be found; certain though it is that this must have happened, had his existence been laid among any of these first creations on the earth. A single bone, distinctly discovered in a certain geological site, and attested as *human* by Cuvier or Owen, would have decided the question. But none such have been found—a few alleged instances have been subsequently disproved—and the creation of man, as well as of the various species of animal life by which he is now surrounded, may distinctly be referred to the actual surface of the globe, as the latest of those acts of creation of which geology furnishes the record and the proof.

Though less certain in evidence, it is reasonable to add, in confirmation of this view, what we have just stated as to the introduction of certain higher organizations at each of the periods in question. The step from the most advanced genera of the mammalia to man may be much greater than any antecedent one; but still we are not entitled to disregard this relation as possibly forming part of the great scheme which we humbly contemplate with the faculties permitted us to use. The simple fact that human reason is rendered capable of contemplating such objects, attests more strongly than any other the actual pre-eminence of man over all besides of the existing creation.

This point, then, settled, we come to the particular questions regarding the first condition of man on the earth, which we formerly indicated as lying at the root of the whole inquiry. Is the human being a single species of what naturalists call *the genus Homo*? or do the diversities of physical character which we see in different races compel the admission that there were more species than one in the original act of creation? Again, if the unity of the species be proved, are we to look for the origin of this species in a single pair placed in some one locality of the globe, and thence diffusing the human race over its surface? or do the facts observed make it probable that there were more than one—possibly several distinct pairs—representing the more prominent

diversities of the species, and located in different points, so as to become so many centres of diffusion and admixture of these varieties?

The questions thus generally stated may be said to include all others appertaining to the subject; save one, perhaps, already adverted to slightly, but which we must here notice further, inasmuch as it involves the very definition of a species, and suggests contingencies which, if admitted, change the whole aspect of the inquiry. We allude to the opinion of certain naturalists, avowed or anonymous,* who, holding that there is no sufficient reason to suppose the immutability of species, believe it possible or probable that what have hitherto been considered such, may, by the operation of various causes, acting through long periods of time, be gradually transmuted into other and very different forms, or species, as we now regard them. The most eminent advocate of this doctrine, Lamarck, hardly cares to shelter himself under those vague generalities by which others have sought to temper their conclusions and reconcile them to the common belief. He lets it be understood that he imposes no limit on this principle of progressive transmutation. From the simplest primitive germs or rudiments may be evolved, by what has been termed spontaneous generation, all the various forms of vegetable and animal organic life; the particular forms being determined by the conditions to which the germs are incidentally subjected; and the development, multiplication, and variation of species depending on the same contingencies, acting through unbounded time, and aided by certain principles of action and change within the beings thus developed. These principles, which have been variously termed *appetencies*, *plastic powers*, *efforts of internal sentiment*, *subtle fluids*, &c., betray in the outset the weakness of the system. They are phrases unmeaning in themselves—ruinous to all true philosophy. Yet Lamarck,

* We use the term *anonymous* here in reference to the volume entitled "Vestiges of Creation," well known to many of our readers, in which all that can be alleged on behalf of this doctrine, and more than can reasonably be alleged, is stated by the unknown writer with skillful plausibility, in language of great vigor and clearness. Those who first encounter the subject under his guidance ought to read also some of the able replies the work has provoked, and which have led the author in his later editions to adopt various modifications, not so explicitly acknowledged, we think, as they might have been.

boldly appropriating them, pushes his conclusions into numerous particular instances of this presumed transmutation of species. That which most concerns our present subject is the view he hazards of the transformation of the Orang-outang into man; and the sketch he gives, with a rare intrepidity, of the means by which this wonderful change has been worked out. He has not been careful to take the best instance for his case—the Chimpanzee, or *Simia troglodytes* of Angola, being a closer approach to the human form than the Orang-outang of Borneo, and fully justifying the old line of Ennius—

Simia, quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis!

But whichever be taken as the point of departure in this change from the monkey to the man, the deficiency in argument and fact is the same. Difficult or impossible though it is for human reason to comprehend successive or innumerable specific acts of creation, it is in nowise more difficult than to *conceive creation at all*—easier, indeed, than to conceive laws primitively impressed upon matter, rendering it capable, by any feeling, appetite, or necessity of its own temporary organization, of evolving new organs and instruments of action. For it must be kept in mind, though Lamarck himself leaves it out of sight, that this theory implies not merely variations of form and power in organs previously existing, but the progressive creation or substitution of organs and powers entirely new. Such changes as these we nowhere see in progress. The exact knowledge obtained of certain animal and vegetable species during a period of 3000 years tells us of no such mutations. To avoid difficulties which belong to the limited comprehension of man, and which meet us equally on the confines of all human science, we are called upon to adopt a system which doubles these difficulties, and gives us only vague words with which to solve them. We are much inclined here to adopt the language of Cicero—*Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim quam falsa convincere!*

One familiar instance will often illustrate better than a thousand arguments. From the window at which we are sitting we see at this moment a large spider weaving its subtle web for the entanglement of its prey. The system before us supposes that some inferior organization, feeling the appetency for this particular food, and the need of means for obtaining it, there thence resulted the growth of that beautiful mechanism of struc-

ture belonging to the spider, and that wonderful instinct by which the web is woven with such exquisite exactness and adaptation to its use. But this is not all—our speculator cannot rest here. The material of the web is a chemical compound of the most definite kind and definite purpose, and requires especial organs for its elaboration. This material must be alike provided for by the theory in question, and no subterfuge of phrases can save it from the demand. Thus taxed—and we might endlessly multiply such instances—the doctrine becomes a nullity to our comprehension or use; and we may wisely acquiesce in that simpler and more intelligible view, which refers all these wonders of subordinate intelligence to the will and ever-present and active power of the great Author of nature.

The relation of this particular question to the subject before us will now be obvious. Those of our readers who wish to pursue it further may refer to all that Cuvier has so admirably written on the permanence of species; to the works of Dr. Prichard; and to the excellent chapters in Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which we have placed at the head of this article. While we concur, however, with Sir C. Lyell in rejecting this theory as inadmissible in reason, we freely acknowledge that its discussion among men of science has done much to enlarge our views as to all that concerns the definition of species in nature, the conditions establishing their identity, and the changes more or less permanent of which they are susceptible, either from natural causes, from education, or from forced union with each other in the production of hybrids. The topic is one of deep interest, carrying us by divers paths into the midst of the most profound questions which can legitimately exercise our reason. It is associated closely with many of the natural sciences, as especially with all that relates to the physical history of man.

No one of common reflection can enter the walls of a great zoological museum without some sentiment of awe in looking on the innumerable forms of life around—*cette richesse effrayante*, as Cuvier well calls it, when speaking of insects alone as one class in the vast series. The wonder is augmented when considering that this is only the visible world of life. The microscope has now disclosed to us the waters of the earth tenanted by hosts of living beings before unseen; and the most recent researches of Ehrenberg show the atmosphere around us peopled with genera and species not recognized by the most

delicate human sense, yet probably affecting in various ways the physical condition of man.* If there be any real transmutation of species, or spontaneous generation and present creation of new species, we might expect to find it among these minute and simple organisms, or germs, which seem to have some common relation to vegetable and animal life; and may be presumed more liable to change in evolution from the influences surrounding them. Yet we have no certain evidence of this having ever occurred, and many facts adverse to it. The sudden appearance of known species in new situations, accepted by some as a proof, shows only the exquisite minuteness of the primitive germs of life, and their tenacity of existence until the conditions occur necessary to evolve them. Of this tenacity we have proof in many remarkable cases, and it is probably in some inverse ratio to the elevation of the species.†

* These researches, which are recorded in two or three memoirs presented to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, during the past year, appear to have been suggested to Ehrenberg by the prevalence of the Cholera in Berlin toward the end of 1848. They offer the extraordinary result of nearly 400 species of organic life existing in different strata of the atmosphere as examined on this spot. Another memoir about the same time relates the singular phenomenon of a vivid vermilion matter, which on the 26th of October, 1848, suddenly showed itself on the bread and other farinaceous substances in different parts of Berlin; and which was found on examination, both there and in England, to consist of two fungi and one animal organism—the latter called by Ehrenberg the *Menas prodigiosa*. It is a curious, though presumably casual coincidence, that precisely the same phenomenon occurred in Philadelphia when the Cholera was raging there in 1832. We have it in the relation of Quintus Curtius that during the siege of Tyre by Alexander the bread in the city was found suddenly stained with blood; a miracle then—now explained (as may be many similar phenomena of former times) in a manner scarcely less miraculous, but in accordance with the natural laws that pervade and govern the world.

It is impossible not to suppose that these living organisms, tenanted the atmosphere in which we ourselves live, may have, in their existence and changes, many important effects on the human economy. Though not yet explicitly placed among the causes of disease, it is likely that future research will show them to be so.

† The same general reasoning will apply to the seeming identity of the curious cellular structure which appears, from recent research, to form the nucleus of all the textures of organic life. That species so numerous and distinct are actually evolved from that structure, proves that there is an *agent of life*, independent of the cell, though working through it as an instrument or medium. It is conceivable that different combinations of cells may modify the result in the simpler forms of life. Such would seem to be the case in the recent observations of

The questions which regard the individuality, the permanence, and the capacity for variation in species, are, however, so vast and various, that it would be vain for us to seek to discuss them in detail. They are, moreover, the subject of much recent controversy, resulting from the minute researches into the simpler primitive forms of animal and vegetable life, of which we have just spoken. Doubts have been started as to the actual existence of *true species* in nature; that is, of separate tribes of beings with specific organization and incapable of transmutation into one another; and though few have ventured as far as Lamarck, many have trodden on his traces, and resting on some singular phenomena of hybrids, particularly as disclosed in the experiments of Weigmann and others on hybrid plants, have supposed the power of transmutation within a more limited range. It is curious to observe how closely some of these recent views approach to the discarded notions of the ancient philosophy. Atoms begin to have currency and favor again; and many a line of the magnificent poetry of Lucretius might be taken as the text of modern theory on these subjects. The definitions of species by Buffon, Cuvier, De Candolle, &c., though essentially alike as involving the facts of resemblance and constant reproduction of the same beings, are yet open to some critical cavil; and it has been doubted whether the term *species* might not be expediently exchanged for some other more free from ambiguity. We fully admit the influence of names upon things, and that "words do mightily entangle and pervert the judgment." It would make an amusing and important subject of inquiry, in what cases of physical science, and yet more of morals and metaphysics, new terms might be adopted, with the effect of removing doubts and closing controversies engendered by the faulty or fluctuating use of more ancient names. It is manifest, however, that such corrections must never be needlessly or arbitrarily made, lest the ambiguity created be greater than that removed. And as respects the term in question, though it has no etymological merits, we doubt whether any could be adopted, expressing in a more con-

Professors Forbes and Steenstrup, commented upon by Professor Owen in his recent volume entitled "Parthenogenesis." But the cases of this kind hitherto made known are few in number—the effects, as far as we can see, are only temporary—and the type of the species appears to be maintained amidst the variations impressed on them.

venient form the relation which it professes to describe.

With the impossibility of entering fully into this subject of species, we gladly avail ourselves of the summary which Sir C. Lyell has given, at the end of his 37th chapter, of the conclusions reasonably deduced from our actual knowledge of the conditions and changes of animal and vegetable life existing around us.

"1st. There is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves to a certain extent to a change of external circumstances, this extent varying greatly according to the species.

"2nd. When the change of situation they can endure is great, it is usually attended by some modifications of the form, color, size, structure, or other particulars; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and the capability of so varying forms part of the permanent specific character.

"3rd. Some acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmissible to the offspring; but these consist of such qualities and attributes only as are intimately related to the natural wants and propensities of the species.

"4th. The entire variation from the original type which any given kind of change can produce, may usually be effected in a short period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained by continuing to alter the circumstances, though ever so gradually—indefinite divergence, either in the way of improvement or deterioration, being prevented, and the least excess beyond the defined limits being fatal to the existence of the individual.

"5th. The intermixture of distinct species is guarded against by the aversion of the individuals composing them to sexual union, or by the sterility of the mule offspring. It does not appear that true hybrid races have ever been perpetuated for several generations, even by the assistance of man; for the cases usually cited relate to the crossing of mules with individuals of the pure species, and not to the intermixture of hybrid with hybrid.

"6th. From these considerations it appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished."—*Principles of Geology*, 7th edit., p. 585.

These conclusions we believe to be valid in all essential points. We suspect if male and female juries of each species could be summoned upon the question of its distinct individuality, they would speedily return an affirmative verdict; and, perchance, with some surprise and amusement at the doubt submitted to them. While in arguing this question much stress has rightly been laid on the period of utero-gestation, as deciding

the identity or difference of species, we think sufficient importance has not been attached to the relation and adaptation of the sexes of each species to one another. This remark very especially applies to the bolder doctrine of transmutation of species already discussed. A double transmutation would in every case be required, and with adaptations in every successive stage of change which it would defy any calculation of possible chances to meet or explain.

We cannot hesitate, then, in believing that the permanent individuality of species is the intention and general law of creation. We consider that the variations themselves of which species are rendered capable (doubtless for wise and sufficient purposes) do, by the limits imposed on their extent, express the same general law. And if objection be still taken to the immensity of the numbers of species thus presumed, we answer that he must be indeed an infant in physical science, who would limit the scope of creation by his own conceptions, or define the numbers therein employed by his own narrow use and comprehension of them.

Though we may seem again to have deserted our immediate subject, reflection will show that it is otherwise. The physical history of man is based on the same general grounds as that of the rest of the animal creation. Man stands at the head; but in a physical sense he does so simply as the highest in a series of animal types, connected by close though perhaps unequal links, and subject to the same general laws determining the origin, distribution, and variations of species. He forms a genus to himself on every principle of just classification; and it is the conclusion of Prichard and his compeers that this genus differs from all other genera of the animal kingdom, in containing but one species. Still we must hold it ever in view that Man is a part of the great scale of animal life; and we shall speedily see how many arguments and analogies may be drawn as to all that regards his physical history, from those inferior forms of being which exist, for his uses or contemplation, in the world around him.

This is especially true as respects the inquiry to which we now come, having already in part promised our opinion upon it, viz., whether there be one species or more of the genus Man?—whether (to put the most cogent case in front) the perfect Negro and the perfect European, seeing the strong contrasts and diversities they exhibit, can be rightly deemed of the same species?—and whether,

to explain other striking varieties in the races of men, it be needful to extend yet further this view of their specific differences? In discussing these points we must limit ourselves to the reasons best fitted to elucidate the conclusions obtained.

The question naturally first occurs—and it is a question which in its nature becomes an argument—if man be not a single species, how many species of the human being must we count on the earth? The Negro is the most striking contrast to the European; but the beardless yellow Mongolian also has characteristics so strongly marked, that we cannot concede the difference of species in the one case without admitting it in the other. How, or where, are we to stop in these admissions, when we find diversities alike in kind, and different only in degree, existing everywhere around us; and determining those divisions into races, of which some have retained the same distinctive characters from the earliest periods of history? The question is further perplexed by the intermixture of races and varieties; rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to define any such primitive separation of origin, as the phrase of *different species* implies. Multiplicity, then, in this case becomes itself an argument for unity. No lines of demarcation are found sufficiently strong to render the plurality of species natural or probable. Every such line is traversed by others, which, while effacing its distinctness, do all point to a certain common origin—expressing in this what we believe to be the unity of the species over the earth.

This manner of putting the argument, however, though strong, is obviously not conclusive. It is rendered much more forcible by a regard in detail to those conditions which may fitly be considered as showing the identity or diversity of species; and further, by analogies derived from the variations of species in other parts of the animal creation. From these two sources, concurring in the evidence they afford, we derive conclusions as certain as any that can be had in those parts of physical science into which mathematical proof does not enter.

And first, as to the criteria which best determine the identity or diversity of species—an inquiry of singular interest in its connection with the physiology both of animal and vegetable life. Limiting our present view to the former, and to the part of the scale more approximate to man, we may name the following conditions as those which must mainly determine the result in each particular case:—the anatomical structure in all its

parts—the average duration of life—the relation of the sexes and laws of propagation, including the periods of utero-gestation and number of progeny—the production, or otherwise, of hybrid progeny by mixed breeding—the liability to the same diseases—and the possession of the same instincts, faculties, and habits of action and feeling. It will be readily admitted that wherever individuals or groups of beings concur as to these general conditions, there the proof of identity of species is complete. But we have already alluded to that capacity for variation within certain limits in each species, which may as justly be called a law of nature as the division into species itself; and we are in no instance whatever entitled to expect entire conformity to the several conditions stated above. In recurring to them hereafter it will be seen that each condition includes a liability to such variations, more or less, for every species; and it would seem a general fact that this increases as we rise upward in the scale of animal life. In the higher animals, and notably in man, this capacity for variation shows itself peculiarly in all that regards the instincts, habits, and mental faculties, as modified by climate, food, culture, and other contingencies. In the phenomena more strictly of physical organization, a lesser amount of change is likely to occur; yet here also (and it will soon occur to us as an important point in the argument) the familiar experience of every one will indicate to him innumerable such varieties, more striking as the research is more extended and minute.

Taking these circumstances into account, our demand for proof of the identity of species will be limited to such conformity to the several criteria above stated as may be general—never admitting more than a certain amount of deviation from the common characters—the deviations themselves alike in kind under like conditions, and prone to return to this primitive standard, when the causes of change are removed. The latter phenomenon, strikingly attested by many well known facts in natural history, will be at once felt as a cogent argument for the unity of the species in which such variations occur, however widely they may alter the aspect of the races and breeds included under it.

Submitting the case of the human being to these criteria, which have helped to solve the most doubtful questions as to other species, we may confidently say that an affirmative answer is derived from all, as to the proper unity of Man. In truth, each point

has been directly or silently conceded, except those which regard configuration, color, and certain other bodily peculiarities on the one hand, and on the other the equality of the mental endowments and capacities. On these points discussions have been raised; and with the effect, as we have before stated, of leading some inquirers to the persuasion that the corporeal and mental diversities of the Negro and Caucasian cannot be explained otherwise than by supposing a difference of species—thus sanctioning the vague and uninstructed belief which the ignorant or interested have so often adopted as to this matter. It may be doubted whether this opinion, in its distinct form, has now many advocates; and we might not think it needful to dwell on the argument more minutely were it not that the reasonings apply almost equally to that modified view before mentioned, which, without denying the identity of the species, affirms that there were different pairs, of different primitive types, placed separately on the earth. Every argument, of course, which tends to show that one species is capable of undergoing the variations actually found among mankind, must apply *pro tanto* to this latter doctrine also.

Looking first, then, to the anatomical part of the question—the characters most dwelt upon in the discrimination of the different races of men are the skeleton, and particularly the skull and pelvis—the stature—the color of the skin—and the nature of the hair. In all the systems of arrangement of these races, the figure of the skull has formed a principal feature; the differences in this structure—so important in the organ it encloses—being such as are obvious to the most careless observer. The early researches and collections of Camper and Blumenbach have been since much extended, and new specimens of crania obtained from various parts of the world, particularly from the two American continents; to which latter class the valuable investigations of Drs. Warren and Morton have been especially directed. These new acquisitions have often proved important in furnishing links between cranial forms more widely dissociated to our previous knowledge. Nevertheless, the main differences are strongly enough marked to justify a division into races upon this character, though naturalists have not hitherto wholly agreed in that to be adopted. The one originally proposed by Blumenbach included five races—the Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malayan, and American—and this with little modification

was long acquiesced in. The latter researches of Dr. Prichard, founded on more ample materials, led him to reduce the chief types of cranial form, and the distinction of races founded thereon, to three only, which he characterizes, from their several peculiarities, as the *prognathous*, the *pyramidal*, and the *oval or elliptical*. The prognathous, or that marked by the predominance of the jaws, is the cranial type of the lower Negro and Australian races—the pyramidal crania, connected with broad, lozenge-formed faces, furnish a type common to the Mongolian or Tartar nations, the Laplanders, Esquimaux, Hottentots, and many of the American races—the oval or elliptical cranium expresses the form common to the Caucasian races and all the more highly civilized nations of the world.

While acquiescing in this division, we may add that we do so simply from its being the one most natural and comprehensive, where some division is required for the clear elucidation of the subject. Under the view we entertain that the various distinctions of cranial form, endlessly multiplied in detail, are secondary, and all derived from a common source, we can attach no higher importance than this to the classifications proposed. Our present knowledge enables us to follow these more strongly marked types into each other, through all the intermediate links; and we can go yet farther, and affirm that some of these changes are taking place under our own eyes. The Turks of Europe and Western Asia are doubtless of the same stem as the Turks of Central Asia; yet they have gained, probably within a few centuries, the cranial form and facial features of the Caucasian races; while those retaining their original seat and manner of life retain also the pyramidal skull and Mongolian characters of the race. The Laplanders, Finns, and Magyars, all derived, as we have reason to believe, from the Mongolian stock, present three gradations of change from the pyramidal to the elliptical type, and bearing proportion to the degree of civilization attained by each. Again, we have various testimony that the Negro head, so strongly marked in its characters, is gradually approximating to the European form, where successive generations of Negroes, without actual intermixture, have been in constant communication with European people and habits.

As a particular feature of the cranium, the facial angle, determining the relation of the line of the forehead to that of the face, is a subject of interest, even to the most

common observers, in its seeming connection with the intellectual development and expression. Its great diversity in different individuals is well known; and the same variation, within certain limits, extends to different races. Naturalists have busied themselves in giving exact measurement to the angle, both in man and the inferior animals; and with results which at first were held by not a few of them to sanction the idea that the Negro was an inferior species, and descending nearer in this part of his development to the Oran-outang or Chimpanzee. But more exact researches have corrected various errors in these results, both as regards the monkey and the man; degrading the former from his acquired rank, and restoring to the latter his identity with the rest of the human species. In truth, the average diversity in this part of the cranial form in the Negro is far below the occasional deviations of the same kind in the European; and both must be regarded as effects of that general law of variation of species, which shows itself alike in individuals, in families, and in races of mankind. The value of the last remark will be manifest as respects both this particular topic and all other parts of the question; and we shall have occasion to recur to it again, as one of the keystones of the argument.

What we have thus stated respecting the diversities of the skull in different races, and the inferences therewith connected, will exempt us from saying much as to the other anatomical points in the question. The form of the pelvis, the length of the forearm, the position of the head in reference to the vertebral column, as well as the color of the skin and character of the hair, have all been cited in proof of a specific difference between the Negro and European stock, and the closer relation of the former to certain species of the quadrumana. But the argument has been disproved in each case—partly by enlarged inquiry, as in the instance of Professor Weber's valuable researches on the pelvis—partly by more exact admeasurements and the application of that system of averages which has contributed so greatly to the progress of science—partly, again, by those general considerations we have already propounded as to the varieties naturally incident to the same species, the graduation of all these varieties into each other, and the occurrence of the same or larger deviations in individuals or families as in races of men. Take, for example, the color of the skin, to which the latter class of arguments chiefly

applies, and the diversities of which are at least as prominent as those of figure. The extreme contrasts in this case are the Negro and the Albino. The latter is clearly an accidental variety; but as such, becomes, from its marked characters, a valuable exponent of all other varieties of color. That part of the structure of the skin, which is called the pigment-cell, is evidently capable of undergoing great changes in its secretions from climate, manner of life, and those more mysterious causes connected with generation and the hereditary transmission of bodily features and peculiarities, the mighty influence of which we everywhere see, but which our ignorance makes it difficult yet to subject to particular laws. Time is manifestly an element of the greatest importance here. The amount of change of which we have evidence, even within short periods, is the proof of the capacity for far greater change where time is prolonged, and any particular community so placed as to be exposed continually to the operation of the same physical causes.

When to these considerations we add the particular evidences upon which we have already so much dwelt, viz., the fact that nature produces frequent varieties in all races as striking as are the extreme diversities amongst them; and, secondly, that there is an entire continuity in the gradations which occur in nature from one diversity to another, we present the argument in the most complete form it can assume. Thus, to take a single but striking example of the first case—a Negro may have an Albino offspring without pigment-cells—a fact that includes at once all those minor varieties of color which are so familiar to us in the same community, and even in the same family. The continuous gradations of color from the Negro to the native of northern Europe, though less obvious to common knowledge, have been so well substantiated by travelers and men of science, that no remaining doubt can exist on the subject. The same two methods of argument (of which we are anxious that our readers should understand the full value) apply equally to the hair of the Negro; which, though called *woolly*, has been well ascertained to have no relation to wool, and is found to graduate through a series of changes into the ordinary hair of the European races in one or other of the many varieties which these races present.

The argument for the unity of the human species might perhaps be sufficient, even if it ended here. But it is exceedingly strength-

ened from a source to which we have more than once alluded, viz., the analogies presented by the inferior species of animal life. We have already said that man, physically considered (and it must be added intellectually also), is subject to this questioning by analogy, and it is very pointedly true in the great question of species and varieties. The exuberance of the subject is such that we can but give a slight indication of it here. Those who desire to pursue it further will find ample means of doing so in the many works on Natural History, Physiology, &c., which have lately appeared.* The main point in the argument is this: that other species, and notably the races of domesticated animals, exhibit varieties precisely of the same kind as those occurring in mankind—much more extensive in degree—and in most cases derived from similar causes. The outline of this argument, as applied to the horse, the dog, the ox, the hog, the sheep, the domestic fowl, &c., will be understood by every one. We know, and regard without surprise, those vast diversities of size, figure, color, habits of life, and even instincts of action, which distinguish the various breeds of these animals, separating them all more or less from what we may regard as the original stock of each species. It is only, indeed, in certain instances that this primitive stock can be ascertained amidst the varieties that have been impressed upon it; the best evidence being that of reversion to the original form in those cases where the artificial conditions of domestication are altered or withdrawn.

Selecting one instance in illustration, let it be the Dog—that singular animal, which Cicero well affirms to be created for the especial uses of man. What is there in the diversities of the human species comparable to those which this animal exhibits in size, in the form of the muzzle and cranium, in the color, quality, and quantity of its covering, in the sounds it utters, in its intelligence and habits of life? What more different in aspect than the bull-dog, the Newfoundland dog, the Cuba dog, the pug-dog, and the greyhound? Yet we cannot reasonably doubt (the dog itself, whatever its race, certainly does not doubt) the entire identity of the species. It has been justly stated by M. F. Cuvier that if we begin to number the breeds of this animal as species, we must

count up to fifty at least. A question still exists among naturalists whether or not the wolf may be considered its original type. This point—to be settled hereafter by more exact knowledge of the utero-gestation of the wolf and its hybrid relations to the dog—does in no way affect the general argument. What concerns us here is the amount of variation of which the species is capable, and the varieties actually produced by nature or culture, and very especially by the intimate connection of the dog with the uses, habits, and affections of man. These are the illustrations we seek for, and they are abundantly furnished; indicating not merely those changes which are brought about in the individual by the conditions in which he is placed, but still more remarkably those which are transmitted to offspring, and become more or less hereditary in its breeds. Going beyond this again, we find proof in the history of the same animal (which is made known to us even from mummies in the tombs of ancient Egypt), of there being a limit speedily attained to these deviations from a primitive type. And we have further authentic evidence that where dogs are removed from the homes and influence of man they lapse again into a wild state, assume a common form and color distinct from that of their domesticated state, and often even lose the power of barking, which some have supposed to be an acquired quality not natural to the species.* The dingo of Aus-

* Without any undue preference, we would refer to the copious writings of Dr. Carpenter on these subjects, as distinguished by great ability and very exact knowledge, brought down to the most recent time.

* Every student of the natural history of the Dog is bound to complete his education at Constantinople. Neglecting the beauties of the Bosphorus, the mosques, seraglios, and kiosks, he will find ample scope for study in this great Canine Commonwealth, or rather group of republics—for the Turkish capital is parceled out into districts by the dogs themselves, wholly irrespective of the vast human population tenanted it, with which they have little other concern than as consumers of their offal. The canine citizens of Constantinople have no human masters, nor other home than its narrow, steep, and tortuous streets; but they live under certain municipal regulations of their own, which it would be curious to investigate in detail. That which forbids any interloper of the species to enter other than his own district on pain of being devoured, seems a necessary effect of numbers pressing hard on the means of subsistence. The dogs of Constantinople are a meagre, sullen, wolfish-looking race, covered with scars and bruises from horses' hoofs, indolent from being ill-fed, seemingly careless of life or limb from the same cause. Basking under the mid-day sun, they scarcely move away from man or beast trampling upon them. The political economist, as well as the naturalist, might find many analogies and various materials for study in this great community of dogs, thus strangely insulated from man in the midst of human multitudes.

tralia and the dhole of India are instances of such seeming relapse to a wild and more primitive state.

Similar illustrations might be given from the other domestic animals we have named, but less striking as they become less intimately associated with man. They all offer examples of that remarkable class of facts to which we have just alluded as a main element of the varieties of race,—those, to wit, which regard the transmission from one generation to another of qualities or instincts artificially acquired, but which, so transmitted and maintained by use, tend to become hereditary in the breed. The extent to which this capacity for change proceeds—the relative permanence of the changes so induced—the parts of structure or functions most liable to them—the conditions favoring or limiting their progress—these are all questions infinitely curious and instructive, and still largely open to future research. They are connected closely, moreover, with the history and theory of analogous variations in man—the manner of operation being similar, and the extent and limits of deviation defined by the same general laws. In these domestic species more especially, we have, in the manner in which certain acquired qualities become hereditary in particular breeds, an index to the formation of races among mankind. The inquiry, so conducted, gains in value and importance when we reflect on its relation to the future destinies of man; and see in this power of transmission of acquired faculties, the possible element of new and higher conditions of our own species. There is nothing improbable in this view, when we regard the changes and diversities actually existing around us. What we are called upon both by reason and analogy to admit, is a line of ultimate limit to such deviations, assigned doubtless to us, as to other created beings, by the great Creator and Governor of the whole.

We have hitherto spoken only of those physical conditions of the human being, by which we consider the unity of the species to be vindicated, and which go yet further to render probable the derivation of the whole from a single source. We must not let the argument stop here. The proof rises in value and certitude as we admit the intellectual and moral endowments of man into the question. It is very true that from this source, as well as from physical configuration, arguments have been drawn, and strongly insisted upon, by those who maintain the specific inferiority of certain races.

The mental faculties of the Negro in particular have been placed in pointed contrast with those of the European; and the inference thence derived that, whether individually or in communities, the former is incapable of reaching the intellectual standard of the latter, or an equal grade of civilization in social life. The advocate for identity of species has been triumphantly called upon to produce instances from the Negro race of any high attainments in literature or philosophy; and in default of these, summary judgment has been taken out against the whole race in question.

Now, on a subject of this kind, we must not be governed by mere words, however plausible or sanctioned by common use. The term *civilization* is one of those vague generalities often applied for convenience or fashion, with very slender warranty of facts. How frequently is it defined and tested by conditions belonging to our own usages, and which are totally inapplicable to other climates or different circumstances of life! We talk much of *civilized Europe*, and, as matter of general comparison, the expression may be justified. But we must not neglect the fact, that there are districts in Ireland—others, much larger, we could name in the very centre of France—which hardly rank in real civilization above many of the negro communities of Soudan. If we go into the great cities of the United States, New York and Philadelphia, a comparison between the free negro population and the quarters peopled by Irish emigrants would, we venture to say, be decidedly to the advantage of the former. We are asked for examples of some eminent advancement in literature and science. Even were the demand reasonable on other grounds, seeing the condition under which the Negro has hitherto been placed, we should meet it by asking for similar examples of *native growth* among the forty millions of Slavonian race who people the vast plains of European Russia? We might variously multiply instances to the same effect, but we prefer resting the case upon what we believe to be an assured fact, viz., that where negro communities have been associated with European races through a series of generations, their capacities and habits become altered and enlarged, and their attainments approach closely to those of the *same class* in the most civilized countries. This corresponds with what we before noticed as to certain changes taking place in bodily configuration under similar circumstances. It is an example, moreover, of the variations to

which every race of mankind is incident, as well as the Negro, where the more essential conditions of life are altered for long successive periods of time; and as such is very instructive in relation to our subject.

These variations, we are bound to add, are not of advancement alone, but in many cases manifestly of degradation from the standard of the particular race. As such we may probably regard the Hottentots and Bushmen of Southern Africa; the Esquimaux, Laplanders, and Samoyides of the arctic circle; the Fuegians, Papuas, and numerous other tribes scattered over the globe. This fact, indeed, applying alike to the mental and bodily organization, is one which binds itself closely and necessarily with all other parts of our argument. Those varying conditions of existence, which even in the same nation or community tend to degrade and debase certain classes, do so on a larger scale and with more lasting effect, where the insulation from the original stock is more complete, and where the circumstances of life are yet more strongly contrasted, and continued for longer periods of time.

What we have said will be readily understood as applying equally to the moral feelings and character of different races as to their intellectual faculties. The denotation of unity of origin is as strong in the one case as the other. However modified in form and expression by education, the conditions of government and society, or the various necessities of life, the emotions, the desires, the moral feelings of mankind, are essentially the same in all races and in all ages of the world. We have neither room nor need for argument on this subject: all history and all personal experience concur as to the fact. Were we to cite any one instance in particular, it would be the faculty of laughter and tears—those expressions of feeling common to all colors, races, and communities of mankind, civilized or savage; and which give proofs of identity, stronger than all reasoning—λογου τι κρειττον. To our great poet—whose philosophy alone would have made him immortal, even had it not been conveyed in immortal verse—we owe a line, which far more happily expresses our meaning:—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

It is this "one touch of nature" testified in tears, which decides the question of unity of species to the common feeling of mankind as entirely as it does to the observations of the

naturalist, or the reasonings of the philosopher.

Though our limits have compelled us to curtail this discussion in numerous particulars, we have pursued it sufficiently to show how much it governs the second question proposed, viz., Whether, though the species be one and single, there were not several pairs of this species placed *separately* on the earth, and possibly under certain diversities of type, corresponding more or less with those of the dominant races which now exist? It will be seen that this question is already in part answered in the one preceding it; and that the grounds of argument in the two cases are closely analogous throughout. It is true, that in the latter case they are chiefly of a negative kind, and do not admit of so determinate a conclusion. We can never prove by any human evidence that it may not have pleased the Creator to give origin to the race and its varieties in this particular manner. The solution cannot be rendered other than one of probability; but we think the amount of probability attainable to be such as may fairly justify the inference to which we come.

We are entitled, first, to ask the same question here as before—Where is the limit to be placed to this multiplication of pairs, if intended to express the several types or varieties of man? Fischer, in his *Synopsis Animalium*, affirms the existence of seven forms or species, wholly distinct. Colonel Hamilton Smith, in the work named at the head of this article, says that we must necessarily admit the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, as separate in origin, and though calling these typical forms, he goes far toward asserting the distinction of species. The Colonel fights for his triple type with zeal and skill; and we are ready to admit, that if the separate types be confined to three, he has rightly chosen them; but we do not see sufficient grounds for this limitation. Looking at the many varieties of mankind, and the manner in which they are sensibly interblended, we find no lines strong enough to form a limit to the supposed multiplicity of pairs, though many sufficiently marked to furnish a basis for the division of races. We think the evidence of facts not likely ever to go beyond this, and that more exact knowledge will tend further to confirm the belief that all these distinctions of races are secondary and subordinate to one single source of human life on the earth.

Of the arguments to this effect, beyond those already stated, the most important un-

doubtedly is, the analogy derived from all other species of organic life. We doubt whether unequivocal proof has ever been produced of the same species having even two primitive *habitats* on the surface of the globe. We have no means, indeed, of absolutely demonstrating the negative; and we must rest the argument, therefore, on the general and very remarkable fact, now recognized by naturalists, that different species, whether animal or vegetable—whether terrestrial, aquatic, or atmospheric—had originally definite seats and localities on the globe, whence their diffusion has been effected by accident or design, modified by their locomotive powers and several capacities for bearing changes of climate and place. There is now a Geography of animals and plants, as well as of mountains, rivers, and kingdoms. The Botanical Geography of De Candolle, to which Humboldt and Brown have so largely contributed, defines at least twenty botanical provinces on the globe, each being the centre of groups of species peculiar to itself in origin. The Zoological provinces have hardly yet been so exactly denoted; but are manifestly subject to the same law of distribution, connected, it may be, with some native adaptation of each species to the region where it had its origin. The great importance of this discovery will at once be obvious; and not less so the extreme interest of the facts in natural history, by which it has been established and verified. The systematic division into provinces may undergo alterations in effect of future revision, but the principle is fixed; and time can only bring fresh accession of facts to this wonderful law of the primitive distribution of species.

Few minds would have been hardy enough to conceive all this *à priori*—to admit, for instance, the likelihood of such facts as the insulated geology and botany of the Galapagos Isles or St. Helena; or those extraordinary relations of typical form in adjoining regions, and on the same continents, which are observed even where the species are distinct. It cannot be doubted that geological changes in the globe, and particularly the relative changes of sea and land, have been largely concerned in the present distribution of organic life, by altering climate and separating genera and species connected primitively with common centres. The researches of Professor E. Forbes have done much to enlarge and illustrate this inquiry. In Sir C. Lyell's work there is an admirable account of those conditions which probably have determined the various distribution of species

over land and sea—closely limiting the locality of some, enabling others to occupy large tracts of the earth's surface or of the waters of the ocean. This will at once be recognized as a fundamental part of the inquiry. On the one hand, while pointing at the original singleness of locality for every species, it indicates their diffusion or limitation as depending on the capacities of each for undergoing the deviations which enable them to sustain changes of climate, food, and other conditions of life. On the other hand, it indicates the main causes of all such varieties in these altered conditions of existence acting on certain parts of the animal structure and economy, and modifying them within the limits of change prescribed to each species; thus completing the circle of demonstration to which every day is adding new evidence.

Following, then, this great line of analogy from inferior species, we are led to infer that man also had his origin in a single and definite place on the earth; whence he has diffused himself more widely over its surface than any other species, by virtue of those eminent faculties of mind as well as body, which enable him to meet even the extreme contingencies of climate and food, and to adapt his existence more variously to the circumstances around him. Man can clothe himself, can fit his habitation to the climate, can prepare his food by cookery, can provide artificial means of transport. In the simple expression of these familiar facts, common to no other animal with him, we have the history of his distribution over the globe; and can conciliate this with the belief that he had his origin in one spot alone. We have adverted to the deficiencies of history respecting the early migrations of mankind, and their collection into communities and nations; and we are obliged to admit further, that we can in no satisfactory way explain the peopling of the many remote isles of the ocean, seemingly inaccessible to man in the ages to which such events must be referred. Still the difficulties of solution do not alter the facts to be solved. The human race is actually spread over the earth and the islands of the sea; single, as we have seen, in all that constitutes the proper definition of a species. Such is the nature of this distribution, that the difficulties are not better obviated by supposing two, three, or more centres of creation than one only. We must, in contradiction to the analogy of all other species, make the number incalculably great, to satisfy this method of solving a case,

which, after all, is reducible to probabilities perfectly conformable to our reason. A more momentous and difficult question is that of *the time* involved in this early part of man's history, and requisite to explain his dispersion and multiplication on the globe. But this question applies itself equally to all parts of the subject—to the variations of bodily type, as well as to the local distribution of races and nations, and the growth of the various languages which have become the use of man—and we must postpone its consideration till the whole topic is more completely before us.

Meanwhile, recurring to the physical evidence for the origin of mankind from a single pair, we may advert once more to the fact, that the actual deviations in man from a common type or standard are less than those which we find in the animals most familiar to us by domestication. The causes of variation, as we have seen, are mainly also the same; including that most remarkable cause, the tendency in certain acquired qualities or habits to become hereditary in the race. To this great natural phenomenon we may trace many of the more prominent features, physical, moral, and intellectual, which distinguish races and nations. Its operation begins with individuals and families where the effects are most familiar to our observation—widens, though becoming less marked, as these are grouped together into larger communities—blends itself variously and closely with all the other natural causes which modify the species—and finally, though more obscurely, forms the basis of what we call national character; a term often vaguely used, but true and explicit in itself, and involving some of the most curious questions which concern the condition and prospects of mankind. The whole subject is one fairly approachable by human reason and observation, yet hitherto less studied than we might suppose likely, seeing that these same causes are actually and constantly in operation under our eyes, shaping out new forms of national character, and with them new destinies for the human race. We might cite many instances to this effect. We will name only the most remarkable, in the United States of America; where, though colonized almost exclusively from one old and civilized country, and deriving from that source its language, laws, literature, and numberless usages, there has grown up, within little more than two centuries, a great nation, well marked and peculiar in many of its physical and moral features, and likely to assume

a still more definite character, notwithstanding its vast increase of territory and population. The instance is one eminently illustrative for our subject, showing at once the scope of such variations, and the causes, manner, and time required for their accomplishment.

There yet remains a question, and that a curious one, connected with the physiological part of our inquiry. If mankind, as now peopling the earth, be of one species, and derived from a single pair, what bodily configuration and character had this simple primitive stock? Were the originals of our species like to any of the derivative races, or moulded in some form now lost amidst the multitude of secondary varieties? In his earliest researches Dr. Prichard adopted as to this point a view somewhat repugnant to the common notions and feelings of the civilized world. He boldly stated his belief that the Negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race; resting this conclusion on the following grounds—1st, that in inferior species of animals any variations of color are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; 2ndly, that we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino, among Negroes—but never of anything like the Negro among Europeans; 3rdly, that the dark races are better fitted by their organization for the wild or natural state of life; 4thly, that the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilization have all kindred with the Negro race.

Taking these arguments as they are stated, and even conceding for the moment all the assumptions they involve, we certainly see no such cogency in them as to oblige us to relinquish the *fairer* view of our original progenitors. Even Dr. Prichard himself seems to have abandoned this theory in his later writings, though rather by silent evasion of it than by any direct avowal of change. While, however, we refuse on any present proof to people our Eden with a negro pair, we must fairly admit that we can give no satisfactory answer as to the point in question. Direct evidence on the subject is wholly wanting, nor is it easy to see whence it should ever be obtained. There is as much reason for supposing the original type to be altogether lost, as for believing it to be represented in any one form that now exists around us. All we can presume with any degree of assurance is, that this primitive type did not depart out of the limits of existing forms, in whatever manner or propor-

tion it may have combined their varieties. Beyond this we can affirm nothing; and rather than hazard an idle speculation, are willing to leave the question in the obscurity where probably it must ever remain.

We have now completed the outline of this inquiry, as far as the physiological argument is concerned. It has, we think, been rendered, on purely scientific grounds, next to certain that man is one in species—highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair, and a single locality on the earth. There are no difficulties attending these conclusions so great as those which other theories involve—and it may be accepted as a further indication of truth, that, in proportion as our knowledge in the several sciences connected with this subject has become larger and more exact, in the same proportion have these difficulties lessened or disappeared. Armed, then, with this strong presumption, derived from one source, we approach the second part of the argument, as originally proposed; that, to wit, depending on the history of human languages in their various forms, and connection with the history of nations over the globe. But on this theme, needful though it be to the completion of the subject, and largely embodied in the works before us, we cannot at present enter further than to show its intimate relation to the inquiry, and the general results to which it leads. It is far too copious to be dealt with in the small space we have at our disposal, and too complex to admit of any intelligible abridgment.

That language should exist at all, and that it should exist among every people and community of the earth, even those lowest in the scale of civilization, is in itself a cogent argument for the unity of man as a species. As is the case with so many other wonders amidst which we live, its very familiarity disguises to us the marvelous nature of this great faculty of speech, confided to man, and to man alone, by the design of his Creator.*

* We will not, by widening the definition of language, embarrass ourselves with the question whether this faculty be not possessed by various animals subordinate to man. Admitting fully the expression of Cuvier, in comparing the faculties of brutes with those of man, "*Leur intelligence exécute des opérations du même genre*," we still believe that no just definition can identify the mere instinctive communications by sound, however modified, through which the wants of animals are expressed and supplied, with those wonderful forms and devices of language which have rendered even grammar itself a science, and an index of human

The more deeply we look into the structure and diversities of language, the more does this wonder augment upon us; mixed, however, with great perplexity, in regarding the multitude and variety of these different forms, hitherto reckoned only by approximation, but certainly exceeding some hundreds in number. Many of these are reducible, with more or less deviation, to certain common roots—others do not yet admit of such affiliation—others, again, have been so imperfectly examined or recorded, owing to the want of a common phonetic system, that no sure place has yet been assigned to them in the series.

It is to this seeming chaos of tongues that the labors of modern scholars and philosophers have been earnestly directed; not simply for the solution of questions as to the structure, diversities, and connections of language, but with yet higher aim, in regard to the origin and progress of nations. Ethnology owes many of its most precious documents to these researches. They have aided it where the records of history were obscure or altogether wanting; and it cannot be doubted by those who have watched the course of this science of late years that it is destined to advance much farther by the same prolific methods of inquiry. We have before noted the names of some of the eminent men engaged on the subject. The "Discourse on Ethnology" by Chevalier Bunsen is a remarkable example of these labors, and of the philosophical refinements which have been added to the study of language. The vague and partial conjectures of etymology, and the crude catalogues of words caught by the untutored ear, are now replaced by a close and critical research into the principles of language, and into analogies of a higher class than those founded upon words and sounds alone. We could willingly pursue this topic further, but must limit ourselves simply to what may show the vast aids derived from this source to the study of the history of Man; and the increasing certainty of the conclusions, as the materials become

character and culture. Of the writers who have sought to assimilate the language of inferior animals to that of man, the late Dr. Macculloch is the most able, and in his posthumous work on Natural Theology will be found a very ingenious chapter on this subject, defaced, it must be owned, by a style and spirit of writing which robs his works of half their value. In this case it seems less his object to elevate our notions of the faculties of the lower animals, than to degrade our estimate of the human being.

larger, and the methods of using them more comprehensive and exact.

The classification of languages is, in truth, the classification of mankind—the migration and intermixture of languages are records of the changes and movements of man over the face of the globe. From the singular multiplicity, however, of these forms of human speech, a person new to the subject might well suppose it impossible to arrive at any certain issue; while those who have gone deepest into it find certain limits, which no genius or labor can surmount. Nevertheless, in relation to our argument, this very multiplicity, like that of the physical varieties of mankind, becomes an evidence of common original. Whatever opinion be held as to the primitive source of language—and many have found cause to consider it of divine communication—we may fairly presume that the numerous varieties of speech, now existing, had their origin in the detached localities and under the various conditions in which portions of mankind were early spread over the earth. Their formation, and the changes they have undergone, have been determined by the faculties, feelings, and social instincts, common to the whole species, and requiring analogous modes of expression by speech. Accordingly, we find that the grammatical relations of different languages, apart from those technical forms which disguise them to ordinary observation, are more certain and closer than the connection by words and roots. Were there more than one species of mankind, and were the type of one race really inferior in its origin to that of another, nothing would be so likely to attest this as the manner of communication of thought and feeling. Language itself would become the surest interpreter of this difference. But its actual varieties, only partially coincident with the degree of civilization and social advancement, offer no such lines of demarcation; and, however great the differences, all possess and manifest in their structure a common relation to the uses or necessities of man.

The most peculiar class of languages, that most detached from others in its genius as well as forms, is undoubtedly the monosyllabic, as spoken and written in China and certain conterminous countries. The singularities of this *inorganic language*, as it may well be termed, have furnished endless matter of discussion to the most accomplished philologists. It has even been made a question whether it should be termed the most imperfect or the most perfect form of human

speech; whether the rudest or the most philosophical of inventions. Without engaging in a warfare of definitions, which here, as in so many other cases, are the real matter in dispute, we may safely state it to fulfill all the probable conditions of language in its earliest and most simple form. M. Bunsen goes so far as to consider it as a monument of antediluvian speech, insulated from others by physical changes on the globe, and retaining those primitive and fundamental characters which have elsewhere merged into secondary and more complex forms. Without following him into this bold speculation, it is sufficient to say that, even if the Chinese language were proved to stand absolutely alone in its most prominent features, we could recognize in this no proof of a separate stock of mankind. The physical characters of this people distinctly denote them as belonging to the great Mongolian family; and as the monosyllabic form of language does not extend to other nations of that race, we are not entitled from its peculiarities to deduce a conclusion which is opposed to these less dubious marks of a common original.

We are left, then, amidst this multitudinous array of tongues, with no more certain clue of origin than those common necessities of social life and intercourse which belong to the species. These, however, are necessities in the strongest sense of the word. They compel the formation of language, and even of the more essential grammatical forms which it assumes. To explain its multiplied varieties we can do no other than admit, what is probable, indeed, on other grounds, the early separation of the human race into distinct communities, and the dispersion of those into localities so far detached as to give cause and scope for the formation of new languages; some of them retaining obvious traces of a primitive root, and collaterally connected more or less closely with other tongues; others, again, seemingly insulated in origin and independent of all such connection. The latter case is obviously the one most difficult to conceive, compatibly with a single origin of mankind; and in seeking for explanation we feel ourselves forced backward upon periods of time which may well alarm the imagination and discourage inquiry. Recent research, however, has done a good deal to abate these difficulties; and it is important to remark here, as we have done in respect to the physical diversities of mankind, that the more minute the inquiry, the more do all differences and anomalies disappear from view. A mere superficial regard

to words and sounds often leaves widely asunder what a rigid analysis of methods and roots will exhibit as closely related in origin, and dissevered only by successive steps, which are sometimes themselves to be traced in existing forms of speech. The philosophy of language thus becomes a guide to ethnology, the best interpreter of the history of nations.

Were we not limited here to a mere outline of the subject, many instances might be given of these recent discoveries in philology which have removed old barriers of time and space, and thrown their light forward upon fields of knowledge still unexplored. It is interesting to note how much these discoveries, as well as the classification and nomenclature of languages previously adopted, connect themselves with the recorded tripartite division of mankind into three great families after the Scriptural deluge. Some of the most remarkable results recently obtained are those which disclose relations, hitherto unsuspected or unproved, between the language of Ancient Egypt and the Semitic and Japhetic languages of Asia; thus associating together in probable origin those three great roots which, in their separate diffusion, have spread forms of speech over all the civilized parts of the world. Taking the Japhetic, or Indo-Teutonic branch, as it has lately been termed, we find these inquiries embracing and completing the connections between the several families of language which compose this eminent division of mankind; already dominant in Europe for a long series of ages, and destined apparently, through some of its branches, to still more general dominion over the globe. We may mention, as one of the latest examples of the refined analysis of which we are speaking, the complete reduction of the Celtic to the class of Indo-Teutonic languages, through the labors of Bopp, Prichard, and Pictet; whereby an eighth family is added to this great stock, and the circle completed which defines their relations to one another, and to the other languages of mankind.

In closing our remarks on this subject, we must again repeat, that we have almost exclusively limited them to what regards its general connection with the primitive history of man;—unable to include that vast body of knowledge which has given philology a place among the sciences, and associated it with ethnology by relations which serve to

illustrate and verify both. Yet we have said enough to show how closely the history of human language is connected with that of the human species—and, further, how strongly these researches tend to the same conclusion as that already deduced from physiology, viz., that man is of one species, and derived from a single pair primitively created on the earth. There yet remain two inquiries, to which, notwithstanding their interest, we have only slightly adverted—those, namely, which regard *time* and *place* in their relation to this great event. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic difficulty of these questions under any circumstances, we consider that they cannot reasonably be brought into view until we have first mastered, as far as it may be done, this preliminary science of human languages. Our physical knowledge of man, as a part of the animal creation, is wholly inadequate to such inquiries; and he must, in truth, be an adventurous reasoner who expects to draw from either source any certain solution of them.

We may possibly at a future time resume this important subject in the greater detail it requires. Meanwhile, we hope to have already justified the assertion with which we prefaced this article, that there is no subject of science of deeper interest than that which regards the natural history and original condition of man. Even were the questions it involves less remarkable, and less important in regard to the present and future condition of the species, the methods of argument and sources of evidence are such as may well engage and engross every scientific inquirer. The evidence is drawn from all parts of creation—from the mind, as well as from the bodily conformation of man himself. The argument is one of probability; always tending to greater certainty, though, it may be, incapable of ever reaching that which is complete. But this is a method of reasoning well understood to be compatible with the highest philosophy, and peculiarly consonant to our present faculties and position in the universe. And if “in this ocean of disquisition fogs have been often mistaken for land,” as in so many other regions of science, we may at least affirm that the charts are more correctly laid down than ever before; the bearings better ascertained; and that our reason can hardly be shipwrecked on this great argument, if common caution be observed in the course we pursue.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON MR. MACAULAY'S PRAISE OF SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring :
 For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 But drinking largely sobers us again.

THIS often-quoted passage has commonly been employed in such a way as to imply that the quoter has an interest in the doctrine which it expresses, and can afford to despise "a little learning" and "shallow draughts." We believe that Mr. Macaulay was the first person who had the spirit to refuse to join this general league of self-complacency, and to take the other side on general grounds. A little while ago, at a public meeting at Edinburgh, he made a speech in which he took for his thesis the absurdity of these fears of the danger of superficial learning. This thesis he illustrated with his own peculiar brilliancy and fertility. What, he asked, is the standard of shallowness? Is it anything fixed? Is not the profoundness of one age the shallowness of the next? The same knowledge which made Ramahoun Roy profound among the Hindoos would have made him superficial among Edinburgh men. The boarding-school girls of this day are profound geographers in comparison with Strabo. Gulliver, who was a giant in Lilliput, was a pigmy in Brobdignag. The profound astronomer of a few centuries back was an astrologer: the profound chemist, an alchemist. Herschel and Faraday enable us to smile at such profundity.

When an orator has delighted his audience by a series of lively sallies, which at the same time please their imagination and gratify their vanity, it is an ungracious task to set coldly to work to point out the fallacy of the arguments and the falseness of the illustrations. And we must suppose that this was the reason why the many eminent and able men who listened to Mr. Macaulay's defence of "a little learning" acquiesced, by their silence, in the doctrines which he then put forward.

* The Danger of Superficial Knowledge; an Introductory Lecture to the Course of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, delivered on the 1st and 2d of November, 1848. By J. D. Forbes, Esq., F.R.S., &c. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

But now that the occasion is long past, it may not be without its use that we should look calmly at his assertions, and try to see with some precision where the fallacy is. For that there is a fallacy, even his own conclusions must make apparent to any sober thinker; and even the audience, who shouted their laughing applause when the orator told them how far they were superior to the astrologists and alchemists of the middle ages, must have had some misgiving when he asserted that each of them, and even most of their daughters, were more profound geographers than Strabo, and deeper astronomers than Kepler or Tycho Brahé. They can hardly have believed that a man who, like Strabo, knew the whole history of geographical discovery up to his own time, and had present to his mind the aspect of almost every city and every shore, was a shallow geographer in comparison with one of us, merely because we can repeat the names of Otaheite and New Zealand, and recognize a map of Baffin's Bay when we see it; or that, simply because we know how many satellites of Saturn have been discovered, and how many small planets there are between Mars and Jupiter, we are better astronomers than those men who, three centuries ago, settled the form of the planets' orbits, and made out the irregularities of the moon's motions. If we hold this, we must also assert ourselves to be more profound astronomers than Newton, because we are apprised of the discovery of Uranus and Neptune; and greater geographers than Rennel and Malte-Brun, because we know where Boothia Felix and Mounts Erebus and Terror lie.

But it is evident that all such assertions go upon the supposition, which is palpably absurd, that because the whole body of knowledge existing at the present day is greater than it was at any previous time, therefore we who possess *any portion* of that knowledge must know more than any one who lived a few generations ago. The absurdity of this

fancy is surely palpable enough. Granted that *the world* knows much more now than it did in the time of Galileo, do *we* therefore necessarily know more than he did? Granted that much that was new and difficult then is easy and familiar now, may there not still be many things which were easy to him and which yet are difficult to us? Surely it is a very baseless and self-complacent delusion to identify ourselves with our age, as if we must needs share in its attainments, know much because it knows much, be profound because it is profound. We might object to calling the knowledge of the present day "more profound" than that of former times, merely because it is more advanced, more extended. We might say, that an astronomical lecturer of the present day is not necessarily more profound than Galileo, Kepler, Tycho, merely because he is acquainted with discoveries made since their time. We might reasonably object to a scale of profundity by which the world grows every year deeper and deeper in its knowledge. But grant such a scale. Let it be that the world in the nineteenth century is a very profound world. Let the ocean of its acquirements be deep as well as wide. Is there no such thing as a shallow draught from a deep vessel? Is it not possible that the stream may be shallow though the source be deep? May not a man have a superficial acquaintance with a profound subject? And is not this so with regard to ordinary readers? Do *they* know astronomy or chemistry profoundly, merely because it is profoundly known in this their day? Do they really know the sciences better than the astronomers and chemists of the sixteenth century? It is easy to laugh at astrologers and alchemists, and to please and amuse ourselves by thinking how far our views and our knowledge elevate us above their absurd projects and fables: but let us recollect that there has been a stage *intermediate* between them and us, and let us ask if we are equal to the men of that intermediate stage? We know that there are planets which Galileo or Copernicus did not dream of, but have we as exact a knowledge of the motions of Venus, and Mars, and Jupiter, as they had? Can we determine the places of these planets at any given time, as they could do?—as even Ptolemy and the Greek astronomers could do? It is easy to laugh at those who calculated *nativities*; but have we any right to laugh at those who could calculate *eclipses*, which probably we could none of us do? And so in other subjects. We know what Glauber's salts are,

better than Glauber himself did:—at least, we can give them their systematic name: we can call them sulphate of soda; but do we know as well as he did what will be the effects of mixture in the hot way and in the cold way, upon oil of vitriol and soda;—how salts are made, and changed, by heat, and solution, and distillation? We can name such things; but do we know anything more than the name? We can laugh at the alchemists and their dreams of finding silver and gold in lead and iron; but can we take a piece of ore, and ascertain what silver and what gold is in it, which men could do three centuries ago? If we do not know what the men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did know—knowledge which was true, and which has only been transformed and translated into new language in modern times, not superseded and rejected—what right have we to plume ourselves upon a fancied superiority over them, merely because we have learnt to repeat some of the phrases in which knowledge more recently acquired has been expressed? The great masters in our time may be superior to those who have preceded them in the extent, and, if you please, in the profundity of the knowledge which they possess; but such men are never led by their superiority to think lightly of the discoverers and men of science who have preceded them; and if we, merely because we live among the great men of our age and country, and have the opportunity of hearing their voice and listening to the truths which they utter, are led to despise preceding philosophers for their inferiority, what does this prove, but that we are conceited through the smallness, not the largeness of our knowledge? What does it prove, except precisely what the poet says, that

Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain?

And does not the very different temper of the most profound men of science in all times show to us, that

Drinking deeply sobers us again?

All this may be said, granting the truth of Mr. Macaulay's illustration:—allowing that knowledge goes on constantly growing a larger and larger mass, a deeper and deeper well,—allowing that the generations of men are of a constantly increasing stature, so that the intellectual giant of one age is the intellectual pigmy of the next; so that man, in this respect, is like Gulliver, a giant to the Lilliputians who preceded him, a pigmy to

the Brobdingnagians who follow him. But all this is really quite a delusive view, and the image altogether inappropriate. All this goes upon the supposition that knowledge is a sort of measurable material commodity, that goes on increasing by perpetual additions, like the wall which the bricklayer builds, or the hoard which the miser accumulates.

The smallest attention to the history of science shows us how baseless this representation is. Knowledge does not commonly thus grow by repeated *addition* of parts to parts, but by perpetual *transformations*. When the house has been built by one man, it is pulled down, and a new one—it is to be hoped, a better—built in its place by another man. We are not, therefore, to expect that the houses built in the nineteenth century shall be nineteen times, or any other number of times as large as those built in the first century. When the hoard has been accumulated to a certain amount, it is put in some new shape,—employed in trade, it may be, and made to bring an increase, and thus the man becomes really rich; not by the addition of coin to coin without spending or changing, so as necessarily to give to each successive generation a larger and larger store. The notion that man's intellectual stature goes on constantly increasing is not a whit more wise than the notion that his corporeal stature goes on dwindling from generation to generation. The notion that the men of our days are giants compared with men of former times is not more philosophical than the notion that there were giants in those days compared with whom we are dwarfs. The old proverbial expression is far truer, that we may *see further* than they did, because *we stand on their shoulders*. The truth is, that, compared with the men of other times, we are neither giants nor dwarfs. The relation between the two generations is neither the one nor the other. In both ages, men were men. In our age we have, it may be, better food, both for the body and the mind; but it would be very unwise to suppose that we are on that account better, or stronger, or fairer, than our great-grandfathers. They had not turtle and South-down mutton; but, perhaps, goat's flesh and mead, or, it may be, acorns and water. But let us not thence conclude that, therefore, they were weak and we are strong; that if we could be brought into comparison with them, their inferiority would forthwith appear. Nobody, we suppose, believes this. And just the same is the case with the results of our intellectual food. We are nour-

ished from our earliest years with the Copernican system of astronomy, the Newtonian doctrine of attraction, the chemistry which expresses the composition of substances in their nomenclature; but are we really in any material respect superior to those who formerly were taught other systems, which, though they did not explain all facts, explained all that men *then* knew of fact, and very probably all that *we*, as individuals, know of fact; or who were taught systems which prevailed then because the ideas in which the newer systems are expressed were not then matured? Granted that we have got the truth free from some of their errors, yet their views included much truth which is incorporated in our views; and it is very possible that they saw their truth more clearly than we see ours. And that some of them did this is plain; for they could use their truth to deduce and predict other truths, as eclipses, and separation of metals, which, as we have said, few of us could do. And if this be the case, was not their knowledge really more profound than ours? and can we be said to know more than they did merely because we can assent to propositions which have been established in more recent times?

Is it not, in truth, the fact, that in a great number of cases where we profess to know the scientific discoveries of modern times, we merely repeat the phrases in which these discoveries are expressed, without fully understanding the meaning of the language which we use? And is it not also true, that we are very often prevented from fully understanding the language of modern science because we are ignorant of the previous stages of science? We do not *really* know that which we despise our predecessors for not knowing: we do not know this well,—precisely because we do not know what our predecessors did know. We are perplexed by such terms as *right ascension* and *oblique ascension*, because we do not know the manner in which former astronomers studied the circles of the celestial globe. We do not enter into the full import of Bacon's or Newton's great works, because we do not know the ideas which were in the minds of their contemporaries. We talk of the discovery of new metals, but we do not know what we mean by *a metal*, because we have not traced the previous progress of such inquiries. Here there is certainly a difference between our predecessors and ourselves, but is it so entirely and manifestly to our advantage?

They knew what we do not. We know what they did not. If we know *well* what we

know, we have the advantage, because our knowledge then includes theirs; but if our knowledge do *not* include theirs, the possession of it is no advantage to us, for the knowledge is hollow and verbal merely. If this be so, we, compared with them, are not like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. We are such as Gulliver would have been, if he had become a convert to the Laputan philosophers, and had returned to his home gravely asserting as a recent discovery that sunbeams could be extracted from cucumbers, and that a machine might be constructed which should reason.

But, says Mr. Macaulay, if you object to shallow knowledge, tell me what is your standard of shallowness? Is it fixed or changeable? Is not *that* shallow knowledge now, which would have been deep in the days of Erasmus?—We have already said that we express the fact much more appropriately, by saying that the knowledge of modern times is *more advanced*, than by saying that it is “more profound.” But with regard to the standard of knowledge, and of its “profoundness,” or whatever quality that be, which makes it really valuable, do we ask what is the standard of this value? It is plain, from what has been just said, what the answer must be. Knowledge, to be valuable, must really *be knowledge*. The man must *know*, and not merely read books and talk of what they contain. He must have ideas which correspond to the words:—true ideas; ideas made true by a possession of facts and of history, so far as these elements are requisite for the purpose. His knowledge being thus true and real, he may know much or little; but, much or little, his knowledge will be valuable. He may know more or less than a given man of the last age, or the last age but one. But whether he know more or less, he will not despise the man of the former age; because he knows that he himself certainly knows much less than many men of the last age, in a far greater degree than they knew less than the most scientific men of our times. The standard

of knowledge is not fixed for the world; though even for the world the progress of the standard is a perpetual transformation, which makes measurement of relative position far from easy; but with regard to individuals, the standard is fixed. The standard of the value, or, if you will, of the profoundness of knowledge, as distinguished from shallowness, is, that it is really knowledge; distinct and clear thoughts, not merely remembered words; knowledge connected with principles, not merely noted as facts. All that complies not with this condition is shallow, is worthless, is intoxicating, and, therefore, dangerous. All that is real knowledge is valuable, even if it be little; so far, the poet's words are too absolute, if rigorously taken: but the *little* of the first couplet is explained by the *shallow* of the second. But real knowledge, as it becomes more and more extensive, retaining its reality and its fullness of ideas, and the clear deduction of knowledge from knowledge, becomes profound in a stronger sense; and although, as Mr. Macaulay has very well said, it must always be little, compared with the whole extent of possible and conceivable knowledge, it need not at any stage be shallow, since it may go to the full depth of the thoughts which it professes to combine and express.

The remarks which we have made agree, for the most part, with some of those which Professor J. Forbes has urged upon his pupils, and since upon the public, in the little book to which we have referred at the beginning of this article. He has treated the subject in a more profound and methodical manner than we have done, as becomes a learned professor compared with monthly critics. And we are too magnanimous and too consistent to be discontented, if any reader, convinced by our reasons, is still of opinion that a little of such reasoning is a dangerous thing, and should determine to draw from Professor Forbes's page a deeper draught of antidote to the siren strains in which Mr. Macaulay sang his *Encomium Moria*.

From Tait's Magazine.

WINTER PICTURES OF DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN.

LET us perfectly understand one another, reader. If you imagine that I am about to give you a full, true, and particular account of all the lions in the city—to enumerate, in guide-book fashion, the thousand-and-one remarkable buildings, and to dwell, with stupefying minuteness, on the contents of museums, churches, palaces, arsenals, and so forth, I give you fair warning that you will be grievously disappointed. Such dreary rule-and-square drudgery would of itself fill a huge quarto volume, and even then the subject would be far from being exhausted. I only profess to notice such striking external objects, and such general traits of manners, as come immediately under my personal observation or inquiry, and can be correctly described by a stranger; for it would be absurd presumption to affect to write aught of higher pretension on the strength of a few weeks' residence. Nothing but a very long sojourn, a perfect familiarity with the manners of the people, and a thorough knowledge of the language, would enable an Englishman to authoritatively and fully depict life in the capital of Denmark, and to pleasingly illustrate it with legendary lore.* My object, so far as Copenhagen is concerned, is to give a tolerably clear and faithful general idea of the place and people, with notices of a few objects of really surpassing interest; and happy shall I be if my humble sketches prove instrumental in creating a desire on the part of the public for a work of the description above spoken of.

At the time I pen this, I am familiar with

* I know only one gentleman who eminently possesses all these qualifications, and I have strongly and repeatedly urged him to write a work on the subject, which could hardly fail to be replete with interest. I allude to Mr. Charles Beckwith, who has distinguished himself here by his Danish-English works, and is favorably known to the English public, by his admirable translations of his friend, Hans Christian Andersen's, "*Bazaar*," "*Rambles in the Hartz Mountains*," "*Two Baronesses*," &c.

the external features of nearly every part of Copenhagen, and feel sufficiently qualified, therefore, to give one man's humble but honest impressions of its salient features and general characteristics. So sensitive are nearly all men to the *first sight* of both cities and individuals, that sometimes the most intimate subsequent acquaintance fails to change the original intensely vivid conception, no matter whether it is right or wrong. Undoubtedly, many a traveler who glances for the first time at a landscape bathed in golden sunlight, or who first visits a city when it is unusually prosperous, gay, and splendid, is impressed with a correspondingly exaggerated notion of the beauty of the one, and the attractions of the other. But let him first see the same landscape when a black storm is lowering over it, and first see the same city when its commerce is depressed, and its dwellers spiritless—his opinion would be just the reverse. And yet that opinion would, in either case, be an erroneous one. For my own part, I have a singular affection for the road or street by which I may first enter a strange city; and however long I may afterward sojourn there, and however humble or uninteresting in itself the road or street in question may be, I afterward tread it with greater pleasure, and more frequently than any other. It happened that I entered Copenhagen in a way by no means calculated to bias any impressions of it, and yet the very first time I trod its streets I imbibed opinions concerning it which every day's acquaintance only more strongly confirms.

Copenhagen contains about 130,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Sound, about nine English miles distant from the opposite coast of Sweden. It is as flat a place as can well be conceived, nor are there any elevated grounds very near it. The view of Copenhagen from the sea is very striking, owing to its having on the west side an enormous mass of dockyards, forts, batteries, &c. It is inclosed with ramparts, elevated

to a considerable height, and forming delightful walks planted with trees. There are also beautiful promenades in other parts of the city. Many parts of the town are intersected with canals.

Copenhagen is emphatically a city of palaces, of museums, of public buildings. This is its grand distinctive feature, and to appreciate it fully nothing but a personal visit will suffice. No person of ordinary intelligence can walk through it without, at every step, exclaiming—THIS IS A CAPITAL! The number of grand edifices belonging to the State are truly astonishing, and yet, taking the city all through, there is not one erection of extraordinary grandeur—not a palace, not a church, not a square, which will bear comparison with those of many other cities. It is true that some of the Government buildings are of amazing extent, and are well built; but, generally speaking, they are essentially plain in their architecture, and exhibit little grandeur of conception. Some of the churches are very extraordinary erections, and contain paintings and sculptures (especially the latter) of inestimable value. There are theatres, a very grand casino, and many places of exhibition. The generality of the streets are narrow, and the people are surprisingly mixed up with the carriages, on the middle of the road, in the narrowest streets; but as no vehicle by law is allowed to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile (about five English) per hour, accidents rarely occur. The houses have all a substantial and yet a light appearance, owing to the great number of their windows. Some are lofty, especially those facing the ramparts. Although there is not one truly grand street in Copenhagen, there are astonishingly few mean ones. Nearly every street throughout the city is at least respectable. You will search in vain for those dirty, dismal, fetid, sweltering alleys and courts common to all English towns; and you will look equally in vain for any of those repulsive street scenes common in the latter. Beggars are certainly not unknown here, but they are exceedingly few—no miserable objects in rags and tatters ever disgust the eye; and never yet have I met a drunken man in Copenhagen, although I have traversed it at all hours.

There is no lack, as I shall hereafter show of indoor gayety in Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. Partly, this arises from the very little show the shops make,

the comparatively trifling business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the Danes have *not yet learned to live in a hurry*; but, although they are "slow," they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of England in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally. My countrymen! I scorn to flatter you—what I here say may be unpalatable to some among you; but it is true.

DANISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

The booksellers' shops were, of course, a subject of particular interest to me. They make very little external show, generally having only one or two small windows, a considerable height from the pavement, with a few books and prints displayed against the lower panes. Glazed show-cases, also, containing new works, &c., are attached underneath the windows, and along the sides of the entrance passages. In many instances, the shop itself is only accessible by a flight of steps from a side entrance—strongly contrasting in this, as in other respects, with similar concerns in England. Some of the shops are well stocked with works in various languages (especially German and French), and the publishers are intelligent men, *au courant* on literary subjects. They sell English books at the London prices; but the time occupied in procuring them to order is never less than one month, and sometimes above three. One striking feature in English large towns, shops devoted to the sale of weekly literary sheets and periodicals is altogether unknown in Copenhagen. There are no works whatever published in numbers in Denmark, and no magazines, with the exception of one, a literary and critical monthly, entitled "*Nord og Syd*," (North and South). As to English cheap journals they are utterly unknown; but the English and French monthlies and quarterlies have many subscribers. The number of newspapers of all descriptions issued in Denmark is from seventy to a hundred. In Copenhagen alone there are ten daily and four weekly newspapers, and nearly every little village—under which designation Englishmen would, in fact, class almost all places in the kingdom, excepting the capital—has one or more papers of its own. The largest of the Copenhagen papers is somewhat larger than *one leaf* only

of the London "*Times*," and the smallest are not quite double the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. The type is large and the lines leaded out, so that the mass of reading in one of these papers is actually much less than is contained in even half a page of some of the London weekly papers, which use small type. These miniature papers give a little local and foreign intelligence; but the bulk of the matter consists of original leading political articles. One important feature in them is their *feuilleton*, which consists of either fiction or poetry, original or translated. At this time, one of the biggest daily journals, called the "*Fædrelandet*" (Fatherland), is publishing in its *feuilleton* a regularly continued translation of Dickens' tale of "*David Copperfield*," which occasionally occupies nearly half of the current number. The Government organ is "*Berlingske Tidende*" (Berling's Gazette). Some of these papers are printed in Roman characters, but the majority are in German type. Their price is from one penny to twopence each number. There is also a weekly publication called "*Corsaren*" (The Corsair), of the same description as "*Punch*" of London, and the "*Charivari*" of Paris. I am informed that it was originally very able, but is considered to have fallen off greatly of late. Some of its illustrations struck me as being good, but most of them are puerile, without either wit or satire discoverable in them.

Denmark is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural sequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable, and some of them—especially gift books and annuals—are got up in a style which would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works at times attain here, I may mention that a poem of length, entitled "*Den Lille Hornblæser*" (The Little Trumpeter), by H. P. Holst—having for its subject the recent war with the Duchies—was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of very great talent—a few even are of brilliant genius. Foremost in the latter rank is the veteran Oehlenschlæger, of whom a gentleman, who I know to be a first-rate au-

thority, said to me, "Sir, his tragedies are entitled to a place on the same shelf with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth a foreigner's while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate Oehlenschlæger." "Really," I replied, "if that is the case, it is grievous to reflect that the accident of language should confine the works of such a man to so limited a circle of readers. It seems to me much like giving to a party what was meant for mankind."*

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained such an unrivaled popularity in England. I have conversed with many on the subject, both at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and all agree that Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a very high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly gifted man; nor are they insensible to his peculiar merit. All they contend for is, that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of such beings as Oehlenschlæger. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. At present, I much regret that I have only read a little of Andersen's writings; but that little is quite sufficient to impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark. I loved the man ere I had read a dozen of his pages: he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned heartfelt affection for his brother man. I should, for my own part, bitterly abhor any author who merely simulated sensibility—I should loath his very name. Now I have private reason to know that Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantile yet finely-poetical and noble nature.† This it is that gives that charm to his writings, which has been so universally felt. This it is which will impart unto them

* Since writing the above, I have learned that Oehlenschlæger has sold the entire copyright of all his works—which fill many volumes—for the sum of only 6,000 rix-dollars Danish, or £675 sterling. Why, there are English novelists who have earned twice as much within one fortnight! And yet, the works in question are the long-life-labors of a mighty intellect.—W. H.

† I probably shall hereafter give some personal details concerning Hans Christian Andersen. W. H.

an enduring vitality, for human nature is the same in all ages, and what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now, will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Andersen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem; and so thoroughly has he preoccupied the field, that I know for a fact, that the London publishers decline to bring out works of any other Danish author, on that very account.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know not any other Swedish writer; but here publishers and critics alike smile with surprise, when I tell them this, and they unanimously declare, that both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer. Really, after all is said and done, it is enough to make one mutter something about a prophet and his own country—is it not?

I felt naturally curious to learn what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and I learned, from an undoubtedly reliable source, that the four favorites are Bulwer, Marryat, Dickens, and James. The sequence of their names, as here given, indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read; and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Fauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small—not one-fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this, when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then, nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognizes the claims of literature—paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever. I blush for my own mighty country as I write this, for with all her countless wealth, England, as a state, grudgingly assigns so niggard, so beggarly a mite, for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science, that foreigners may well cry shame. When will this burning stain be wiped away? When will British legislators learn that spirit is superior to matter—that mammon will perish, but that

the eliminations of God-given genius never pass away? The crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works, which, from their abstruse nature, cannot, of themselves, command a remunerating sale, and, consequently, but for its assistance, would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was, I believe, a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago, the Bishop of Copenhagen published a translation of Ossian.

There are in Copenhagen two literary institutions, principally devoted to reading. One is the Athenæum, and consists of a suite of many very commodious and handsomely-fitted reading-rooms, a refreshment room, and also one devoted to conversation and smoking. It possesses a valuable library of upward of 20,000 volumes, principally in the German language—few shelves only being French and English standard works, including latest editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is plentifully supplied with Danish, German, and French journals and serials, but rather scantily with English ones. It only takes the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and *Punch*; the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and "Law Reviews;" and *Tait's* and the *United Service* magazines. None other than regularly-elected members of the first personal respectability are admitted to this excellent institution; but shortly after my arrival Mr. Philepsen, a Copenhagen publisher, very kindly made application on my behalf to the directors, who immediately accorded me free usage of all the privileges of a member—of which I have daily availed myself. While thus acknowledging the courtesy shown me, I wish I could positively assure my Danish friends that my own countrymen would not be less generous toward any of them, should they sojourn in Britain under similar circumstances. The other establishment, which is called the "*Arissalon*" (News Room), is a much humbler and less exclusive place, and has only very recently been opened. It is tolerably well supplied with newspapers, and the public can at any time go there, by payment of half a marc (about 2½d. English) per visit, or by monthly or quarterly subscriptions.

To conclude this chapter of literary gossip, I may just add, that, happening to say to a literary gentleman here, that the phrase, "*James's solitary horseman*," is a standard joke with the English critics, he replied—

"Yes, and so is '*Andersen's solitary stork*' with us, for he introduces it into every book he has ever written."

THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.

During the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and to successively experience what spring is in London; what summer is in Paris; what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Vividly indeed can I dwell on the marvelous contrast of the night-aspect of each, but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them is that presented by the watchmen of the last-named. When I first looked on these guardians of the night, I involuntarily thought of Shakspeare's Dogberry and Verges. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great-coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they carry a staff of office, on which they screw, when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the *Northern Star*. They also sometimes may be seen with a lantern at their belt; the candle contained in said lantern they place at the top of their staff to relight any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the fire occurs, and they also put out from the tower flags and lights pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening, until four o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chaunt a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone; and from a distance, it floats on the still night-air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of old antiquity, and were written, I am told, by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved in the old style, and in the centre is a large engraving exactly representing one of the ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete custom, with his staff and Northern Star in hand, a lantern at his belt, and his dog at his feet. A copy of the broadside has been procured me, and my friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, (*Andersen's* translator), has expressly made for me a *verbatim* translation of the verses, and his able version I will now give at length. I am induced to

do this, because, not merely are the chaunts most interesting in themselves, as a fine old relic of Scandinavian customs, but there seems to me a powerful poetical spirit pervading them. At the top of the sheet are the lines:—

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Baag og beed,	Watch and pray,
Thi tiden gaar;	For time goes;
Tænk og strax,	Think, and directly,
Du beed ei naar.	You know not when.

In large letters over the engraving of the watchman are the words:—

Lobet hæere Gud! vor Herre, ham
Skee Lob, Pries, og Ære!

That is—

Praised be God! our Lord, to whom
Be love, praise, and honor.

I will now give the literal version, printed exactly in the same arrangement of lines, letters, and punctuation, as the original:

COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the Earth,
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave;
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step
To the grave place,*
And grant a blissful death.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the day strides down,
And the night rolls forth,
Forgive, for Jesus' wounds,
Our sins, O mildest God!
Preserve the Royal house,
And all men
In this land
From the violence of foes.

TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,
Husband,† girl, and boy;
Then it's about the time
That one prepares for bed.
Commend yourselves to God,
Be prudent and cautious,
Take care of lights and fire,
Our clock it has struck ten.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God, our Father, us preserve,
The great with the small,
His holy angel-host,
A fence around us place!
He himself the town will watch;
Our house and home
God has in care
Our entire life and soul.

* Burial-place.

† Wife is also understood.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour
Our Saviour he was born,
The wide world to console,
Which else would ruined be.
Our clock it has struck twelve,
With tongue and mouth,
From the heart's depths
Commend yourselves to God's care.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesu dear!
Our cross here in this world
Patiently to bear;
There is no Saviour more.*
Our clock it has struck one,
Extend to us thy hand,
O consoling man;†
Then the burden becomes light.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Thou mild Jesu child,
To whom we were so dear,
Was born in darkness wild,
To Thee be honor, love, and praise.
Thou worthy Holy Ghost
Enlighten us
Eternally,
That we may thee behold.

* There is no other Saviour.

† O consoler!

THREE O'CLOCK.

Now the black night strides on,
And the day approaches;
God, let those stay away
Who us will distress!
Our clock it has struck three,
O pious Father
Come to our help,
Grant us Thy grace.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Thou, eternal God, have honor
In thy Heavenly choir,
Who watchman wilt be
For us who dwell on earth.
Now it rings off watch,
For a good night
Say thanks to God;
Take good care of Time.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu! morning star!
Our King unto thy care
We so willingly commend,
Be thou his Sun and Shield!
Our clock it has struck five.
Come mild Sun,
From mercy's pale,
Light up our house and home.*

* Many of the Danish words of this song are obsolete, but Mr. Beckwith has with great care given the precise equivalents. I am not aware that any translation of it has ever appeared before.—W. H.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

MAURICE MAYFIELD—OR, NEVER TOO LATE.

MAURICE Mayfield was exactly what is generally called a remarkably fine boy, and the pride of his mother's heart. As an infant he was rosy, vigorous, and robust,—the envy of all the matrons in the neighborhood where his family dwelt. And as he grew in strength and beauty, with his fine rich hair clustering in short curls around his large but well-shaped head, and as he threw about his lusty limbs, and displayed a complexion heightened by vigorous exercise, but never by ill-temper—for Maurice was remarkably good-humored—no wonder that his own fond mother stood gazing at him with a smile almost of exultation lighting up her face and making her look at once both proud and happy.

And yet the mother of Maurice Mayfield

was a widow, and placed in what are called straitened circumstances; for though she would gladly have indulged her beautiful son by purchasing for him almost anything which he desired to eat, drink, or possess, such was the smallness of her income, that she was often compelled to deny herself and him the gratification of these wishes. It is true they would not have been very easily gratified had Mrs. Mayfield been a much richer woman than she was; for Maurice had a most pressing and peculiar fancy for everything good to eat, whenever it could be had, as well as for everything beautiful to see, amusing to hear, or valuable to possess.

People called him a greedy fellow; but they smiled so kindly when they did so, and

patted him so gently on his fine rosy cheek, and so often gave him at the same time the very thing he wanted, that for Maurice to entertain an idea that greediness was disagreeable to any of his numerous friends would have been contrary to nature. Nor in fact was the child greedy, according to the general application of the word; for he liked very much to give his good things to other people as soon as his own appetite was satisfied, and he would most willingly have fed the whole human race on sponge-cake and barley-sugar.

But Maurice was not the only child of his widowed mother. He had a sister, Isabel, one year older than himself, and between these two children a more than common attachment had been cherished from their early infancy. Indeed, the widow's family altogether was an unusually united one; seldom finding any moments so pleasant as those which were spent together in their own quiet domestic way, around a simple, but always genteel-looking table, or hearth.

It is not pretended that this family were free from those natural faults which so often create disunion, even where affection exists. No doubt they had each their share of these. Mrs. Mayfield was, perhaps, too proud of her children, too solicitous that they should succeed in the world and obtain the approbation of her friends. Isabel, the daughter, was a trifle too anxious about those whom she loved, about her brother in particular; and Maurice—but of him there remains so much to tell, that it will be best to let his character speak for itself.

One thing, however, it may be well to state in the outset—that as he advanced in years, it became evident that he was gifted by nature with very superior talents, and could learn more quickly than any of the boys with whom he associated at school or at play. Whether this was a good or an evil appeared sometimes a question with his sister; for, as she used to say—"If Maurice found but half the difficulty in learning which I do, he would be more careful to have his lessons always ready in time." To which sober remark her brother would as frequently reply,—"*But you see I never am really too late.*"

It may be worth while to inquire what was Maurice Mayfield's idea of not being really too late. His sister Isabel could have described it very feelingly, for she had a good deal to do with it one way or another. She knew, therefore, that it consisted chiefly in sitting until the latest possible moment at

night, cracking nuts, or cracking jokes, as the fancy might be; sometimes in looking at pictures, or in making pictures himself by drawing shadows on the wall, caricatures, and all sorts of things to amuse his mother and sister, to make them laugh, and so to turn their attention away from his lessons, which had all to be learned for the next morning; and then, when the hour of bed-time came, of taking up his candle and going up stairs just as leisurely as if all his duties had been done; then placing it on the table, giving two or three long, loud yawns, throwing himself into his comfortable bed, and falling fast asleep before his mother went to take his candle away.

But the morning was the time to be more particularly noticed by those who may wish to follow Maurice Mayfield's plan; the morning, when Isabel crept out upon the staircase, and went sometimes, in her haste, with bare feet along the cold passage to her brother's door, rousing him so gently, and yet so earnestly, that he could not, with any show of reason, fold himself up in the bed-clothes and fall asleep again. It is true this did happen sometimes, but there was always a ready excuse on his part. Isabel had not knocked loud enough, the candle she brought had died out in the socket, he had not believed it was so late as she told him it was. There was always something thought of by Maurice, and brought forward in his own excuse, for he did not like to be blamed, any more than other people do. He simply liked to do what was pleasant to him at the precise moment of doing it.

When Maurice did rouse himself, however, there was noise, and stir, and animation enough. Chairs and stools were then knocked over, books were snatched by their old worn backs, and often torn in the struggle; Isabel was called for faster than she could fly to fetch twenty things at once, and all the while she was entreated, implored, nay, sometimes even commanded to stand beside him to hear his declension of a Latin noun, to look over an exercise, or to find the root of some dozen doubtful words. Shoes, breakfast, clothes, brush, string, buttons, clean handkerchief, slate pencil, every imaginable item that could be necessary, was carefully made ready for the young student as punctually as the clock struck eight; but they were seldom laid hold of by his eager hand until a few minutes before nine, the hour at which he had to make his appearance at the door of Mr. Jessop's academy, situated within half a mile

of his mother's residence. Thus, if Maurice did manage to be really at the door by the time the last stroke of the hour had sounded from the neighboring belfry, it was only by keeping his mother and sister in attendance upon him for a full hour, and then leaving them unnerved, exhausted, and without appetite for the scattered breakfast which remained after he was gone; by running in breathless haste for the whole distance, and all the while cramming into his capacious mouth such portions of buttered roll as he could keep hold of in his rapid flight. By these means Maurice Mayfield so managed as seldom, if ever, to be what is called—*really* too late.

"But the time *may* come," sighed Mrs. Mayfield over her boy, "and if you do not take care, Maurice, it *will* come yet."

"Wait until it does, mother," was the accustomed reply of the heedless boy; and with every repeated warning on the part of his mother, and every repeated success at the critical moment on his own, the triumph of Maurice became more exulting, and his confidence in never being actually too late more complete.

Mrs. Mayfield's small income required great economy and good management, to enable her to maintain a genteel as well as comfortable appearance throughout her household. She had many rich relations, but she did not wish to be indebted to them for money, even in the education of her children. All that she asked of them at present was their interest to obtain for her son admission into a higher school, in order that his mind might be more cultivated, his manners improved, and his whole character fitted for taking a higher position in the world.

Nor was Maurice, in reality, undeserving of his mother's anxious care. Partial as she was, and predisposed to look with favorable eye upon everything which his quick talents enabled him to do, even her fond loving heart scarcely valued his natural gifts beyond their real worth. The great thing was to turn his talents to account. And he did turn them to account sometimes, especially at school. When once there, where there was nothing to tempt him from his studies, nothing to eat or to drink, and nothing either to see or to hear, besides the lessons he had to learn, and the duties he had to perform, he found his place always amongst the cleverest boys, many of whom were much older than himself; while he was esteemed by his master as the most promising of all his pupils.

"That boy will be an honor to his family," was the pleasant observation often made by the good schoolmaster, when he drew his chair beside the widow's fire; and Isabel would then stand very still, and look into his face with her deep, searching eyes, and listen, as one listens to sweet music—she loved so much to hear her brother Maurice praised.

Nor was Maurice, in return, indifferent to what was said in praise of his sister. When the boys at Mr. Jessop's academy spoke of her as having beautiful eyes, and asked how old she was, or remarked of any one's hair that they liked to see hair worn as Isabel Mayfield wore hers, Maurice felt more than usually disposed to be on good terms with those boys, and would offer to help them with a sum, or an exercise, as if he owed them a kindness, and was delighted to pay off the debt.

But there were many serious things for Mrs. Mayfield to think about, besides what agreeable remarks were made upon her boy. It was daily becoming more and more desirable that he should be removed to another school; and sorry as Mr. Jessop felt to part with him, he could not deny that since Maurice had gained the highest place in his academy, his efforts had begun to flag, nor was he altogether free from an impression that, under certain circumstances, Maurice *might* yield to habits of procrastination.

The first time Mr. Jessop said this, Isabel was standing near him, in her usual place, for she liked the good schoolmaster, who always spoke so kindly of her brother. But now, gently as this was said, her cheek grew pale, her lip quivered, and suddenly tears started into her deep, thoughtful-looking eyes. Ah! what a tender little heart that was of poor Isabel's, to begin life with, and how often it would be likely to ache, if it could not bear a few gentle words like these! Still, it is a sad thing to hear of the faults of those we love, whether from friend or enemy; but it is a far sadder thing to feel, as the sister of Maurice did on this occasion, that, whatever the kind schoolmaster might say, the truth was far worse than he knew; and that in the secret of her affectionate soul there were fears and misgivings of a far more serious nature than any which Mr. Jessop had expressed. It was this feeling that called forth those tears which Isabel now wiped away from her eyes as fast as they came, and still kept wiping away, until the tea was made ready, and the little party drew toward the table, with a shining lamp in the centre; and then, not liking to attract atten-

tion, Isabel let the tears lie untouched beneath her long eye-lashes, glimmering like dew-drops in the sunshine whenever she looked up.

But the day was not long in coming when a cousin of Mrs. Mayfield's, a very influential gentleman, called, as he told the servant, on rather pressing business, and therefore he asked to speak with her mistress immediately, and alone. The children were consequently told to go out of the room; and although their mother looked very much pleased to see this gentleman, about whom they felt so curious, it was evident by her look and manner that she also felt more than usually anxious.

"Let us go and wait in the store-room," said Maurice, thinking this an opportunity not to be lost for turning his exit from the parlor to some agreeable purpose.

"Don't go far," said the hurried voice of Mrs. Mayfield, as she just at that moment put her head out at the parlor-door which was hastily closed again.

"We shall be all right in the store-room," said Maurice, with concealed satisfaction. But he thought his sister hesitated, and he soon found out why. "Peaches!" exclaimed Maurice, "I declare I smell peaches—where are they? How capital that is! A peach is the very thing I want."

"Wait, dearest Maurice," said Isabel; "we are to have the peaches after dinner. Mamma did not want you to know before then; it was to have been an agreeable surprise."

"But why not *one* peach now," replied Maurice, "and the rest after dinner?"

"There are not many," said Isabel, "and they are a present to mamma."

"Ah! that is all very good of you," observed Maurice; "I should be a shockingly greedy fellow to devour mamma's peaches. I will only eat *one*, then, Isabel, but I must have it *now*."

"I have no right to give it to you," said Isabel, blushing deeply, and looking very uncomfortable.

"True, again," replied Maurice. "You are always right; but see, Isabel, I will take one—only one—quite a little one, too—not nearly so large as the others—and with a hole in it, besides—leaving you and mamma

one, two, three—actually five, much larger than mine."

So saying, Maurice drew out the peach of his choice from the basket, and applied it to his lips. The luscious odor of the fruit was very pleasant to his sense of smell—the soft rind gave promise of a delicious draught of juice within.

As this moment the parlor door opened quickly. "Maurice! Maurice!" said his mother's voice, so earnestly, that Isabel started, and answered, "Yes." Most people would have laid down the peach. Not so Maurice; for on hearing the call repeated, he squashed the whole into his mouth at once, by way of getting rid of it in the manner most agreeable to himself; and while the rapid tread of the gentleman's foot was heard along the hall, toward the outer door, and while Mrs. Mayfield again called for her son, but this time more imploringly than in anger, there stood the prop of his father's house with both cheeks distended and full, and the juice of the peach gushing out from his lips, a most unseemly spectacle to appear before the rich and important gentleman who had condescended to interest himself in his favor.

This mortification, however, was spared to all parties by the hasty manner in which the gentleman left the house; never once looking back toward the store-room, or any other apartment, but only repeating, half to himself and half to Mrs. Mayfield, as she continued to call her boy, "Never mind; never mind. I am pressed for time to-day. You'll not forget the address. It must be your own application, you know; and see that the boy is there in time. Good morning."

The gentleman was gone, and Mrs. Mayfield heaved a deep sigh. "Where have you been, Maurice?" said she, as that hopeful young gentleman came forward, wiping his mouth, and then his fingers, from the juice of the peach. "Where have you been? I did so much wish to introduce you to my cousin the major."

"I was just coming," replied Maurice, rather ashamed of himself.

"But you were too late," observed his mother.

"No, not *really* too late," said Maurice.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE.

READER, if you be not entirely "used up," and can still relish a minor excitement, take a stroll through the General Post-office some Saturday evening just as the clock is upon the stroke of six.

The scene is much more exciting than half the *émeutes* which have lately taken place on the Continent; considerably cheaper, and much more safe. Stand aside amid the treble bank of spectators on the right hand, and watch the general attack upon the letter-takers. A stream of four or five hundred people, who run as Doyle's pencil in *Punch* only can make them run, dash desperately toward the open windows of the receivers. Against this torrent a couple of hundred who have posted, dodge and finally disappear. Wave after wave of people advances and retreats, gorging with billets the capacious swallow of the post. Meanwhile a still more active and vigorous attack is going on in the direction where newspapers are received. A sashless window-frame, with tremendous gape, is assaulted with showers of papers, which fly faster than the driven snow. Now and then large sacks-full, direct from the different news-venders and publishing offices, are bundled in and bolted whole. As the moments pass the flight of papers grows thicker, those who cannot struggle "to the fore" whiz their missiles of intelligence over the heads of the others, now and then sweeping hats with the force of round shot. Letters struggle with more desperate energy, which is increased to frantic desperation as the clock slowly strikes, one—two—three—four—five—six; when, with a nigh miss of guillotining a score of hands, with one loud snap all the windows simultaneously descend. The post, like a huge monster, has received its full supply for the night, and gorged, begins, imperceptibly to the spectators, in quiet to digest.

If we enter behind the scenes and traverse what might be considered the vast stomach of the office, we shall perceive an organization almost as perfect as that which exists in the animal economy, and not very dissimilar to it. The huge piles of letters, and the

hugher mountains of newspapers, lie in heaps—the newly-swallowed food. To separate their different atoms, arrange and circulate them, requires a multiplicity of organs, and a variety of agents, almost as numerous as those engaged in the animal stomach—no one interfering with the others, no one but is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the whole.

So perfect is the drill, so clearly defined the duty of each member of the army of seven or eight hundred men the stranger looks down upon from one of the galleries, that he can only compare its noiseless and unerring movements to the action of some chemical agency.

Toward the vast table upon which the correspondence of two millions of people for two days is heaped and tossed, a certain number performing the functions of the animal chyle proceed to arrange, eliminate, and prepare it for future and more elaborate operations; certain others take away these eliminated atoms, such as the letters for the district delivery, and, by means of a subterranean railway, transport them to their proper office on the opposite side of the building; others, again, like busy ants, carry the letters for the general delivery to the tables of the sorters, when in a moment the important operation of classing into roads and towns, sets all hands to work as busily, as silently, and as purposefully as the restless things we peep at through the hive-glass, building up their winter sweets.

In an hour the process is complete; and the thoughts of lawyers, lovers, merchants, bankers, swindlers, masters, and servants, the private wishes of the whole town, lie side by side, enjoying inviolable secrecy; and bagged, stringed, and sealed, are ready, after their brief meeting, for their final dispersion over the length and breadth of the land.

All the broad features of this well-contrived organization, its economy and power, the spectator sees before him; but much as he is struck thereby, it is only when he begins to examine details and to study the sta-

tistics of the Post-office, that he sees the true vastness of its operations and estimates properly the magnitude and variety of its functions, as the great metropolitan heart of communication with the whole world.

As we pass the noble Post-office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with its ranges of Ionic columns, its triple porticos, and its spacious and elegant quadrangle—a worthy outward manifestation of the order, ingenuity, and intelligence that reign within—we cannot help contrasting its present condition with the postal operations of two or three centuries ago,—the noble oak of the present, with the little acorn of the past.

No truer estimate of the national advance can be obtained than by running down the stream of history in relation to any of our great institutions which deal with the needs and wishes of the masses of the people, and in no one of them is our advance more clearly and correctly shown than in the annals of the Post-office. They form, in fact, a most delicate thermometer, marking the gradual increase of our national vitality, and indicating, with microscopic minuteness, the progress of our civilization.

In early times the post was a pure convenience of the king, instituted for the purpose of forwarding his dispatches, and having no dealings with the public whatsoever. Instead of St. Martin's-le-Grand being the point of departure, "the court," wherever it might happen to be, "made up the mails." How these mails were forwarded may be imagined from the following exculpatory letter written by one Brian Tuke, "Master of the Postes" in Henry the Eighth's time. It would appear that Cromwell had been pulling him up rather sharply for remissness in the forwarding of dispatches. The worthy functionary states that

"The Kinges Grace hath no moo ordinary postes, ne of many days hathe had, but betwene London and Calais. . . . For, sir, ye knowe well, that, except the hackney-horses betwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other parties; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placardes be sent for suche cause (to order the immediate forwarding of some State packet), the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

We should think not, Master Tuke. The worthy post-master further shows how simple and rude were the arrangements of that

day by detailing the manner in which the royal letters were conveyed in what we should have considered to be one of their most important stages:—

"As to postes betwene London and the courte, there be nowe but 2; wherof the on is a good robust felowe, and was wont to be diligent, evil intreated many tymes, he and other postes, by the herbigeours, for lack of horse rome or horsemete, withoute which diligence cannot be. The other hath been the most payneful felowe, in nyght and daye, that I have knowen amongst the messengers. If he nowe slak he shalbe changed, as reason is."

This was in the year 1533. In the time of Elizabeth and James I., horse-posts were established on all the great routes for the conveying of the king's letters. This postal system was, of course, a source of expense to the Government—in the latter reign of about £3400 annually. All this time subjects' letters were conveyed by foot-posts and carriers, whose expedition may be judged of by the following extracts from a project for "accelerating" letters by means of a public post first started in 1635:—

"If (say the projectors) anie of his Ma^{ty} subjects shall write to Madrill in Spain, hee shall receive answer sooner and surer than hee shall out of Scotland or Ireland. The letters being now carried by carriers or footposts 16 or 18 miles a-day, it is full two monthes before any answer can be received from Scotland or Ireland to London."

This project seems to have been acted upon, for three years later we find a vast reform effected in the post. In fact, it was put upon a foundation which lasted up to the introduction of mail-coaches; as it was settled to have a "running post or two to run night and day between Edinburgh in Scotland, and the city of London, to go thither and come back again in six days;" carrying, of course, all the letters of the intermediate towns: the like posts were established in the following year on all the great routes.

The principle of posts for the people once established, the deficit was soon changed to a revenue. Cromwell farmed the Post-office for £10,000 a-year, he being the first to establish the general office in London. It might not be out of place to give an insight as to the scale of charges for letters, then settled. A single letter could be posted within eighty miles of London for 2d.; above that distance for 3d.; to Scotland for 4d.; and to Ireland for 6d.; double letters being charged double price: not such high charges

these, considering the expenditure of horse-flesh and post-boys' breath. For every rider was obliged to ride "seven miles an hour in summer and five in winter, according as the ways might be," and to blow his horn whenever he met a company, and four times besides in every hour. Charles II. leased the profits of the Post-office for £21,500 a-year. The country, it was evident, was rapidly advancing in commercial greatness and activity, for in 1694 the profits of the Post-office were £59,972 14s. 9d. In the next century the introduction of mail-coaches gave an immense impulse to the transactions of the Post-office, which augmented gradually until the end of the year 1839, when the number of letters passing through the general post alone averaged 2,643,533 a-month, and the net profit upon the carriage of all letters throughout the kingdom was £1,589,486.

With the beginning of the year 1840 commenced that vast revolution in the system so long projected by Mr. Rowland Hill—the Penny Postage.

The effect of that system upon the number of letters passing through the post, and upon the manner of payment, was almost instantaneous. During the last month of the old high rates of postage, the total number of letters passing through the general office was, as we have before stated, a little more than two millions and a half; of these 1,159,224 were unpaid, and only 484,309 paid. In the same time—a short twelve-month after the introduction of the cheap postage—the proportion of paid to unpaid letters was entirely changed; the latter had shrunk to the number of 473,821, whilst the former had run up to the enormous number of 5,451,022. Since 1841 the flow of letters and the proportion of paid to unpaid has been continually on the increase. The last return made to parliament in 1847, gave the following results:—Unpaid, 644,642; paid, 10,957,033: the term "paid" includes, of course, all those letters on which the penny was prepaid and those impressed with her Majesty's gracious countenance. The prepayment of the penny was a vast benefit to the post, and, together with the general introduction of letter-boxes in private houses, saved the whole time lost to the letter-carriers whilst old ladies were fumbling for the postage; but the introduction of the stamp was of still greater importance, as on its ultimate exclusive adoption (which Mr. Rowland Hill always calculated upon) a vast saving would be effected in the labor of receiving letters. We are glad to find that the antici-

pations of the postage reformer seem likely to be realized at no very distant date, for year by year stamps have been steadily gaining ground upon the prepayment by coin system. Upon the first introduction of Queen's heads in 1840, only 285,079 were used in one month, whilst 1,198,613 pence were paid. The month of April, 1847 (the last return published), however, shows an entirely different state of things—1,613,185 stamps were then received, against 966,054 pence; and no doubt the difference in favor of heads is even much greater at the present date.

When stamps were first introduced by Mr. Hill, he did not appear to anticipate the use that would be made of them as a medium of exchange; but every one is aware how extensively they are used in the smaller monetary transactions of the country. Bankers, dealing in magnificent sums, do not deign to take notice of vulgar pence: the Government has, however, unintentionally taken up the neglected coin, and represented its value by a paper currency, which, if not legally negotiable, yet passes from hand to hand unquestioned. It would be impossible, of course, to ascertain the amount of penny stamps that pass from town to town, and from man to man, in payment of small debts, but without doubt it must be very considerable—very much beyond the demand for letters: as long, therefore, as this sum is floating—until it comes to the post (its bank) for payment in shape of letter carriage, it is a clear public advance to the Exchequer.

The only good reason yet assigned against introducing these penny stamps and those representing a higher value, such as the colonial shilling stamp, as a regular currency, is the fear of forgery. At the present time great precautions are used to prevent such an evil—the dye itself, hideous and contemptible as it undoubtedly is, as a work of art, in intricacy of execution, is considered a masterpiece at the Stamp-office. If you take one from your pocket-book, good reader, and inspect it, you will doubtless pronounce it to be a gross libel upon her Majesty's countenance, muddled in line, and dirty in printing; but those who know the trick, see in that confusion and jumble certain significant lines, certain combinations of letters in the corners, which render forgery no such easy matter. The great security against fraud, however, is, that letter stamps are placed upon the same footing as receipt or bill stamps. Venders can buy them only of the Government, and the consequent difficulty forgers would have in putting sufficient

spurious stamps in circulation to pay them for their risk and trouble seems to obviate all risk of their being turned to improper account.

It is our intention to confine ourselves mainly in this article to the operations of the General Post-office : but in order to give our readers an idea of the vast amount of correspondence which annually takes place in the United Kingdom, it may be as well, perhaps, to take a glance at the general postal transactions of the country. Make a round guess at the number of letters which traverse the broad lands of Britain, which circulate in the streets and alleys of our great towns, and which fly on the wings of steam, and under bellying sail, to the uttermost parts of the earth. You cannot? Well, then, what say you to 300,000,000? To that enormous amount have they already arrived.

The number of letters posted in the metropolis and in the country is subject, at stated times, to a very great augmentation. In London, for instance, on Saturday night and Monday morning, an increase in letters of from thirty to forty per cent. takes place owing to the Sunday closing of the Post-office. Valentine's Day, again, has an immense effect in gorging the general as well as local posts with love epistles. Those who move in the higher circles might imagine the valentine to be a "dead letter;" but the experience of the Post-office shows that the warm old saint still keeps up an active agitation among tender hearts. According to the evidence given by Mr. Rowland Hill, the increase of letters on the 14th of February, is not less than half a million throughout the United Kingdom.

We have spoken hitherto only of the conveyance of letters, but they form an inferior portion of the weight carried by the Post-office. The number of newspapers posted in London throughout the week is something enormous. Several vans full of *The Times*, for instance, are dispatched by every morning and evening mail; other morning papers contribute their sacks full of broad sheets; and on Saturday evening not a paper of any circulation in the metropolis but contributes more or less largely to swell that enormous avalanche of packets which descend upon the Post-office. In the long room lately added to the establishment of St. Martin's-le-Grand, which swings so ingeniously from its suspending rods, a vast platform attracts the eye of the visitor—he sees upon it half-a-dozen men struggling amid a chaos of newspapers, which seem countless as the heaped-

up bricks of ruined Babylon. As they are carried to the different tables to be sorted, great baskets with fresh supplies are wound up by the endless chain which passes from top to bottom of the building. The number of papers passing through all the post-offices in the kingdom is not less than 70,000,000 per annum, or only 10,000,000 less than the annual number of stamps issued to newspapers in Great Britain. Of late years the broad sheet has materially increased in size and weight, each paper now averaging five ounces; so that 9765 tons weight of papers annually, or 187 tons weekly, are posted, full half of which pass through St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thence to the uttermost ends of the earth—to India, China, or Australia, absolutely free! The penny news stamp alone carries them, whilst if they were charged by the letter scale, tenpence would be the postage; so that if weight were considered in the accounts of the Post-office, there would be a loss in their carriage of ninepence on every newspaper, or of no less a sum than £2,625,000 annually on the whole number carried. Of course this loss is mostly nominal, as the railways take the mails without calculating their weight; and to the packets, tons or hundredweights make no earthly difference. Even if this cost were real, the speedy transmission of news to all parts of the kingdom and its colonies is a matter of so much importance, that it would not by any means be purchased dearly.

We are continually seeing letters from subscribers in *The Times*, complaining that their papers do not reach them, and hinting that the clerks must keep them back purposely to read them. If one of these writers were to catch a glance of the bustle of the office at the time of making up the mails, he would smile indeed at his own absurdity. We should like to see one of the sorting clerks quietly reading in the midst of the general dispatch; the sight would be refreshing. The real cause of delays and errors of all kinds in the transmission of newspapers, is the flimsy manner in which their envelopes and addresses are frequently placed upon them. Two or three clerks are employed exclusively in endeavoring to restore wrappers that have been broken off. We asked one of these officials once what he did with those papers that had entirely escaped from their addresses? "We do, sir," said he, very significantly, "the best that we can," at the same time packing up the loose papers with great speed in the first broken wrappers that came to hand. The result of

this chance-medley upon the readers must be funny enough—a rabid Protectionist sometimes getting a copy, perhaps, of the *Daily News*, a Manchester Rad a *Morning Post*, or an old dowager down at Bath an early copy of the *Mark Lane Express*.

The carriage of magazines and other books is an entirely new feature in Post-office transactions, introduced by Mr. Rowland Hill. At the end of every month the sorting tables at the Post-office are like publishers' counters, from the number of quarterlies, monthlies, magazines, and serials, posted for transmission to country subscribers. The lighter ones must all be stamped at the Stamp-office, like newspapers; and any magazine under two ounces with this talisman pressed upon it, passes without further question to any part of the United Kingdom for twopence, whilst books under sixteen ounces can be forwarded for sixpence. This arrangement is a wise and liberal one, recognizing as it does the advantages of circulating as widely as possible the current literature of the country. Many a dull village, where *Regina* or *Old Ebony* penetrated not a few years ago, by this means is now kept up level in its reading with the metropolis.

The miscellaneous articles that pass through the post under the new regulations are sometimes of the most extraordinary nature. Among the *live stock*, canary birds, lizards, and dormice, continually pass, and sometimes travel hundreds of miles under the tender protection of rough mail-guards. Leeches are also very commonly sent, sometimes to the serious inconvenience of the postmen. Ladies' shoes go through the general office into the country by dozens every week; shawls, gloves, wigs, and all imaginable articles of a light weight, crowd the Post-office; limbs for dissection have even been discovered (by the smell), and detained. In short, the public have so little conscience with respect to what is proper to be forwarded, *that they would move a house through the post* if they could do it at any reasonable charge.

The manner in which a letter will sometimes track a person like a bloodhound, appears marvelous enough, and is calculated to impress the public with a deep sense of the patience and sagacity of the Post-office officials. An immense number of letters reach the post in the course of the week with directions perfectly unreadable to ordinary persons; others—sometimes circulars by the thousand—with only the name of some out-of-the-way villages upon them; others,

again, without a single word of direction. Of these latter, about eight a-day are received on an average, affording a singular example of the regularity with which irregularities and oversights are committed by the public. All these letters, with the exception of the latter, which might be called stone blind, and are immediately opened by the secretary, are taken to the Blind Letter-office, where a set of clerks decipher hieroglyphics without any other assistance than the Rosetta stone of experience, and make shrewd guesses at enigmas which would have puzzled even the Sphinx. How often in directing a letter we throw aside an envelope because the direction does not seem distinct—useless precaution! the difficulty rather seems to be, to write so that these cunning folks cannot understand. Who would imagine the destination of such a letter as this, for instance?—

L. Moses,

Ratlivahivahi.

Some Russian or Polish town immediately occurs to one from the look of the word, and from its sound; but a blind-letter clerk at once clears up the difficulty, by passing his pen through it and substituting—Ratcliffe Highway.

Letters of this class, in which two or three directions run all into one, and are garnished with ludicrous spelling, are of constant occurrence, but they invariably find out their owners. Cases sometimes happen, however, in which even the sharp wits of the Blind-letter-office are nonplussed. The following, for instance, is a veritable address:—

Mrs. Smith,

At the Back of the Church,
England.

Much was this letter paused over before it was given up. "It would have been such a triumph of our skill," said one of the clerks to us, "to have delivered it safe; but we could not do it. Consider, sir," said he deprecatingly, "how many Smiths there are in England, and what a number of churches!" In all cases like this, in which it is found impossible to forward them, they are passed to what is called the Dead Letter-office, there opened and sent to their writers if possible. So that out of the many millions of letters passing through the Post-office in the course of the year, a very few only form a residuum, and are ultimately destroyed.

The workings of the Dead Letter-office form not the least interesting feature of this gigantic establishment. According to a re-

turn moved for by Mr. T. Duncombe in 1847, there were in the July of that year 4658 letters containing property consigned to this department, representing, perhaps, a two months' accumulation. In these were found coin, principally in small sums, of the value of £310 9s. 7d.; money-orders for £407 12s.; and bank-notes representing £1010. We might then estimate the whole amount of money which rests for any time without owners in the Dead Letter-office, to be £11,000 in the year. Of this sum the greater portion is ultimately restored to the owners—only a very small amount, say one and an eighth per cent., finding its way into the public exchequer. A vast number of bank post-bills and bills of exchange are found in these dead letters, amounting in the whole to between two and three millions a-year; as in nearly all cases, however, they are duplicates, and of only nominal value, they are destroyed with the permission of the owners.

Of the miscellaneous articles found in these letters, there is a very curious assortment. The ladies appear to find the Post-office a vast convenience, by the number of fancy articles of female gear found in them. Lace, ribands, handkerchiefs, cuffs, muffettees, gloves, fringe—a range of articles, in short, is discovered in them sufficient to set up a dozen pedlars' boxes for Autolycus. Little presents of jewelry are also very commonly to be found; rings, brooches, gold pins, and the like. These articles are sold to some jeweler, whilst the gloves and handkerchiefs, and other articles fitted for the young bucks of the office, are put up to auction and bought among themselves. These dead letters are the residuum, if we may so term it, of all the offices in England, as, after remaining in the local post for a given time, they are transferred to the central office. The establishments of Dublin and Edinburgh, in like manner, collect all the same class of letters in Ireland and Scotland.

In looking over the list of articles remaining in these two letter offices one cannot help being struck with the manner in which they illustrate the feelings and habits of the two peoples. The Scotch dead letters rarely contain coin, and of articles of jewelry, such as form presents sent as tokens of affection, there is a lamentable deficiency; whilst the Irish ones are full of little cadeaux and small sums of money, illustrating at once the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. One item constantly meets the eye in Irish dead letters—"a free passage to New York." Relations, who have gone to America and

done well, purchase an emigration ticket, and forward it to some relative in "the ould country" whom they wish to come over to join them in their prosperity. Badly written and worse spelt, many of them have little chance of ever reaching their destination, and as little of being returned to those who sent them, they lie silent in the office for a time and are then destroyed, whilst hearts, endeared to each other by absence enforced by the sun-dering ocean, mourn in sorrow an imaginary neglect.

When one considers it, the duties of the Post-office are multifarious indeed. Independently of its original function as an establishment for the conveyance of letters, of late it has become a parcel-delivery company and banking-house. In the sale of postage stamps it makes itself clearly a bank of issue, and in the circulation of money-orders it still more seriously invades the avocations of the Lombard Street fraternity.

The money-order system has sprung up almost with the rapidity of Jack the Giant-killer's bean-stalk. In the year ending April, 1839, there were only 28,838 orders issued, representing £49,496 5s. 8d.; whilst in the year ending January, 1849, there were sold 4,203,722 orders, of the value of £8,151,294 19s. 8d. The next ten years will in all probability double this amount, as the increase up to the present time has been quite gradual. It cannot be doubted that the issuing of money-orders must have seriously infringed upon the bank-draft system, and every day it will do so more, as persons no longer confine themselves to transmitting small amounts, it being very frequently the case that sums of £50 and upward are forwarded in this manner by means of a multiplication of orders. The rationale of money-orders is so simple, and so easily understood by all persons, that they must rapidly increase; and we do not doubt that Mr. Rowland Hill's suggestion of making them for larger amounts will before long be carried into execution, as it is found that the public cannot be deterred by limiting the amount of the order, from sending what sums they like, and the making one order supply the place of two or three would naturally diminish the very expensive labor of this department. The eight millions of money represented by these orders of course includes the transactions of the whole country, but they are properly considered under the head of the General Office, as all the accounts are kept there, and there every money-order is ultimately checked. Between twelve and thirteen thou-

sand letters of advice are received every morning in the head office of this department, engaging until lately upward of two hundred clerks, or a fourth of the entire number employed in the Bank of England. This number by a simplification of the accounts is now reduced, but it is still very considerable. On the sale of money-orders the Government gains £12 10s. per thousand (in number) issued, and this more than covers the whole expense of the greatest monetary convenience for the body of the people ever established.

There is one room in the Post-office which visitors should not fail to inquire for—the late Secret Office. When Smirke designed the building he must have known the particular use to which this room would be put; a more low-browed, villanous-looking apartment could not well be conceived. It looks the room of a sneak, and it was one,—an official sneak, it is true, but none the less a sneak. As we progress in civilization, force gives place to ingenious fraud. When Wolsey wished to gain possession of the letters of the ambassador to Charles V. he did so openly and dauntlessly, having ordered, as he says,

“A privye watche shoulde be made in London, and by a certain circuite and space aboutes it; in the whiche watche, after mydnyght, was taken passing betweene London and Brayneford, be certain of the watche appointed to that quarter, one riding toward the said Brayneford; who, examyned by the watche, answered so closeley that upon suspicion thereof, they searched hym, and founde secreteley hyd aboutes hym a little pacquet of letters superscribed in Frenche.”

More modern ministers of state liked not this rough manner, but turning up their cuffs and by the aid of a light finger obtained what they wanted, without the sufferer being in the least aware of the activity of their digits. In this room the official letter-picker was appropriately housed. Unchallenged, and in fact unknown to any of the army of a thousand persons that garrisons the Post-office, he passed by a secret staircase every morning to his odious duties; every night he went out again unseen. He was, in short, the man in the iron mask of the Post-office.

Behold him, in the latter days of his pride, in 1842, when the Chartists kept the north in commotion, and Sir James Graham issued more warrants authorizing the breaking open letters than any previous Secretary of State on record,—behold him in the full exercise of his stealthy art!

Some poor physical-force wretch at Manchester or Birmingham has been writing some trashy letters about pikes and fire-balls to his London confederates. See the springs a powerful government set to catch such miserable game! Immediately upon the arrival of the mails from the north, the bags from the above-mentioned places, together with one or two others to serve as a blind to the Post-office people, are immediately taken, sealed as they are, to the den of this secret inquisitor. He selects from them the letters he intends to operate upon. Before him lie the implements of his craft,—a range of seals bearing upon them the ordinary mottos, and a piece of tobacco-pipe. If none of the seals will fit the impressions upon the letters he carefully takes copies in bread; and now the more serious operation commences. The tobacco-pipe redhot pours a burning blast upon the yielding wax; the letter is opened, copied, resealed, and returned to the bag, and reaches the person to whom it is directed apparently unviolated.

In the case of Mazzini's letters, however, (the opening of which blew up the whole system), the dirty work was not even done by deputy; his letters were forwarded unopened to the Foreign-office, and there read by the minister himself. The abuses to which the practice was carried during the last century were of the most flagrant kind. Walpole used to issue warrants for the purpose of opening letters in almost unlimited numbers, and the use to which they were sometimes put might be judged by the following:—

“In 1741, at the request of A., a warrant issued to permit A.'s eldest son to open and inspect any letters which A.'s youngest son might write to two females, one of whom that youngest son had imprudently married.”

The foregoing is from the Report of the Secret Committee appointed to investigate the practice in 1844, and which contains some very curious matter. Whole mails, it appears, were sometimes detained for several days during the late war, and all the letters individually examined. French, Dutch, and Flemish enclosures were rudely rifled, and kept or sent forward at pleasure. There can be no doubt that, in some cases, such as frauds upon banks or the revenue, forgeries or murder, the power of opening letters was used, impartially to individuals and beneficially to the State; but the discoveries made thereby were so few that it did not in any

way counterbalance the great public crime of violating public confidence and perpetuating an official immorality.

Thus far we have walked with our reader, and explained to him the curious machinery which acts upon the vast correspondence of the metropolis with the country, and of the country generally, with foreign parts, within the establishment at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The machinery for its conveyance is still more vast, if not so intricate. The foreign mails have at their command a fleet of steamers such as the united navies of the world can scarcely match, threading the coral reefs of the "Loan Antilles," skirting the western coast of South America, touching weekly at the ports of the United States, and bi-monthly traversing the Indian Ocean—tracking, in fact, the face of the ocean wherever England has great interests or her sons have many friends. Ere long the vast Pacific, which a hundred years ago was rarely penetrated even by the adventurous circumnavigator, will become a highway for the passage of her Majesty's mails; and letters will pass to Australia and New Zealand, our very antipodes, as soon as letters of old reached the Highlands of Scotland or the western counties of Ireland. This vast system of water-posts, if so they might be called, is kept up at an annual expense of £600,000.

The conveyance of inland letters by means of the railways is comparatively inexpensive, as many of the companies are liberal enough to take the bags for nothing, and others at a very small charge. Every night at eight o'clock, like so much life-blood issuing from a great heart, the mails leave the metropolis, radiating on their fire-chariots to the extremities of the land. As they rush along the work of digestion goes on as in the flying bird. The traveling post office is not the least

of these curious contrivances for saving time consequent upon the introduction of railroads. At the metropolitan stations, from which they issue, a letter-box is open until the last moment of their departure. The last letters into it are, of course, unsorted, and have to go through that process as the train proceeds. Whilst the clerks are busy in their itinerant office, by an ingenious, self-acting process, a delivery and reception of mail-bags is going on over their heads. At the smaller stations where the trains do not stop, the letter-bags are lightly hung upon rods which are swept by the passing mail-carriage, and the letters drop into a net suspended on one side of it to receive them. The bags for delivery are, at the same moment, transferred from the other side to the platform. The sorting of the newly-received bags immediately commences, and by this arrangement letters are caught *in transitu*, and the right direction given to them, without the trouble and loss of time attendant upon the old mail-coach system, which necessitated the carriage of the major part of such letters to St. Martin's-le-Grand previous to their final dispatch.

The success of Mr. Rowland Hill's system, with its double delivery, its rapid transmissions, and its great cheapness, which brings it within the range of the very poorest, is fast becoming apparent. Year by year it is increasing the amount of revenue it returns to the State, its profits for 1849 being upward of £800,000; a falling off, it is true, of some £700,000 a-year from the revenue derived under the old rates, but every day it is catching up this income, and another ten years of but average prosperity will, in all probability, place it far beyond its old earnings, with a tenfold amount of accommodation and cheapness to the public.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LANDOR, thy classic page affords me joy,
And thus a simple tribute let me pay;
Rhyme from a self-taught, solitary boy
Comes from the heart when feelings are at play.
Would I could dedicate a page to thee;
If genius uses magic—why not give
A honey-scented bed of poesie?
That in the very wreck of time may live.

Thine are the honors of a lasting age—
An epitaph which far outvies the stone
Or sculptor's art which sinks into decay,
Leaving the dust to mingle with its own.
And I have read, and read again, and feel
Thy heart like mine not cold as senseless steel.

ALEXANDER SEPTIMUS HAY.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FREDERIC CHOPIN, THE PIANIST.

It is possible to be too late, as well as too early, in beginning to note down traits and memories belonging to those with whom we have been conversant. Languor and depression naturally come over the spirits of persons who have lost many friends, when, invited to look far back, they see betwixt the past and the present too large a portion of *Mirza's* bridge thickly sown with pitfalls. No wonder if then the hand is apt to perform its task mechanically rather than with the animation of quickened feeling. But it is one thing to make the record before men's indifference shall have come on, and another to minister to vacant curiosity by the random and indelicate haste of "the parish gossip." Let me try to avoid the latter offence while I trace, before they fade, a few forms and scenes belonging to the world of Music in which Time and Fate have been so strangely busy,—and in which I have spent so many hours during the last twenty years. Who would not like to know something concerning the habits and sayings of the Venetian Patrician Marcello? or to possess richer materials than any before the world for forming our own judgment of the *man* Beethoven? The literary men who have written concerning musicians have too generally thought contemptuously of the art, never troubling themselves to ascertain in what the professor thereof agreed with or differed from the man of genius, belonging to other worlds—or to reflect how far the acceptance of his class in society may have stampered him with, and limited him within, those peculiarities of which complaint has been again and again made by prosers lacking wit, and rhymesters without reason.

While the subject is fresh in my mind I wish to speak a little concerning one of the most graceful, delicate, and original artists who ever added treasure to the stores of instrumental music,—I mean Frederic Chopin. Those who knew him during his many years' residence in Paris, or who *divined* him (for acquaintance under such circumstances be-

comes almost impossible) during the hurries and confusions of the London season of 1848, will bear me out in stating that he well merited his memorial. Perhaps it may serve the purpose of drawing a stranger or two more within the enchanted circle of his music.

For enchantment there is in Chopin's works: which implies that their beauty has something fantastic, capricious, delicate—not altogether natural.—In no other world of art, I have often fancied, is connoisseurship so curiously limited as in Music. To hear the *fanatici* wrangle, it might be fancied that admiration for Handel deprived Mozart of his just merit, or that the listener who moved by "the Delirious Lady" of Purcell (and let me commemorate how especially magnificent that *cantata* was when sung by Miss Masson) must needs abominate Rossini's brilliant "Non piu mesta," or others of the giddily and gracefully sparkling *bravuras*, in which the Italian master makes the mere sensual pleasure of sound stand in the place of the more spiritual enjoyments of sense and sound worthily mated. I have known amateurs in no respect stupid or ill-educated who could not bear a particular rhythm, or particular key; and the jealousy betwixt vocal and instrumental players is "old as time and clear as day." But apart from all these barriers which Bigotry and Self-conceit delight in throwing up betwixt good Christians and their pleasures, I have often remarked that in some persons of taste a relish for what is fantastic, elvish, delicate, humorous, is totally wanting. They are distanced by fairy tales—find Hood's whims far-fetched, and not entertaining,—will bear in architecture nothing but pure Doric, or harmonious Palladian, and reject Gothic grotesques with an active hatred. On such amateurs (and probably they might be devout Handelians, or severely dramatic Gluckists, or implicit believers in Mozart as the one idol), the music of Chopin would be wasted; and the name be thought hardly worthy of admission with-

in their Pantheon of half-a-dozen divinities, whereof self is not the smallest.

The obituaries have already told the public that Frederic Chopin was born in the year 1810, at Zelazowawola, near Warsaw, that he was taught composition by Herr Elsner, and pianoforte playing by M. Zywni, and that in 1831, almost contemporaneously with any mention of his name as a musician of original and promising genius, he appeared in Paris, and established himself there. This was no child's nor *tyro's* task to accomplish, for the French metropolis was just then in its fullest glory of musical life, competition, and activity. Liszt was there, with his stupendous ten fingers, and that brilliant wit of his which "cut its bright way through" in circles where his *fantasias* and *tarentelles* and studies were not really cared for. Ferdinand Hiller, too, was there, both as a pianist and as a composer, giving promise which he has since been tardy of fulfilling. The monotony of Thalberg's magnificence as a performer had not as yet been found out; and the old, urbane and sweet-spoken Kalkbrenner (most courteous of the courteous, and vainest of the vain) still retained a certain congregation among persons who, as poor Lady — once put it, "passed their lives in cultivating elegance." What was more, it became soon clear that Chopin could not and would not make his way as a public performer; that his health was delicate almost to the point of perpetual invalidism,—that his social pretensions (not gifts) were small, that his delicacy of mind was great. There was every chance of his music being thrown by as *baroque* and vague. Just then, however, it happened that Paris was Hoffmann mad—Jean Paul mad—Esmeralda mad—mad for everything that was parcel eccentric, parcel sentimental—mad with Polish sympathies, and for Polish poets. The pallid and frail-looking young artist, too, modest and gentle as he was, had, in addition to quiet polish of manners, that boon of irony and humor—that power of placing a *mot* which then at least (Heaven knows what the fashions are now!) never failed to command for its owner a hearing and a position in the select *coteries* of the French metropolis. Further, Chopin resigning all pretensions to the career of a traveling *virtuoso*, pitched his tent and furnished his *appartement* in Paris, a thing particularly agreeable to our neighbors: who in Art either love to discover what every one has found out, or else to monopolize that which they assume no one else is worthy to enjoy. Nothing to a thinker who has had

any means of comparison can be much more pregnant with diversion than the connoisseurship of Paris: what it adopts, what it repudiates, the "why" of its takings, and the "wherefore" of its leavings. But more of this, perhaps, some other day, when scandal is in the ascendant. Enough for the moment to state that Parisian taste did itself honor and credit in making a home—a position—a career for Chopin. I believe that in London his *Mazurkas*, *Scherzi*, *Ballades*, *Polonoises*, *Notturmi*, or *Studies*, if then put forth, would have been wasted on the empty air. In Paris they became the high fashion (as distinguished from the rage), and their composer the favorite master of the most refined and poetically disposed pianoforte players. Nor did this merited reputation dwindle on its becoming known, in the progress of time, that Chopin had a history, and that the strangest and most poetical of female authors or reformers, that "large-brained woman and large-hearted man" (as Miss Barrett finely described George Sand), had given the young composer a *fauteuil* in her singular *salon*, as an intimate and valued family friend. It is needless to advert to the interpretation which was sure to be passed upon such an intimacy by our shrewd and malicious neighbors—save to advert to its probable baselessness. But when I was in Paris, in 1839–40, Madame Dudevant's *mot*, describing her inmate as "*mon beau cadavre*," was in every one's mouth—and, strange though her description may sound in the ears of English friendship, steady and deep I believe to have been their mutual regard; until that happened, which mostly befalls in such cases—too frequent intercourse becoming in the end burdensome; and the two separating finally after many years of affectionate counsel. It was mainly to Chopin's bad health, and tendency to pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, that we owe one of George Sand's most charming books of picture-writing—her "Winter in the South of Europe,"—otherwise the Island of Majorca.

Writing of the man, rather than of the musician, I will not indulge in any long-drawn or technical analysis of the peculiarities of Chopin's compositions. Never has so long a series of works more intensely individual been produced—his *Mazurkas*, how rationally, pensively, quaintly freakish!—his ballads, *Notturmi* and *Prehudies*, how tenderly and melodiously poetical!—his *Polonoises*, how pompous and stately! There is one in A major, of grandeur as yet unequalled, which I never hear without its calling up some

coronation-festival, so gorgeously regal is its step. His *Studies*, again, are of the highest order: and this not solely as finger-exercises, but also as compositions—in spite of the peculiar notation adopted, which renders them sometimes needlessly difficult to decipher. Two remarks, however, must be offered—since they will supply a *key* to Chopin's peculiar manner to those whom Chopin's music in any respect attracts. The left hand of the player is never to be out of *tempo*: the right hand may almost always (save in the case of some distinctly formal instrumental figure) indulge in *tempo rubato*. Again, whereas other pianoforte masters insist on the equality of the fingers—in spite of the anatomical lock and key put by Nature on the motion of the third digit,—Chopin provided for their inequality: wishing, as he once told me, so far as was possible, to develop, not to destroy, the individuality of each member of the hand. Hence a system of fingering, which might possibly have made the Clementis and Hummels as irate as such gentlemen are apt to become when anything in the least new is broached, and the wisdom of which is open to controversy,—but which is still a system.

Those, however, who knew and who loved the man (for the two things were one), will best taste and render the peculiar humor of Chopin's music—will best understand how it will bear a certain dash of private judgment on the part of the player—but not the slightest touch of exaggeration. Pianists of the *hammer-and-tongs* school—or who can do nothing without a *metronome*, are warned off Chopin's fairy-land. His interpreters ought to have hands as long as Perugino's angels, and as delicately firm as though they were framed on adamant. The uttermost precision and the most sensitive ease are all too little to play Chopin's music as he played it himself. For, though anything but foolish—anything but weak (there is iron in the rose)—he was a curious compound of fantasy, feeling, and strength—one of the most wayward, tender, *spirituel* persons I have ever conversed with. Alike remarkable for his simplicity and for his self-consciousness—he could be as eagerly irritable as a child about some little mistake in a concert-programme, as eagerly entertained over the toys of art or luxury, with which his *appartement* was filled by his friends and pupils. He could divert himself with trifling courtesies and mysteries—making genial sport, to those who were in his confidence, of his own interest in such things. Yet never did artist more

quietly trust in his own genius as sufficient for his own success, nor more worthily hold himself remote from the intrigues, and the littleness, and the fevers, with which the intercourse betwixt performer and public, the connection betwixt art and letters, are now spoiled and mixed up in France—than Chopin. There was in his nature a mixture of delicacy and pride, which cleared him of any possible participation in the practices of Parisian journalism. Traffic he could not—directly or indirectly. He was loved and admired as a *bon camarade*, but it was said of him truly, that “into the shop he would not, could not, go.” Hence arose his extreme aversion to playing in public, and not altogether, as some have stated it, from his physical weakness. It was further his fancy that the best artists are unequal, and that it is only perfect mediocrity which can be perfect always—and when the clock strikes. And he knew, too, that the wayward, quaint, mournful playfulness of his *Mazurkas*, and ballads, and *Notturni*, ought always to have not only the air, but, in some degree, the reality of improvisation, which few men can control. I have never been thoroughly satisfied in the playing of Chopin's more poetical music by any performer, save by Liszt; when Liszt is in his gentler mood, and sits dreaming away at the piano,—calling upon his supernatural memory to give up its treasures for the delight of one or two intimates and of himself. But as the best written account of playing is about as unsatisfactory as the lessons for dancing printed in a book, the solemn perusal of which (with illustrative diagrams) once surprised me into a hearty laugh, greatly to the offence of its author—let us “come away from the piano.”

In his intercourse with his friends, Chopin had established certain ways and caprices of his own, against which all remonstrance was fruitless. To write letters, or to answer notes, did not seem to him so much difficult as impossible. Neither from his dictation, nor from his own pen, was there any means of extracting a written reply—even when the question concerned his own interests. How his pupils managed, I could never imagine; but I know that, save by word of mouth, it was utterly useless to introduce a pupil to him—still more to induce him to make any appointment for an interview. This in one, the largest portion of whose revenues was derived from teaching, was, to say the best of it, an uncomfortable peculiarity. Chopin had, however, as many delightfully ingenious reasons in its defence, as most people com-

mand, who, from indolence indulged till it becomes a system, neglect what Anna Seaward called the "epistolary interchange of courtesies." Had the fates pleased to have allowed him a few years' residence in England, he would possibly have sacrificed so inconvenient and unpolite an eccentricity. For there is a certain sober high-breeding in our atmosphere, which, let newly-arrived or distant foreigners rail at it as they will, rarely in the end fails to penetrate them as something better, more to be relied upon, nay, and absolutely more conducive to easy enjoyment, than either the *faux brillant* of old French politeness, or the *laissez aller* of modern French philosophy! It is only the mock-genius, and the mock-gentleman, whom our life, and our manners, and our sense of mutual obligation, fail, sooner or later, to impress.

At all events, no two things could be more entirely different than Madame Dudevant's intimate circle, with its eccentric ordinances and artificial usages—parcel savage, parcel super-civilized—and its intensely exciting conversation, in which every feverish opinion and false principle found its most eloquent and refined representative—from the matter-of-fact, bustling, unsympathetic drawing-rooms of London; where *Mrs. Leo Hunters* may be found by the score eager alike to stare at a *Bastardella* or a *Prince Lee Boo*, and into which refined, and intelligent, and appreciating admirers of instrumental music rarely enter. Yet so far from bearing the change badly—or from making a sulky, or cynical, or mournful "lion"—Chopin (in spite of his being driven hitherward by no choice of his own, but simply by the total destruction of Art in Paris by the Revolution) seemed heartily to be amused in London—and to enjoy his power of appreciating the good qualities of our fine ladies and our plain gentlemen. He was neither touchy in withholding nor tiresome in giving too much of his playing. If a good listener or two was near the pianoforte he was easily prevailed upon to begin, and always ended too soon. Over himself his art exercised a great charm. I have seen him look fifty when he took his place, and twenty-five when he quitted it—sit down a meagre, worn, livid, panting man (his face, as some one described it, "*seamed with pain and anxiety*"), and as he proceeded, shadow after shadow gradually dissolve, and fold after fold soften,—and the flush of health come back into the cheek, and the dim glassy eyes brighten with a cheerful and living intelligence!—

When Chopin was thus excited his countenance was full of beauty; and one then gave one's self up to the hopeful fallacy that his health was less bad than it appeared to be—that other men worse bested than he had struggled on to old age, and that a deliverance from the hot-bed life in which he had been enervated, might be followed by a slow return to a healthier and more manly condition of health and strength. Alas! the wonder was that such shattered fragments could be made to assume even the semblance of consistency and volition—that such a life could be prolonged from evening to evening by any spell! Even before he came to our rude climate, Chopin was so weak, and a pulmonary or asthmatic affection had gained such ground, that he was compelled to be carried up stairs; and it was a distressing sight to see him (as I have more than once done) shivering and trembling with eagerness among the arriving or departing guests of a London rout, arrested by the apparition of so very peculiar a shadow, until some friend came by, who could explain or provide for his infirmity.

Chopin's death was probably hastened by a visit to Scotland, which he was induced to make at the close of the London musical season of 1848. The climate, he said, "pierced him through like a spear;" but his enjoyment of our *vie de chateau*, and his wonderful power of endurance, carried him through. He himself, on his return to London, described with sad humor the utter amazement testified by a party of sportsmen in rude health, on stumbling over him as he lay gasping for breath on the deck of a steamer, covered with warm wrappings,—and their doubt (he said) "as to his species." It became too evident to every one that his decay had been cruelly accelerated by his lingering too late in the North; and, for a fortnight, in November, he lay in that state of prostration from which some of us conceived he could never rally. Will it be believed that, in this state of death-in-life, Chopin was solicited by the charity-mongers and philanthropical patriots (well acquainted with the intensity of his national affections) to appear at Guildhall on the night of the Polish Ball, and to perform at the concert, which on such occasions must be hurried through before the dancing begins? Some of his friends interfered, by pointing out the peril of such exposure to the dying man, and by advancing the harder and more selfish argument that his playing would produce not the slightest effect, heard under

such circumstances, nor his name in the bill attract, his celebrity as a musician being select rather than universal. It was of no avail,—remonstrance was unheeded by the enthusiastic promoters of the scheme, whose callous disregard of everything save the contents of the begging-box to be filled at other people's cost is laid by for "the rainy day," on which the charity extorted from musicians by mendicant persons of quality is to be repaid by the critic and historian. Chopin was got out of bed and patched up, and blistered, and drugged,—and carried off to the City; and after all this, as another musician who was present on the occasion described it, "hardly one of the audience cared when he began, or knew when he ended." But the Polish cause was served, and the thing made a show in the morning papers!

I saw Chopin once again in Paris in April last, a stage or two further down the hill; then so feeble as to converse with difficulty, having been for many weeks compelled to give up playing. Nevertheless, he managed to rally under the spell of the strong interest of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and in order to be present at the first appearance of Madame Viardot Garcia, for whom he entertained a deep friendship. I think this must have been the last music he ever heard, for shortly afterward we learned that his disease had made such progress that he was removed to Chaillot for the sake of the better air. Once or twice he might be seen driving in the *Bois de Boulogne* by the side of Mlle. Jenny Lind; but soon came the time when his own carriage came to the door every day by his orders, to be sent away after an hour's waiting. He was always to be better—to drive out "to-morrow!" Before this period his sister had arrived from Warsaw to attend upon him, and it became evident soon that her detention in Paris would not be a long one. New symptoms of disease appeared; new pains had to be suffered—but as death approached and agony deepened, all little whimsies and manifestations of irritabi-

lity dropped away from the invalid and utterly disappeared; and an affectionate and touching patience (the real nature of the man) to the end sustained him, and made the task of watching his death-bed easy. Something of the poet, too, broke out in Chopin's last hours. Among the friends who attended upon him were M. Franchomme, the admirable violoncellist, and M. Guttman, a favorite pupil. On the eve of his death, the 16th of October, he turned to them and entreated them "never to play anything save good music," adding earnestly, "Pray give me this pleasure—I am sure I shall hear you." About five o'clock in the morning of the 17th, a Polish lady, with whom he had long maintained an intimate friendship, arrived. Chopin smiled when he saw her enter, and though then almost inarticulate, said, "Ever since yesterday evening I have been asking, why God was so long in calling me to him. But now I know it was that I might have the pleasure of seeing you once again." He then entreated Madame de P—— to sing, and while she was singing sunk away and expired.

It had always been Chopin's wish that "the Requiem" of Mozart should be performed over his remains. This was done in *La Madeleine* with as much musical splendor as was attainable; and more real sorrow and sympathy than is common (dare I say it?) at Parisian ceremonials. The choir was led by Madame Castellan, Madame Viardot Garcia, M. Alexis Dupont, and Signor Lablache. The funeral march from Chopin's own first pianoforte *Sonata*, and one of his Preludes, were played;—and after this the remains were transferred to that strangest and most theatrical of Golgothas, the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. A monument to his memory is projected; but do what sculptor or epitaph-monger will, they will not better the old adage, that Chopin's best monument is in his music. His death leaves us almost without a composer for his instrument meriting the name.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

CALIFORNIA:

ITS PAST PROGRESS, PRESENT CONDITION, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

MORE than three hundred and twenty years have elapsed since Hernan Cortez discovered that long narrow peninsula which outlies the coast of Mexico, and forms the Gulf, then known as the Purple or Vermilion Sea. He was more attracted by its position than its aspect; for it appeared a situation where he could concentrate his forces and spread his power over the golden continent. It presented few attractions to the eye, but the voyager's experience taught him to expect that, where the plains and hills seemed least verdant, the concealed treasures of the earth abounded most. Cortez at once attempted to subdue what he considered an island of moderate fertility. In those times national right was little more than a fiction; and with this ambitious explorer discovery conferred the privilege of dominion. But he failed, and it was not until 1679 that a Spanish admiral planted a flag in that soil—a flag destined to flourish there through many generations, until the mother-country, languishing under a long decline, lay prostrate amid the rising powers of Europe. Meanwhile, New California was in 1542 discovered by Cabrillo, explored by Drake, and surveyed by Spain sixty years later. Considerable uncertainty hangs round the exact order of events connected with this wealthy region; but its early history is associated with the names of those adventurous navigators who sought to conquer by the sword what they had through chance discovered. It forms a map of events too intricate to be delineated in the present sketch. Drake saw the country, named it New Albion, and called it British territory. Our claim, however, was never asserted. Sebastian Visconio, in 1602, was led by accident to Monterey, and established the Spanish authority there; but finally, when the first heat of enterprise had cooled, and the enthusiasm of many contending claimants was exhausted, the Jesuits, toward

the close of the seventeenth century, obtained permission to colonize a territory whose value was still unknown to the world, but which to their subtle discernment appeared to teem with the ready materials of wealth.

A hardy band of seamen or soldiers, commissioned to this adventure, would have landed, sword in hand, upon the coast, built a fortress, planted cannon on the heights, and at once built up their dominion on the adamant basis of superior power; but the Jesuits infused the character of their order into the prosecution of their enterprise. Theirs was a bloodless conquest. They carried gifts, not arms, into California. They subdued the natives with luring promises, not with the sabre or the arquebuss; and their sway—unseen, unrecognized at first,—spread in a rapidly widening circle over the region. Having destroyed the independence, they sought to develop the resources of their acquisition; they planted missions; they stimulated labor; they industriously wrought the land; and their energies soon piled up stores of wealth. Crafty in this, as in every other project, they feared jealousy, and assiduously scattered through Christendom accounts of the sterility, the baneful climate, the unwilling people of California. Meanwhile the pearl-fishers brought up riches from the bed of the ocean; the lands were covered with plenty, and the Jesuits dispatched many a rich galleon, to the various markets of the world.

Ships with costly cargoes left the harbors, bearing in their holds the riches of the virgin soil; but in the mouths of their crews, reports of the wretched country they had left! Still these crafty fathers labored not wholly for themselves; with them it was an axiom that the enthralled mind is the heaviest fetter for the body; and whilst they reaped the ready crops of California,—whilst they ranged its forests in search of gums, and bored its

rocks in quest of gold,—they spread everywhere the influence of Christianity, and the promising buds of a new civilization appeared. Before the arrival of these Jesuits the country wore the aspect of a fertile solitude, with primæval forests, vast grassy valleys, and luxuriant plains, peopled only by wandering, houseless savages. Its progress under their influence was rapid, and its prosperity rose high. Let us not inquire too closely into the motives of the saintly fathers, whose energies ripened into results so friendly to civilization.

At length Lord Anson captured a vessel, richly freighted, sailing from that *poverty-stricken* land. The Jesuits owed their fall to the occurrence of that day; for their masked rapacity was trumpeted through the length and breadth of Europe; and when the country was smiling in its changed attire, and the Indians had sunk to a proper degree of submission, a new revolution occurred. It formed the dawn of another epoch in Californian history. The Jesuits were expelled, and the region was confided to the control of the Dominican monks of Mexico and the saintly Franciscan friars.

The peninsula was at this time studded with sixteen villages; and though the upper country had not maintained the race with equal swiftness, its superior beauty and richer verdure attracted the enterprise of settlers. It seemed to roll away to the snowy mountains in splendid undulations of fertile land, with dashing streams and plenteous valleys, inviting culture, and offering a generous reward to industry.

The first mission in New California was San Diego. It was planted in 1769, and soon around it there sprung up others, until, in 1803, eighteen were scattered over the country. Each mission was considered as the fold of a tribe of Indians, numbering in some more than twelve hundred; and during the domination of the priests, the converts were well fed, clad, and lodged, in return for the labor of their hands. The products of their industry were bartered with the merchants of Europe; and attracted by the forms and ceremonies of the Christian Church, owning its soft influence, and the benefits to be derived from steady lives and well-directed toil, the neophytes swelled their numbers, and California promised to become the home of a population at once happy, simple, and religious.

The means of conversion, however, were not always the most scrupulous; for the good missionaries held the theory, that the result obtained sanctifies the instruments em-

ployed. When persuasion, or gifts, or gentle allurements failed, the stubborn savages were seized, condemned to ten years' servitude, compelled to adopt the Christian creed, but encouraged by kind treatment, and taught the various arts of industry. Many labored for the common interest, many were let out to private service, and many, having served their period, received allotments of land and rewards for faithful conduct. The influence of the missions was beneficial, if the manner of its employment admits of blame. The rise of population and the extension of industry were rapid in the extreme. In 1790 there were in the upper country 7748 inhabitants; in 1801, 13,668; in 1802, 15,629, or double the first number; whilst the quantity of wheat raised, increased from fifteen to thirty-three thousand bushels, and the oxen fattened, from twenty-five to sixty-eight thousand. This tide of prosperity was rising with undiminished rapidity when troubles, in 1835, broke out, and the accumulated store of years was swept away by a torrent of struggles and confusion. Authority changed hands. The priests, stripped of their functions, degenerated into simple pastors, and the *administradors*, appointed by a despotism cloaked under the venerated name of a Republic, drove the Indians in great numbers to their native woods, robbed them of the fruits of their long labor, and overthrew the fabric commenced by the Jesuits and continued by the monks and friars.

The Indians, driven from their homes, galled by bitter injuries, robbed of their humble riches, and hunted once more to a refuge among woods and mountains, carried with them the spirit of hatred, and the purpose of deep revenge. They retaliated on their oppressors. Populous cultivated places were laid desolate, and left deserted; and the flames of a harassing and miserable war threatened to convert the smiling verdure of the land into a waste of smoking ashes. The missions were neglected; ruins became frequent; the earth was uncultivated; Christianity languished, and all things appeared as though the degenerate savage was again to range, in the unlimited freedom of nature, over a wild but magnificent wilderness. But the United States infused a new element of population into California. Her war with Mexico—whether justifiable or not—afforded the occasion; but there was a policy in her movements rarely observed in the impetuous conduct of youthful powers. She spread her actual influence long before she planted a flag as the sign of her dominion.

For two years previous to the capture of

Monterey in 1846, her authority had been paramount in the country, which—nominally a province of Mexico—was, in truth, American territory. At length, toward the close of the summer of 1845, Captain Fremont appeared in the neighborhood of Monterey, whose park-like scenery—trees scattered in groups over grassy hills, wide sloping fields, plantations of oak and fir, red-tiled houses, yellow-washed church, and white cottages—showed in pleasant contrast to the desolate region he had left. He was accompanied by some of his trappers—gigantic loafers, dressed in deer-skin coats, with formidable rifles, and mounted on tall, spare horses. They rode in Indian file through the outskirts; their one-eyed leader viewed the town, and they vanished. Soon again he appeared with an ominous array of thirty-five followers, encamped on a woody height; was commanded to depart, was driven to the hills, pursued, and again lost sight of. An American ship then sailed into the harbor. Fremont was again at Monterey. The Californians foresaw the probable progress of events, and perhaps secretly desired the fostering protection of the great Republic. They balanced between that and independence; but, at length, a Mormon prophet excited an insurrection; and while a contest was pending, two United States vessels simultaneously entered the harbors of Monterey and San Francisco, and in July, 1846, the whole of California relapsed, without a struggle, under the easy rule of America. A new era was again opened. An immediate change appeared. Industry was revived; deserted villages were re-peopled; neglected lands were again cultivated; decaying towns were renovated; and the busy hum of toil broke that death-like silence, that dispiriting lethargy, which broods over an ill-governed country.

But another and a greater change was at hand, to turn the tide of her fortunes into a new, a wider, and more diffusive channel, and to raise California from the condition of an ordinary State, to be the focus of the world's attention, the spot where innumerable streams of emigration from the four quarters of the world, from barbarous and civilized countries, pouring over the Rocky Mountains, or brought over the sea, from distant shores, were to meet in tumultuous confluence, and, flowing upon each other, form an eddying whirlpool of excitement, such as few countries on the globe, in any period of their history, could present to the observation of mankind.

The region itself—independently of its newly-discovered treasures—is wealthy in many natural resources. Its extent is great. From Cape Mendocino, at the borders of the United States, to the root of the Peninsula, is seven hundred miles, and Lower California thrusts out its vast tongue to an almost equal distance. The old region is for the most part a broken, hilly, and barren tract of land; but occasional plains of rich fertility alternate with the less favored tracts; and these formed the sites of the old Jesuit Missions. Alta California extends from the coast to the provinces of New Mexico; but the interior desert basin remains unknown, except in those parts traversed by the Exploring Expedition. All that is known of it is, that it is a wild, rocky, and woody territory, watered by a few rivers, and lakes, rising periodically from the earth, and peopled by wandering Indian hordes—uncouth, improvident savages; who seem to have derived from the white race little save that vice which appears most easily to be planted, and most quickly to grow, in all newly-discovered soils. The wild man at first contemplates his strange visitor as a god, and then receives from him the worst lessons of profligacy and debauch; leaving it for his children to learn, that civilization has commonly sent her most abandoned sons in the train of great discoverers.

The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, divides the gold region from the great desert basin; and between this and the sea lies another line of mountains, forming a valley 500 miles in length, watered by the Sacramento and the San Joachim. These streams, forming a junction in the centre of the valley, diverge toward the sea, and pour in an united current into the harbor of San Francisco—one of the noblest on the globe. The aspect of the country is diversified, and full of beauty. Green valleys, glittering lakes, and verdant hills, extend along the interior borders, backed by the rounded spires of the Snowy Range, whose deep ravines and caverns are now peopled by toiling gold-hunters; who draw more wealth from the bleakest, most barren, and most neglected spots, than the husbandman in the course of many years could derive from the most luxuriantly cultivated land. Along the river banks, light grassy slopes alternate with stony, broken, sandy expanses, honey-combed as it were by time, but now swarming with amateur delvers. However, the country, as a whole, is fertile; producing abundance of grains, vegetables, and fruits, with fine tim-

ber; whilst immense pasture grounds afford nourishment to the flocks and herds that once formed the principal wealth of California. Several towns have risen along the coast; and of these Monterey, San Diego, San Francisco, San Gabriel, and the City of Angels, are the chief. Previous to the popular outbreaks and the war between the administrators and the Indian tribes, considerable commerce was carried on at the ports,—the produce of the country being exchanged for cloths, cottons, velvets, silks, brandies, wines, teas, and other merchandise.

But this trade was almost wholly destroyed, until the Annexation gave a new aspect to affairs. Then a new era was opened up, and prosperity filled the towns with bustle, the ports with shipping, the fields with cultivators, and the workshops with industrious artisans. Even the Indians, driven to the forests by misgovernment, flocked to the peopled communities, and gradually cast away, for the second time, the mantle of their barbarous life.

Before the establishment of Christianity, they formed one of the strangest and most savage sections of the human race. They worshiped a fantastic god; they dwelt in tribes, and lived partly in primitive thatched huts, and partly under the still more primitive roof of the forest. They wandered abroad in search of game, of dried seeds, of the wild produce of nature's own orchards, and roots dug out of the earth. The whole race was plunged in the darkest barbarism. From this condition they were elevated by the successive European rulers of the country. Their domestic manners were purified by passing through the first progress of refinement; their habits of life became more decent and more regular, and their ideas were enlarged within the sphere of a new belief. They rose to a considerably high standard of progress; but were again depressed by the events of 1835, and once more reclaimed by the establishment of American power. The fisheries were actively prosecuted, and the culture of grain—which had been so neglected that foreign produce was required to blunt the edge of famine—occupied the energies of a numerous class. The rearing of oxen and sheep was undertaken with the vigor of former times. During the spring-tide of her prosperity, California was famous for hides and fleeces. This branch of industry also withered, and the traveler across those wide-spreading pastures was only reminded of the productive labor of former days by the vast

heaps of bleaching bones left on the slaughtering-grounds. They frequently occur in many of the districts, and call to recollection those ominous piles of white bones which dot the sandy wastes of Libya, recording the fate of luckless caravans. But a new epoch was about to open. A sudden change appeared in the aspect of the country. It sprang up from its low prostration; it revived from its long lethargy; and society, restored to health, was again inspired with the spirit of industry, the love of commerce, and the ambition of well-earned prosperity.

The intercommunication between California and the United States received a vigorous impulse. Broad currents of emigration flowed through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, from the territories of the great republic, and into the valleys and plains of California. This leads us to consider for a moment one of the most curious features of commerce in this or any other quarter of the globe. We mean that great caravan or wagon-train which traverses the deserts, gorges, hills, valleys, and flowery plains lying between the town of Independence, Missouri, in the United States, Santa Fé on the western slope of the Rocky range, and the City of Angels on the coast of Alta California. It was formerly one of the principal links of intercourse, and, indeed, with the vast emigrant trail diverging from it, and crossing the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, afforded a main channel for the intercommunication of the two regions.

Forty-five years only have elapsed since one James Pursley, after wandering for a long period through the desolate solitudes west of the Mississippi, fell in with some Indians on the banks of the Platte River, and descended with them to the trading station of Santa Fé. Whether or not he opened a barter with that town, is conjectural; but it appears certain that he planted the first seed of that overland intercourse, although local tradition relates that a swindling French Creole amassed much wealth through trade carried on across the Rocky Mountains. Some desultory undertakings were attempted, but with little result, until in 1821 the first caravan arrived at Santa Fé. Perils and privations were the lot of the first adventurers; but in the next year a company of traders was formed to establish the system of commerce. Eighty of them in 1824 started with a caravan of numerous mules and twenty-five carts, bearing merchandise to the value of thirty thousand dollars. The journey was performed with little difficulty; but

gradually, when the wagon-trains passed in regular succession along the trail, their wealth attracted tribes of roving Indians to hover along the line of march, plunder, murder, and intercept. They filled the woody hollows, lying in closest ambush until the head of the large, unwieldy caravan appeared in view, and then suddenly but stealthily thronging out upon the comparatively defenceless traders, who nevertheless frequently beat back their assailants and left a mound of slaughter on the spot. Still, the guilt of the first bloodshed hangs in a doubtful scale between the savages and the civilized men, though certain it is that many a corpse, shrouded in its own clothes, filled a grave on the way-side, and numerous stone-heaps or upright posts mark the resting-places of the dead along the borders of the trail.

In 1829 military protection was secured, and bodies of riflemen accompanied the caravans a considerable distance on their journey.*

From various districts of America merchandise is collected on the Missouri River, brought up over its waters to the City of Independence, and then stowed in huge wagons, which bear it to Santa Fé, where part of the cargo, if we may so call it, is sold to the merchants of New Mexico, whilst a portion is carried on to the City of Angels. The caravan starts from Independence in May. Its appearance is singularly picturesque. A train of perhaps a hundred teams of from four to fifteen yokes, pulling five-score huge tented wagons, under the guidance of numerous drivers, cracking their long whips and shouting with all the power of their lungs; immense droves of cattle; long strings of carts drawn by mules; numbers of these animals laden with packs, with the merchants in their rude attire; all these, and countless other features,—too minute to be described—too picturesque to be forgotten,—impart the chief interest to a scene of singular romance. All the town's-people throng out to witness the departure of the caravan, which is regarded as the great event of the year, although it is not more gigantic than many of those vast loaded trains which nightly issue from every side of London, and travel through darkness to the remotest quarters of the kingdom.

The interest of the expedition is not diminished by the wild landscapes across which the caravan pursues its creeping way. Now it enters on a broad grassy savannah, level as a lake; now it wends among flowery slopes,

dotted with a few trees, brilliant with the Californian poppy, and speckled with thickly blooming shrubs, crimson blossoms, purple lilies, and the modest petals of the white and yellow evening primrose. Now it strikes out upon a wide, bleak, barren plain, studded with stony heaps; now it descends into a desert valley, deep and broad, waving from rim to rim with the wild mustard; now it skirts the arid shores of a salt lake; and now it enters the Vale of the Lonely Elm, where a solitary tree, by a pool of water, has given its name to the spot where it grows. Occasionally a little clump of tall cotton trees dots the prairie, each bearing amid its branches a small platform whereon a shrouded Indian corpse is laid. The climate is favorable to rapid desiccation, which encourages this singular plan of disposing of the dead. It is a custom among many barbarous races, and was practiced by the ancient Scythians, as it is now among some of the Bornean tribes.

Plunging amid rugged gorges, dark, precipitous heights, and deep, lonely defiles, the wagon-train winds among the Rocky Mountains, and then, descending the slopes, entering a valley cultivated with rich crops of corn and yams, reaches Santa Fé. The town has three or four thousand inhabitants, dwelling in mud-brick houses, one story high, with a church and fine gardens in the suburbs. Long strings of asses may be constantly seen, laden with wood, wending their way from the distant hills, upon which the city depends for fuel. The arrival of the caravan spreads life through the dull streets, and a brisk barter is at once commenced: the mules and cattle of the surrounding region, with other materials of wealth, being exchanged for the merchandise brought from the Missouri.

In October a train of about two hundred horsemen, with a multitude of loaded mules, leaves Santa Fé for the City of Angels. They take with them woolen, cotton, and linen cloths, to be exchanged for horses and mules—two pieces being the usual price of each animal. Crossing the Sierra Madre, descending southward to the Rio Navajoas, traversing the wasted districts of the old missions, and making its way over the Colorado, the Snowy Range, the Valley of Tulares, and the Californian hills, it reaches Los Angeles in about seventy-five days, and leaves it in the following April, before the melting of the snows, with a train of two or three thousand horses and mules. Everywhere neglected lands, olive plantations heavy with

fruit, and magnificent vineyards overgrown with wild vegetation, recalled the decayed industry of former days. But American enterprise was gradually rebuilding the ruined fabric of prosperity, when a discovery was made which turned adventure into a new channel, and opened another era in the history of California.

In September, 1847, an American settler, Captain Sutter, erected a water-mill in a mountainous spot a thousand feet above the level of the valley, where the Rio des los Americanos pours down from the Sierra Nevada to swell the united streams of the Sacramento and San Joachim. Some glittering particles were observed in the mud. They were examined—they were tested—they were proved to be pure and virgin gold. The discoverer at first secreted his knowledge, but it escaped him and spread abroad. The first rumors were lightly tossed aside; but confirmation gave them strength, and as each transmission of intelligence to the United States carried fresh accounts of new discoveries, an enthusiastic ardor was awakened, and within four months of that eventful day five thousand persons were delving on the river's banks, on the slopes, amid the ravines, hollows, and caverns in the Valley of the Sacramento.

From the vast population of the rising Republic new streams of emigration broke at once to swell that current which had for years set noiselessly toward the valleys of California. The upper region, or at least that portion of it lying between the Snowy Mountains and the sea, previously contained about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom half were Christianized Indians, a third Spanish Americans, and the rest foreigners. Of the wild tribes in the interior no reckoning was ever made; but the number we mention swelled at once to immense additional magnitude after the discovery of the gold. Gradually the knowledge of that auriferous soil was borne to the four quarters of the world, and from all the ports of all the nations a few sails were spread toward the coasts of that wealthy region, the valley of that modern Pactolus, whose Chrysorhean stream appeared to pour down an inexhaustible flood of riches from the caverns of the Snowy hills.

Industry was making rapid progress along the coast; the towns were full of life, and the sounds of the hammer and the anvil awoke a thousand cheerful echoes. But the sands of the Sacramento attracted the population as by a magnetic impulse. Law-

yers, stewards, hotel-keepers, merchants, mechanics, and cultivators, left their occupations and hurried with basket and spade to the glittering region. Sinbad's diamond valley appeared not half so rich. Houses were closed; the grass threatened to grow over whole streets; deserted ships swung on their anchors in silent harbors. There was little danger in this. None had time to rob; none had the inclination. The garrison of Monterey abandoned arms and took up the pickaxe and the shovel. Trains of wagons constantly streamed from the coast to the interior. Stores and sheds were built along the river bank, and crammed with provisions to be sold at more than famine price; whole towns of tents and bushy bowers sprang up as if by magic; every dawn rose upon a motley toiling multitude, swarming in every nook and corner of the modern El Dorado, and every night was illumined by the flames of a thousand bivouacs.

Half-naked Indians; sharp-visaged Yankees in straw hats and loose frocks; groups of swarthy Spanish Americans; old Dons in the gaudy costume of a dead fashion; gigantic trappers with their rude prairie garb; and gentlemen traders from the United States, with crowds of pretty Californian women, jostled in tumultuous confusion through the gold district. Every method, from the roughest to the most ingenious, was devised for the rapid accumulation of gold; and the strange spectacle was presented of a vast population without law, without authority, without restraint, toiling together in amicable companionship. But the duration of this condition of things was brief. Outrages were perpetrated; robbery commenced; blood was shed, and anarchy in its most hideous form appeared. But the United States government soon laid the foundations of order, and has prepared a system of regular legislation for California. A severe code was established; thieving incurred the heavy penalty of a brand on the cheek, with mutilation of the ears: and by the last accounts, the treasures accumulated by the gold digger lie as secure in his canvas tenement as though under treble lock in a London bank.

A Californian gold-hunter, who wrote this day five months ago, estimating the influx of population from the States during the past season, fixes it at a hundred thousand souls, so that the original census was quadrupled within those few months. Of these he calculates forty-five thousand arrived in the nine thousand wagons that traversed the

overland route, and four thousand on mule-back, whilst the remainder came *via* Panama, and round Cape Horn. One third of this multitude was composed of farmers, another of tradesmen and mechanics, and the rest of merchants, professional men, adventurers, and gamblers. The vast emigrant armies have acted as pioneers on their various routes, hewing down trees, filling up chasms, leveling the grounds, bridging torrents, and in every manner possible facilitating the passage of the trail. But the sufferings endured in these colossal caravans are severe and terrible. Many perish by the way; many become insane through lack of food and water. The Mormon half-way settlements on the Salt Lakes have afforded succor to thousands of these struggling wretches; so that some good has been effected by the wild saints of New Jerusalem.

By this time two or three hundred thousand persons must be busy in the golden region, although it appears as though the settlers wish to check emigration by fabricating accounts of the bad climate and poor soil, in imitation of the old Jesuit policy, but in contradiction to all writers of authority on California.

American enterprise is clearing the forest lands, cleansing out mines, planning cities, speculating in town lots, erecting school-houses, universities, and churches; whilst land is selling at prodigious prices. Dreaming adventurers call to mind the coffers of King Croesus, and hearing that that in California there is

"Gold to fetch, and gold to send,
Gold to borrow, and gold to lend,
Gold to keep, and gold to spend,
And abundance of gold *in futuro*,"

pour in mad torrents to the favored land, and dig with glistening eyes, whilst building up visionary castles more extravagant than those of the sanguine Alnaschar in the Thousand and One Nights. They never call to mind The Melancholy Man's Moral Maxim,—Hope for naught, and naught will disappoint you.

But the rage for gold has not driven all human feeling from the land, for the speculators are falling in love by thousands, though marrying only by hundreds, as women are very scarce, and most desperate jealousies occur; so that matrimony is as busy among them as the Midas mania for the glittering treasures of the Sacramento. Still, it must be confessed that Mr. John Cayley, pausing from his narration of the deeds of Sir Regi-

nald Mohun to apostrophize the reader, is right when he lays down the maxim—

"Have you a heart? gold is the thing to harden it;" and we sadly fear that many of the speculators having been victorious in a jealous struggle, rather neglect their wives, to sift the fine grain on the sand flats, or dig for precious fragments among the rocks. Still, many edifying pictures of felicity occur, and the speculative gold-hunter may often lift his eyes and see a long Yankee store-keeper scraping in the same hole with his partner, in most loving companionship; one holding the sieve, whilst the other pours upon it the rich dust; or one filling the pail, whilst the other stirs it with a long wooden pestle.

A traveler journeying from San Francisco to the gold district, has given some interesting details of the singular aspect presented by this population of miraculously rapid growth which now swarms from end to end of the Sacramento Valley, and even to the spurs of the Snowy Mountains. He arrived at San Francisco in April, 1848, and was delighted with the view spread out before his eye, whilst sailing across the broad lake-like harbor, whose gently heaving bosom was studded with ships that had recently arrived from Europe and America. On all sides rose lofty hills, whereon pastured innumerable herds of oxen and flocks of sheep. Their vast green slopes were dotted with clumps of trees. The town lay scattered on the harbor's rim; and over the entrance of the port frowned quaint old Spanish fortifications, where the stars and stripes of the Republic fluttered gaily above, and the streamers of a merchant fleet below. But our traveler was dreaming of gold, and the prospect had few endearing charms for him.

During his stay at the town, a man arrived from the gold district with twenty-three ounces of the pure metal, the produce of eight days' work. Others followed him, and gradually shovels, mattocks, and tin pans rose to a premium at the San Francisco market; whilst parties of adventurers continually left for "the diggings." Houses were closed; half-finished buildings were abandoned, and every species of industry was neglected. Meanwhile, vessels laden with amateur miners arrived from the United States, and the disembarked emigrants presented a curious spectacle, as they hurried in search of the means of rapid transit to the diggings. Here was a lawyer who had left his office—perhaps with a half-written brief upon the table; behind him stole his clerk,

and at his heels, perhaps, the functionaries of the law, abandoning quills, blue bags, red tapes, and staves, for spades, mattocks, crow-bars, and colanders. Here was a merchant who had closed his counting-house, with his partners and assistants; here was a store-keeper; here was the master of a hotel; and here an ominous array of most doleful and grim-looking individuals proclaimed themselves connected with the press; indubitably they were none other than the patient workers who toil by twilight. From the editor to the printer's devil, the whole staff of a New York journal emigrated to California; presses stood still; types remained in hopeless "pies," and uncorrected proofs were abandoned to the rats; for gold tempted all classes to its shrine, and even justices, naval and military officers, musicians, and farmers, left their gentler crafts to bore the rocks, and dig among the caverns of the Snowy Mountains, or to wash the mud and sift the glittering sands of the Sacramento.

Negro servants and laborers of all classes immediately assumed imperial airs, and demanded an imperial rate of wages. The waiter at the San Francisco hotel, succumbing—reluctantly, no doubt—to circumstances, found himself perfectly comfortable for some time with a salary of nearly nine hundred a year. Gold-scrapers, sieves, spades, shovels, and pickaxes, were sold for enormous sums; provisions were vended at Tanjore—famine prices; and camp equipage, arms, horses, and liquors, could only be obtained by those whose purses were heavy with the accumulation of former gains. The traveler, with a party of companions, prepared well for their adventure, and were lucky enough to secure the services of a mechanic to furnish them with saddles; but visiting his workshop to order some alterations, saw posted on the door the laconic written notice—"Gone to the Diggins."

Journeying to the banks of the Sacramento, they overtook many huge wagon trains, laden with emigrants to the gold regions, groups of horsemen and crowds of men, women, and children; whilst along the border were sprinkled numerous tenements composed of rough wooden frames, covered with brown calico or cotton. The great valley was peopled by an industrious multitude, some digging in holes, others washing in the river beds, shaking pails and sieves; some erecting houses, some dispensing provisions from stores, others changing the dust for coin—(the Jews monopolize this)—whilst all pursued through varied means one common object—gold.

Along the waters of the river, the masts of numerous vessels might be seen threading their way from the coast, and immense encampments studded the hill-slopes with life.

On dry and level spots, the amateur diggers erected their tents under the trees. Huge log-fires were kindled, bowie knives cut the pork, spoons mixed the coffee; the meat was fried in oceans of its own fat, with soaked pilot bread; and tin pails, used in common for gold washing and water boiling, foamed with the rich brown cream of the grateful beverage. An American "digger" describes with much animation the scene he witnessed around, whilst engaged pleasantly devouring fat pork and swallowing hot coffee. The axe resounded, and the flames crackled in all directions through the valley as evening approached, while continual streams of new comers poured toward the mines. Hundreds of these were escaped or released convicts from New South Wales, whose appearance was that of so many demons broken from the infernal realms. Dressed in discolored shirts, their ugly and impudent faces, says the American, peered with cunning impudence from beneath flaming red caps, which from their shape might be the camp pudding-bag; around their waists circled greasy leathern belts, in which worked at ease a wooden-handled sheath knife, used to blood of man and beast; while, leaping through the flames of their camp fire with hideous yells, they completed at least a close copy of one of Pluto's ante-chambers.

The night closes in; the vast scattered camps relapse into repose; the sound of digging, washing, and sifting ceases; the swarthy multitudes seek their various places of rest, or lie down shelterless on stores of gold. The camp fires blaze dimly, and shed a lurid glare on tent and sleeper, whilst the dark assemblages of bush-formed bowers, canvas tenements, calico-frame houses, and mud huts, mingled with the groves and strewn along the river banks, with the thousands of prostrate forms, and the few groups of watchers, form a picture at once novel, wild, and romantic. Early dawn changes it; all are again astir. The fires blaze up; the pots are on; the kettle hisses; the frying-pans sputter with their floating masses of pork, and a general demolition of bread, meat, coffee, and tobacco takes places. The meal is hurried. The whole valley wakes into activity. Every man seizes his implements. Pots, kettles, colanders, crowbars, and axes are caught up, and thus armed, the whole host of gold diggers pours out upon the

plains, valleys, and hills, to toil for another day, and heap up a new accumulation of wealth.

Our American was a trader, and opened a store in the Culoma valley. The great tent was pitched, and piled with merchandise. A broad counter, erected on barrels, was prepared in front. "Then arranging our articles we prepared for trade, and were soon visited by groups of diggers or others to purchase or look on. Ascertaining the current prices, we disposed of powder at sixteen dollars a pound, percussion caps at two dollars a hundred, or for waterproof, eight dollars a quarter box, with small belt pistols from thirty-two to forty-eight, a rifle for a hundred, clasp, sheath, and bowie knives at eight, ten, and sixteen dollars, and cigars at from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a dozen. The abundance of the gold dust and lumps in the possession of the miners was most wonderful. A fellow clad in greasy deer-skin pants and hunting shirt, the *usual dress of the diggers*, would purchase some article for an ounce or half-ounce, and producing, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief around him, an old deer-skin pouch, untie the coarse string, and turn out the dust into our scales. In this clumsy process more or less gold was spilled on the paper under the scales, and unless it was a considerable quantity, they generally refused to receive it back, saying, 'There's plenty more where that comes from.'"

At the river banks, and scattered over the rough ground, in this portion of the region spectacles of singular strangeness were presented. Men with long-handled shovels delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, their eyes kindled with sudden pleasure, and the search was more intently pursued. In the water, knee, or even waist deep, regardless of the shivering cold, others were washing the sand in tin pans or the common cradle rocker, whilst the sun poured a hot flood upon their heads. The *rocker* is a wooden cradle covered with a grating, in which the earth and water are thrown, escaping through a contrivance at the bottom, which retains the gold. Some are so large

as to require five men to work them, and with steady labor the thrifty miner rarely fails to pile up in his tent a store of glittering riches; but what is obtained with toil is spent in excess. Parties of diggers continually throng to the stores to enjoy "a burst," which means a few days of degrading revel, drinking, feasting, and profligacy. Brandy at half an ounce, and champagne at an ounce, a bottle, are swallowed in profusion, and the intoxicated wretches rush from place to place, brandishing bowie knives, or shooting with the rifle at any fancied mark, with the ball often not half home and the rammer in. Others, leaping into the saddle and howling with frenzied excitement, ride fiercely through the tents in any direction, and are frequently thrown and nearly killed; whilst oaths and blasphemy so fearful that, as our American well expresses it, the rocks refused to echo them, fill the air. Many of the miners have spent as much as ten thousand dollars in two or three days—answering all remonstrance with, "There's plenty more, and when we want it we can dig it."

Such were the scenes which were in 1849 to be witnessed from end to end of the gold region. We have merely glanced at a few pictures, and of these rather suggested the outline than filled in the details. But the reader's imagination will doubtless carry him to those splendid valleys, those green hills and glittering rivers, where the waters are golden, where the soil teems with precious dust, where every stream is a Pactolus and every ravine a miser's chest; where Time has hoarded up his stores, now opened to the eye of man; where the Snowy Mountains have rolled down their exhaustless wealth, and converted the whole region into one vast mine, wherein now merchants, doctors, convicts, parsons, thieves, artists, editors, judges, soldiers, sailors, broken adventurers, black-legs, and lawyers, dramatic poets, beggars, mechanics, and vagabonds of all classes and calibres, swarm as flies about carrion, delving, washing, scraping, toiling and sweating from morning till night—all falling down and bowing before the great idol of their worship, the golden calf of Mammon, as the multitudes of old Egypt labored around the eternal pyramids, at the bidding of their despotic kings.

One most singular circumstance is, that the Chinese, who for unnumbered ages have been interdicted from foreign settlement, have broken all old bonds, crossed ten thousand miles of ocean, and located themselves in great numbers at San Francisco, in wooden

* "Sights in the Gold Region and Scenes by the Way." By Theodore T. Johnson. New York: Baker and Scribner, 1849.

tenements brought from Hong Kong, occupying themselves, as usual, in cheating as well as house-building—both most lucrative employments in California. A complete hotel has been sent thither from Antwerp: it consists of forty rooms, with furniture, all in cast-iron. The whole takes to pieces when desired. Similar houses have been shipped from Liverpool; but lodgings are nevertheless at a high premium, both in the towns and at the diggings.

Remembering the vast and continually rising tide of emigration that sets toward those golden shores, we cannot but regard with interest the plans for facilitating the transit of passengers. The voyage to New York offers, of course, every facility, but from thence to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, is a breadth of sea extending seventeen thousand miles, whilst the journey by the Panama Isthmus is only a third of that distance. But the passage of this narrow link of land, connecting the South with the North American continent and Mexico, is now tedious and difficult—open to long de-

lays and vexatious obstacles. A company has, however, been chartered to connect, by a railway, the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. The contractors for the line, which is to be fifty miles in length, are pushing the accomplishment so vigorously, that a year is expected to complete the undertaking, and the voyager from New York may then, instead of navigating the perilous sea that rolls round the head of Cape Horn, land at Chagres, place himself in a railway carriage, pull out his copy of the *Ancient Mariner*, and ere he has seen the old man shrived, find himself at Panama, on the banks of the Pacific. It is a noble project, and its accomplishment will be one of the most splendid triumphs of human enterprise. To bore a tunnel through the earth beneath a river is a wonderful thing; but to throw a bridge of iron, to be traversed by steam, between the two mightiest oceans on the globe, will be a magnificent achievement. It will open an easy road from the Old and New Worlds to the shores of the land of gold.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

YE who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
At its own capricious will!
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking—or disliking—
Oft before a word be said!

Why should *smiles* sometimes repel us?
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh—no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking, or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
Which protects us,—and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct?—is it nature?
Or some freak, or fault of chance,
Which our liking—or disliking—
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings;
Or that inner sense, still stranger,
Of unseen—unutter'd things!
Is it—oh, can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause
Why our likings—and dislikings—
Have their own instinctive laws!

LADY JANE GREY.

(SEE PLATE.)

[HUME's version of the tragic history of Lady Jane Grey has ever been admired for the exquisite taste and grace of style it displays, as well as for its essential adherence to truth. It forms so fine an accompaniment to our engraving, that we beg to refresh the reader's memory by a reproduction of it:]

The title of the princess Mary, after the demise of her brother, was not exposed to any considerable difficulty; and the objections started by the Lady Jane Grey's partisans were new and unheard of by the nation. Though all the Protestants, and even many of the Catholics, believed the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catharine of Arragon to be unlawful and invalid; yet, as it had been contracted by the parties without any criminal intention, had been avowed by their parents, recognized by the nation, and seemingly founded on those principles of law and religion which then prevailed, few imagined that their issue ought on that account to be regarded as illegitimate. A declaration to that purpose had indeed been extorted from parliament by the usual violence and caprice of Henry; but as that monarch had afterward been induced to restore his daughter to the right of succession, her title was now become as legal and parliamentary as it was ever esteemed just and natural. The public had long been familiarized to these sentiments: during all the reign of Edward, the princess was regarded as his lawful successor; and though the Protestants dreaded the effects of her prejudices, the extreme hatred universally entertained against the Dudleys, who, men foresaw, would, under the name of Jane, be the real sovereigns, was more than sufficient to counterbalance, even with that party, the attachment to religion. This last attempt to violate the order of succession had displayed Northumberland's ambition and injustice in a full light; and when the people reflected on the long train of fraud, iniquity, and cruelty, by which that project had been conducted; that the lives of the two Seymours, as well as the title of the princesses, had been sacrificed to it; they were moved

by indignation to exert themselves in opposition to such criminal enterprises. The general veneration also paid to the memory of Henry VIII. prompted the nation to defend the rights of his posterity; and the miseries of the ancient civil wars were not so entirely forgotten, that men were willing, by a departure from the lawful heir, to incur the danger of like bloodshed and confusion.

Northumberland, sensible of the opposition which he must expect, had carefully concealed the destination made by the king; and in order to bring the two princesses into his power, he had had the precaution to engage the council, before Edward's death, to write to them in that prince's name, desiring their attendance, on pretence that his infirm state of health required the assistance of their counsel and the consolation of their company. Edward expired before their arrival; but Northumberland, in order to make the princesses fall into the snare, kept the king's death still secret; and the Lady Mary had already reached Hoddesden, within half a day's journey of the court. Happily, the earl of Arundel sent her private intelligence, both of her brother's death, and of the conspiracy formed against her; she immediately made haste to retire; and she arrived, by quick journeys, first at Kenning Hall in Norfolk, then at Framlingham in Suffolk; where she purposed to embark and escape to Flanders, in case she should find it impossible to defend her right of succession. She wrote letters to the nobility and most considerable gentry in every county in England; commanding them to assist her in the defence of her crown and person. And she dispatched a message to the council; by which she notified to them, that her brother's death was no longer a secret to her, promised them pardon for past offences, and required them immediately to give orders for proclaiming her in London.

Northumberland found that further dissimulation was fruitless: he went to Sion House, accompanied by the duke of Suffolk, the earl of Pembroke, and others of the

nobility ; and he approached the Lady Jane, who resided there, with all the respect usually paid to the sovereign. Jane was in a great measure ignorant of these transactions ; and it was with equal grief and surprise that she received intelligence of them. She was a lady of an amiable person, an engaging disposition, accomplished parts ; and being of an equal age with the late king, she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature. She had attained a familiar knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, besides modern tongues ; had passed most of her time in an application to learning ; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park ; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gayety. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness toward her husband, who was deserving of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition ; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was nowise agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present ; pleaded the preferable title of the two princesses ; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal ; and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties, rather than the reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. It was then usual for the kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days in the Tower ; and Northumberland immediately conveyed thither the new sovereign. All the counselors were obliged to attend her to that fortress ; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the hands of Northumberland, whose will they were necessitated to obey. Orders were given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom ; but these orders were executed only in London and the neighborhood. No applause ensued : the people heard the proclamation with silence and concern : some even expressed their scorn and contempt ; and one Pot, a

vintner's apprentice, was severely punished for this offence. The Protestant teachers themselves, who were employed to convince the people of Jane's title, found their eloquence fruitless ; and Ridley, bishop of London, who preached a sermon to that purpose, wrought no effect upon his audience.

The people of Suffolk, meanwhile, paid their attendance on Mary. As they were much attached to the reformed communion, they could not forbear, amidst their tenders of duty, expressing apprehensions for their religion ; but when she assured them that she never meant to change the laws of Edward, they enlisted themselves in her cause with zeal and affection. The nobility and gentry daily flocked to her, and brought her reinforcement. The earls of Bath and Sussex, the eldest sons of Lord Wharton and Lord Mordaunt, Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Benningfield, Sir Henry Jernegan, persons whose interest lay in the neighborhood, appeared at the head of their tenants and retainers. Sir Edward Hastings, brother to the earl of Huntingdon, having received a commission from the council to make levies for the Lady Jane in Buckinghamshire, carried over his troops, which amounted to four thousand men, and joined Mary. Even a fleet which had been sent by Northumberland to lie off the coast of Suffolk, being forced into Yarmouth by a storm, was engaged to declare for that princess.

Northumberland, hitherto blinded by ambition, saw at last the danger gather round him, and knew not to what hand to turn himself. He had levied forces, which were assembled at London ; but dreading the cabals of the courtiers and counselors, whose compliance, he knew, had been entirely the result of fear or artifice, he was resolved to keep near the person of the Lady Jane, and send Suffolk to command the army. But the counselors, who wished to remove him, working on the filial tenderness of Jane, magnified to her the danger to which her father would be exposed ; and represented that Northumberland, who had gained reputation by formerly suppressing a rebellion in those parts, was more proper to command in that enterprise. The duke himself, who knew the slender capacity of Suffolk, began to think that none but himself was able to encounter the present danger ; and he agreed to take on him the command of the troops. The counselors attended on him at his departure with the highest protestations of attachment, and none more than Arundel, his mortal enemy. As he went along, he remarked the

disaffection of the people, which foreboded a fatal issue to his ambitious hopes. "Many," said he to Lord Gray, "come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries, God speed you!"

The duke had no sooner reached St. Edmondsbury, than he found his army, which did not exceed six thousand men, too weak to encounter the queen's, which amounted to double the number. He wrote to the council, desiring them to send him a reinforcement; and the counselors immediately laid hold of the opportunity to free themselves from confinement. They left the Tower, as if they meant to execute Northumberland's commands; but being assembled in Baynard's castle, a house belonging to Pembroke, they deliberated concerning the method of shaking off his usurped tyranny. Arundel began the conference, by representing the injustice and cruelty of Northumberland, the exorbitancy of his ambition, the criminal enterprise which he had projected, and the guilt in which he had involved the whole council; and he affirmed, that the only method of making atonement for their past offences, was by a speedy return to the duty which they owed to their lawful sovereign. This motion was seconded by Pembroke, who, clapping his hand to his sword, swore he was ready to fight any man that expressed himself of a contrary sentiment. The mayor and aldermen of London were immediately sent for, who discovered great alacrity in obeying the orders they received to proclaim Mary. The people expressed their approbation by shouts of applause. Even Suffolk, who commanded in the Tower, finding resistance fruitless, opened the gates, and declared for the queen. The Lady Jane, after the vain pageantry of wearing a crown during ten days, returned to a private life with more satisfaction than she felt when the royalty was tendered to her: and the messengers who were sent to Northumberland with orders to lay down his arms, found that he had despaired of success, was deserted by all his followers, and had already proclaimed the queen, with exterior marks of joy and satisfaction. The people everywhere, on the queen's approach to London, gave sensible expressions of their loyalty and attachment; and the Lady Elizabeth met her at the head of a thousand horse, which that princess had levied in order to support their joint title against the usurper.

The queen gave orders for taking into custody the duke of Northumberland, who fell on his knees to the earl of Arundel, that

arrested him, and abjectly begged his life. At the same time were committed the earl of Warwick, his eldest son, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry Dudley, two of his younger sons, Sir Andrew Dudley, his brother, the marquis of Northampton, the earl of Huntingdon, Sir Thomas Palmer, and Sir John Gates. The queen afterward confined the duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Guildford Dudley. But Mary was desirous, in the beginning of her reign, to acquire popularity by the appearance of clemency; and because the counselors pleaded constraint as an excuse for their treason, she extended her pardon to most of them. Suffolk himself recovered his liberty; and he owed this indulgence, in a great measure, to the contempt entertained of his capacity. But the guilt of Northumberland was too great, as well as his ambition and courage too dangerous, to permit him to entertain any reasonable hopes of life. When brought to his trial, he only desired permission to ask two questions of the peers appointed to sit on his jury; whether a man could be guilty of treason that obeyed orders given him by the council under the great seal; and whether those who were involved in the same guilt with himself, could sit as his judges. Being told that the great seal of a usurper was no authority, and that persons not lying under any sentence of attainder were still innocent in the eye of the law, and might be admitted on any jury, he acquiesced, and pleaded guilty. At his execution, he made profession of the Catholic religion, and told the people that they never would enjoy tranquillity till they returned to the faith of their ancestors: whether that such were his real sentiments, which he had formerly disguised from interest and ambition, or that he hoped by this declaration to render the queen more favorable to his family. Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir John Gates suffered with him; and this was all the blood spilled on account of so dangerous and criminal an enterprise against the rights of the sovereign. Sentence was pronounced against the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford, but without any present intention of putting it in execution. The youth and innocence of the persons, neither of whom had reached their seventeenth year, pleaded sufficiently in their favor.

After the parliament and convocation were dismissed in 1554, the new laws with regard to religion, though they had been anticipated in most places by the zeal of the Catholics, countenanced by government, were still more openly put in execution: the mass was everywhere re-established; and marriage was de-

clared to be incompatible with any spiritual office. It has been asserted by some writers, that three-fourths of the clergy were at this time deprived of their livings; though other historians, more accurate, have estimated the number of sufferers to be far short of this proportion. A visitation was appointed, in order to restore more perfectly the mass and the ancient rites. Among other articles, the commissioners were enjoined to forbid the oath of supremacy to be taken by the clergy on their receiving any benefice. It is to be observed, that this oath had been established by the laws of Henry VIII., which were still in force.

This violent and sudden change of religion inspired the Protestants with great discontent; and even affected indifferent spectators with concern, by the hardships to which so many individuals were on that account exposed. But the Spanish match was a point of more general concern, and diffused universal apprehension for the liberty and independence of the nation. To obviate all clamor, the articles of marriage were drawn as favorable as possible for the interests and security, and even grandeur of England. It was agreed that, though Philip should have the title of king, the administration should be entirely in the queen; that no foreigner should be capable of enjoying any office in the kingdom; that no innovation should be made in the English laws, customs, and privileges; that Philip should not carry the queen abroad without her consent, nor any of her children without the consent of the nobility; that sixty thousand pounds a year should be settled as her jointure; that the male issue of this marriage should inherit, together with England, both Burgundy and the Low Countries; and that if Don Carlos, Philip's son by his former marriage, should die, and his line be extinct, the queen's issue, whether male or female, should inherit Spain, Sicily, Milan, and all the other dominions of Philip. Such was the treaty of marriage signed by Count Egmont and three other ambassadors, sent over to England by the emperor.

These articles, when published, gave no satisfaction to the nation. It was universally said, that the emperor, in order to get possession of England, would verbally agree to any terms; and the greater advantage there appeared in the conditions which he granted, the more certainly might it be concluded that he had no serious intention of observing them; that the usual fraud and ambition of that monarch might assure the nation of such

a conduct: and his son Philip, while he inherited these vices from his father, added to them tyranny, sullenness, pride, and barbarity, more dangerous vices of his own: that England would become a province, and a province to a kingdom which usually exercised the most violent authority over all her dependent dominions: that the Netherlands, Milan, Sicily, Naples, groaned under the burden of Spanish tyranny; and throughout all the new conquests in America there had been displayed scenes of unrelenting cruelty, hitherto unknown in the history of mankind: that the inquisition was a tribunal invented by that tyrannical nation, and would infallibly, with all their other laws and institutions, be introduced into England; and that the divided sentiments of the people with regard to religion would subject multitudes to this iniquitous tribunal, and would reduce the whole nation to the most abject servitude.

These complaints being diffused everywhere, prepared the people for a rebellion; and had any foreign power given them encouragement, or any great man appeared to head them, the consequence might have proved fatal to the queen's authority. But the king of France, though engaged in hostilities with the emperor, refused to concur in any proposal for an insurrection, lest he should afford Mary a pretence for declaring war against him. And the more prudent part of the nobility thought that, as the evils of the Spanish alliance were only dreaded at a distance, matters were not yet fully prepared for a general revolt. Some persons, however, more turbulent than the rest, believed that it would be safer to prevent than to redress grievances; and they formed a conspiracy to rise in arms, and declare against the queen's marriage with Philip. Sir Thomas Wiat purposed to raise Kent; Sir Peter Carew, Devonshire; and they engaged the duke of Suffolk, by the hopes of recovering the crown for the Lady Jane, to attempt raising the midland counties. Carew's impatience or apprehensions engaged him to break the concert, and to rise in arms before the day appointed. He was soon suppressed by the earl of Bedford, and constrained to fly into France. On this intelligence, Suffolk, dreading an arrest, suddenly left the town with his brothers, Lord Thomas and Lord Leonard Gray, and endeavored to raise the people in the counties of Warwick and Leicester, where his interest lay; but he was so closely pursued by the earl of Huntingdon, at the head of three hundred horse, that he was obliged to disperse his followers, and

being discovered in his concealment, he was carried prisoner to London. Wiat was at first more successful in his attempt; and having published a declaration, at Maidstone in Kent, against the queen's evil counselors, and against the Spanish match, without any mention of religion, the people began to flock to his standard. The duke of Norfolk, with Sir Henry Jernegan, was sent against him, at the head of the guards and some other troops, reinforced with five hundred Londoners commanded by Bret: and he came within sight of the rebels at Rochester, where they had fixed their head-quarters. Sir George Harper here pretended to desert from them; but having secretly gained Bret, these two malecontents so wrought on the Londoners, that the whole body deserted to Wiat, and declared that they would not contribute to enslave their native country. Norfolk, dreading the contagion of the example, immediately retreated with his troops, and took shelter in the city.

After this proof of the disposition of the people, especially of the Londoners, who were mostly Protestants, Wiat was encouraged to proceed; he led his forces to Southwark, where he required of the queen that she should put the Tower into his hands, should deliver four counselors as hostages, and in order to insure the liberty of the nation, should immediately marry an Englishman. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, and that the city was overawed, he marched up to Kingston, where he passed the river with four thousand men; and returning toward London, hoped to encourage his partisans who had engaged to declare for him. He had imprudently wasted so much time at Southwark, and in his march from Kingston, that the critical season, on which all popular commotions depend, was entirely lost: though he entered Westminster without resistance, his followers, finding that no person of note joined him, insensibly fell off, and he was at last seized near Temple Bar by Sir Maurice Berkeley. Four hundred persons are said to have suffered for this rebellion: four hundred more were conducted before the queen with ropes about their necks: and falling on their knees, received a pardon, and were dismissed. Wiat was condemned and executed: as it had been reported that, on his examination, he had accused the Lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire as accomplices, he took care, on the scaffold, before the whole people, fully to acquit them of having any share in his rebellion.

The Lady Elizabeth had been, during some time, treated with great harshness by her sister; and many studied instances of discouragement and disrespect had been practiced against her. She was ordered to take place at court after the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk, as if she were not legitimate: her friends were discountenanced on every occasion: and while her virtues, which were now become eminent, drew to her the attendance of all the young nobility, and rendered her the favorite of the nation, the malevolence of the queen still discovered itself every day by fresh symptoms, and obliged the princess to retire into the country. Mary seized the opportunity of this rebellion; and hoping to involve her sister in some appearance of guilt, sent for her under a strong guard, committed her to the Tower, and ordered her to be strictly examined by the council. But the public declaration made by Wiat rendered it impracticable to employ against her any false evidence which might have offered; and the princess made so good a defence, that the queen found herself under a necessity of releasing her. In order to send her out of the kingdom, a marriage was offered her with the duke of Savoy; and when she declined the proposal, she was committed to custody under a strong guard at Wodestoke. The earl of Devonshire, though equally innocent, was confined in Fotheringay Castle.

But this rebellion proved fatal to the Lady Jane Grey, as well as to her husband: the duke of Suffolk's guilt was imputed to her; and though the rebels and malecontents seemed chiefly to rest their hopes on the Lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire, the queen, incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under color of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. The Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the

Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guildford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them: their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford together on the same scaffold at Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her: she gave him her table-book, on which she had just written

three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favorable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favor. On the scaffold she made a speech to the bystanders; in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr. Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr. Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening toward the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr. James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterward emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr. Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future, of the new-comer.

"I mind him well," quavered an old white-haired man. "It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnion; just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer."

"He that's left him such heaps of money?"

"Ay, boy, the very same, though he

wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?"

"Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which."

"I can't say," rejoined the more ancient oracle, "that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it. Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, *that* I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterward, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember."

"Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box."

"True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see."

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton, on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly favored, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gains-

ford became Mrs. Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterward, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. "At last!" he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—"at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!" The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassible as ever. The letter which he dispatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rock-

ed with curses to unblessed repose! It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlor of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realized the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs. Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only "thinned her flowing hair"—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs. Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

"Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth," said he. "What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him."

"Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?"

"Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather—Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match."

"Nonsense, father!"

"Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I

marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago."

"It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry," rejoined his wife, "and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practice a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage."

"That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first; Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby, at all events; and here at last comes the shriveled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles."

If Mrs. Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognizing glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry, business tone demanded if Mr. Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

"Yes, thank God," replied Burton, "I am; here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!"

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

"They are quite right," he said, rising from his chair; "and here is your receipt."

"Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you *will* go—go in God's name! Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

"Baffled—foiled!" muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. "Where could he get the

money? Borrowed it, doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!" And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—"the bank was just then full of discounts." Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already-existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr. Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. "Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?"

"The usury laws," replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, "would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up."

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! "They did not know the party." The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, "Would you discount the note of Mr. James Hornby of Pool?"

"Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure." Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

"You hinted the other day," said Burton, "that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required."

"Did I?"

"At least I so understood you. I am of

course not ignorant, Mr. Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds."

"What?" exclaimed Hornby, with strange vehemence. "What?"

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away toward the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual color; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterward remembered, was wild and exulting.

"Have you a bill stamp?"

"Yes."

"Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it."

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

"I don't want your money, Henry Burton," said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. "I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet."

"A queer stick," thought Burton, as he gained the street; "but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose."

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downward, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the managing clerk. The gray-headed man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton, "Why, surely this is not Mr. Hornby's signature! It does not at all resemble it!"

"Not his signature!" exclaimed Burton; "what do you mean by that?"

"Reynolds, look here," continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank employes. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

"Please to step this way, Mr. Burton, to a private apartment," said the manager.

"No—no, I won't," stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful

suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. "I will go back to Hornby;" and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger dispatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr. Hornby that Mr. Burton had indeed requested him to *lend* two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It were useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by most persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr., now Sir, Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was *interested* in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not, according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with

Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculcated bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behavior at the bank, in endeavoring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which, supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revelments of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence pervaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly recalled to a sense of an imperious, but for the moment forgotten, duty.

"James Hornby!" he suddenly cried with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, "stand up, and if you can face an innocent man!"

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

"Look at me, I say," continued Burton with increasing excitement; "and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill?"

"This cannot be permitted," interrupted the judge.

"If you do not speak," proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation from the bench; "or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me: save your own soul from mortal peril whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!"

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly toward the bench.

"You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr. Hornby," said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

"May the Lord, then, have mercy on my soul!" exclaimed the prisoner, solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, "And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may; I am a lost man!"

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

"Who is that disturbing the court?" demanded the judge angrily.

"For the love of Heaven let me pass!" we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. "I must and will see the judge!"

"Who can this be?" I inquired, addressing Mr. Symonds.

"I cannot conceive," he replied; "surely not Mrs. Burton?"

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavoring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

"My lord," said I, "I have to request on the part of the prisoner that the person desirous of admittance may be heard."

"What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?" replied his lordship with some irritation.

"My lord, I do not even now know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected!"

"Let the woman pass into the witness-box," interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age, whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

"As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed house-keeper!" whispered Symonds. "This poor devil's knot will be unraveled yet."

The woman, whose countenance and de-

meanor, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

“Her name was Mary M'Grath, and she was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr. Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr. Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr. Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr. Burton.”

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

“Silence!” exclaimed the judge sternly. “Why, woman,” he added, “have you never spoken of this before?”

“Because, my lord,” replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—“because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr. Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money, and great promises of more, to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast, and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way till all was over. The coach stopped at Leeds, and, as it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime,” she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of

the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, “for which may the Almighty, of his infinite mercy, pardon and absolve me!”

“Amen!” responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. “Amen, with all my soul!”

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burden, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an ovation in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabulary could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr. Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnized: Mr. Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponsor to their eldest born; and Mary M'Grath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr. James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick Theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr. Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs. Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Chronology of Egypt. By RICHARD LEPSIUS. —Fragmentary, imperfect, obscure and uncertain as our knowledge of ancient Egypt is—and probably must ever be—it has received great and valuable accessions within the present century. The investigations and discussions of Salt, Burton, Felix, Wilkinson, Vyse, Young, Champollion, Rossellini, Bunsen, and Lepsius, have given it such a shape and consistency as to elevate it to the rank of a science under the title of Egyptology. Champollion's grand hieroglyphical discoveries, founded on the Rosetta Stone, and facilitated by the previous researches of Dr. Young, formed the commencement of a new era in the study. Much that was before dark and doubtful has since been satisfactorily cleared up, many errors have been corrected, and some conjectures have been confirmed in a gratifying manner by ancient monuments which we are now able partially to decipher. Since the untimely deaths of Champollion and Rossellini, none have contributed so largely to the full development of our present resources as the Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Lepsius. "In the year 1831," says the former, "Richard Lepsius, a young German philologist, gifted with a genius for the study of the monuments not inferior to that of Rossellini, and with much more natural acuteness and critical tact—furnished, besides, with that comprehensive knowledge of language peculiar to the German school—commenced, though not himself a pupil of Champollion, following out, from his own independent resources, the path opened up by that great master." Dr. Lepsius may now be said to be the first of living Egyptologists. The most important of his former publications on this subject are—"A Journey from Thebes to Lower Arabia," "The Tablet of Abydos," "The Tottenbuch," and "A Selection of the most Important Records of Egyptian Antiquity." This last work was freely used by Bunsen. Most valuable services have been rendered to the student of Egyptian antiquity by Lepsius's various discoveries,—his restoration of ancient monuments, particularly "The Hieratical Canon or Royal Papyrus of Turin,"—and, above all, his corrections and improvements of Champollion's hieroglyphic system. In September, 1842, as our readers well know, he was appointed to take the conduct of a Scientific Expedition into Egypt and Ethiopia, fitted out by the present King of Prussia. He remained there upward of three years, pursuing his investigations with persevering diligence, and the present is the first published result of his inquiries. The work is to consist of two other parts in addition to this.—*Athenæum*.

Gilfillan's Literature and Literary Men, republished in a handsome 12mo volume, by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., is thus reviewed by the *Athenæum*. It should be borne in mind, however, that the verdict of the Press has generally been quite the reverse of the *Athenæum's* opinion.

Much labor and pains must have been taken by the most patiently-laborious writer to produce such a piece of hard reading as this volume. In his first "Gallery," if we recollect rightly, Mr. Gilfillan was sketchy, anecdotal, personal; doing his best to emulate Mr. N. P. Willis and others who have "penciled" literary men, women, and angels. In his present essays the "obscurely wise" has been the style aimed at. In one page we are reminded of Galt's gorgeous life of Byron,—in another of the picture-language of Carlyle,—in a third of the transcendentalism of Emerson. In no page, be it ever so grandiose or mystical, are we secure against outbreaks of a most huck-a-back and colloquial familiarity, which startle as much as they edify and amuse. Lord Byron stands second in the "Gallery," and Mr. Gilfillan conceives that he is making "some small contribution toward a future likeness" of the poet. Smaller the boon of thought or acumen could hardly be; though the pages glitter with tropes and metaphors. If the present work indicates what Mr. Gilfillan can do when he is sparing of enthusiasm, we cannot but look forward to his expenditures upon the Psalmist and the Prophets with awe and apprehension.

On the other hand, the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review* more candidly and truthfully speaks thus of the work:—

We miss none of that genial kindly feeling which, by identifying itself with its subject, forms the principal charm of short critical and biographical sketches like Mr. Gilfillan's. There is, too, an earnestness about these portraits, which evinces, we think, that in praising or blaming he is equally sincere. His sketches abound with happily-chosen and characteristic epithets, few-worded, indeed, but often on that very account far more expressive than the most elaborate sentences.

Hildreth's History of the United States, first published by Harper & Brothers, New York, republished by Low, London, has been very handsomely received by the British press. A specimen of the tone of transatlantic criticism is the following by the *Athenæum*—a work, however, seldom favorable to American literature:—

One great fault in Mr. Hildreth's work is, the method of its arrangement. Instead of dividing it, in the first place, into books or sections, each book or section comprising some specific portion of the history capable of being detached from the remainder,—and then subordinately into chapters,—Mr. Hildreth lets the narrative straggle on as it best can through no fewer than forty eight chapters continued in unbroken series over the three volumes. Such a plan may be suitable in certain cases,—as, for example, where some short portion of history is to be treated very fully; but in a history of the

United States, where the distracting multiplicity of petty contemporaneous details renders it so difficult for the reader to pursue the main thread for any length of time, the author ought the more assiduously to keep this thread in view by cutting it across at well-defined intervals.

Perhaps the best portion of the work, as it stands, is that which goes over the ground of the first periods of American history. This appears to have been the most carefully written. The author's style is bald and meagre in the extreme; and never once does he rise into anything like fervor, or exhibit the slightest capability of the graphic and picturesque. But the story is conscientiously—and, as far as details go, thoroughly—told. Punctual accounts are inserted of the various constitutions and codes of laws enacted in the several colonies; the prominent individual characters among the early settlers—the Smiths, the Williamses, the Eliots, the Mathers, &c.—duly appear and disappear; and, though no attempt is made to sketch their portraits. The spirit in which the story is told is also remarkably fair. The Puritans—"often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken," as Mr. Hildreth thinks them, "but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere"—are treated with evident respect and liking; and only now and then, when in duty bound as a modern and an American,—as, for example, in behalf of representative freedom, religious toleration, and such matters—does the author put in any protest of his own. Wherever, in short, the facts recorded are not such as to move the reader by some indestructible force of their own, there is not the slightest chance of a lively sensation being communicated from Mr. Hildreth's pages.

Altogether, the perusal of Mr. Hildreth's book leaves with us an impression unfavorable to the possibility of a continuous history of the United States. In the first place, any history of them prior to their union is, in fact as well as in name, a non-entity; such a work can at best be only a collection of the parallel and independent histories of some twelve or thirteen distinct colonies. A history of the American colonies jointly prior to their union can properly be treated no otherwise than as an episode of British history, under some such title as "A History of the Colonization of America." Individually, however, the colonies may have histories strictly American from the beginning; and we shrewdly suspect that it is from such individual histories, taken in connection with topographical memoirs and with biographic sketches of the more remarkable of the pilgrim fathers and their immediate successors, that the clearest and most interesting views of early Anglo-American society will always be obtained. As regards the really possible history of the United States,—that which commences with their first display of united action in the struggle for independence—even here the subject is not the most promising for the historian. We question, for example, if any movement so important in reality as the revolt of the American colonies ever furnished so meagre a collection of materials for a story. We admire the struggle chiefly for its result; and we revere Washington while remembering scarcely a single saying of his, or a single anecdote regarding him worthy of being quoted. As compared with other national struggles, the American revolution is like a problem worked out algebraically; the result is notable, but the process unpicturesque. When that struggle was over, the States relapsed much into their former condition as

distinct territories:—the whole presenting a rich field for political and social observation rather than an apt subject for narrative. This very fact, far from being discreditable to American civilization, is, if rightly understood, one of the most remarkable and characteristic things about it.

Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Hanna, published by Thomas Constable, Edinburgh, and now republishing in three beautiful volumes, small 8vo, by Harper & Brothers, is warmly received by the press. The *Examiner* notices it thus:—

It is not possible to imagine of any divine, living or dead, a more thorough identification with the doctrines he taught than was presented by Dr. Chalmers. The spirit of Christianity was incarnate in him in its most vital and energetic form. He *was* what he taught, and he has found a fitting biographer. Dr. Hanna has the qualities as well as opportunities, to an extent possessed by no other person, for the authentic portraiture of his mind and character; and we see already the noble contribution he will make to our gallery of the wise and good.

The *Biblical Review*, edited by Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," says:

This work exhibits the Christian, the philosopher, the theologian, something of the patriot, but, above all, the *man*—with all the frank and genuine manliness of his character in heart, in mind, and in language—though accomplished in all science, yet still simple as a child.

The *Athenæum* begins its long review of the work thus:

So often as the British orators of the first half of our nineteenth century are enumerated, in the foremost rank, by the side of—perhaps before—Robert Hall will be placed Dr. Chalmers. The brilliancy of his eloquence, the passion and poetry with which he could invest facts of exact science, or theological controversies for the establishment of a favorite dogma, or philanthropical arguments on questions of social morals,—his genius, in short, will not make the world oblivious of the energetic virtue to which these things ministered; but it brings him out in glowing relief from among the company of arid theologians and zealous wranglers and benevolent agitators to whom, in spite of their faults and follies, society owes so much. The name of Chalmers belongs to no party so much as it does to mankind. According to its author's conscience, the book before us is carefully and fairly executed, and it will naturally supersede all other memoirs issuing from a source less authentic.

The *Spectator* says of it:

The style of Dr. Hanna's narrative is terse and manly; and he effectively indicates the pith of his story, whether humorous or serious. But his great merit lies in the mastery of his subject and the management of his materials. The mode in which he handles complex subjects so as to place them plainly before the reader, and the way in which he suspends chronology to bring remarkable circumstances effectively together, is akin to the art that produces the episode and retrospection of epic poetry.

Daily Bible Illustrations, by John Kitts, D.D., published in Edinburgh, by Oliphant & Son, and now republishing in four handsome 12mo volumes, by R. Carter & Brothers, New York. The *Christian Times*, a weekly of large circulation and high character, says of it:

Here are readings for thirteen weeks (in the first volume), so that the purchaser may promise himself or his family—if it is to be a family book, and well it may be—daily instruction and delight for one year after the purchase, if it please God that he live to read so long. For the first day of each week a lesson is provided in accordance with the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, when the heart should be warmed, the affections elevated, and the mind subdued into a frame of subservience to the highest end of human existence, and prepared for the “sabbatism that remaineth for the people of God.” The four volumes will contain a very large body of information, and well deserve a place in the library of the critic and divine.

Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, published in three elegant volumes, by Harper & Brothers, New York, and republished by John Murray, London, is highly lauded by the best critical authorities abroad. The opinion of the *Literary Gazette*, which is by no means more favorable than that of other journals, may be discerned from the following extracts of a long review:—

Out of an abundance has this work been formed; and the author has, we think, by this history, proved that he possesses as great ability for turning his stories of information to good account as he has so long evinced unwearied diligence in collecting them. Many years of that delightful literary toil has been his, as they have been the enjoyment of many; but few there are who have attained the higher felicity of building, out of such labor of love, a lasting monument to their own fame, and an Atrean Treasury for the public for ever.

In 1818 Mr. Ticknor traversed Spain as a book-collector, and enjoyed the aid and advice of that excellent man and scholar, Don Jose Ant. Conde, whose researches into the oral literature of Spain are so highly and justly appreciated. Since that period the author has sedulously availed himself of every opening and opportunity to augment his acquisitions; and these three volumes are the fruit of his industry and talent.

The field is very wide—indeed, a vast prairie—and we must be thankful for having it brought into one view, however extensive, and from its extent impossible to be entirely seen in all its distinctness. But hitherto we have seen only small separate portions of it. And Bouterwyk, and Sismondi, and Southey, in his notes on Madoc, and all the lesser exhibitors, make us only very imperfectly acquainted with the ground. With any omissions or imperfections of the American author, therefore, we are bound, in gratitude, to be exceedingly lenient; and yet, as far as we can ascertain from a limited examination, he seems to us to stand in need of but little indulgence.

Irving's Life of Oliver Goldsmith, published in a beautiful volume, by George P. Putnam, New York, and republished by John Murray, London, wins golden opinions abroad. The *Athenæum* thus speaks of its merits:—

“There are few writers,” says Mr. Irving in his opening paragraph, “for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith.” This seems to have been Mr. Irving's motive originally for entering on the task of becoming Goldsmith's biographer. Mr. Irving does not pretend to have made a single discovery in Goldsmith's life; he only wishes to tell as pleasantly and briefly as he can all that is known about the poet—to bring the man before his readers in all his aspects and sufferings, from his cradle to his grave. His book owes all that it has of novelty and charm to style, reflection, apposite illustration and arrangement. As a piece of literary work we can award high praise to it. It is skillfully constructed out of the material, such as it is; the style is mellow and musical; the narrative flows on without interruption from the first page to the last—and occasionally it is brightened by passages of unusual beauty of diction and pictorial effect in the grouping of ideas and of situations.

The *Spectator* says of it—

For popular readers this will be the Life of Goldsmith. Few writers are more penetrated with the spirit of Goldsmith than Washington Irving; for his own style was founded upon that of the gifted Irishman. His own genius was akin to Goldsmith. . . . We think Mr. Irving exceedingly happy in bringing out the precise character of the stories with which any life of Goldsmith must of necessity be well sprinkled.

The commendation of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is thus expressed—

This, the latest account of the *child of genius and nature*, will bid fair to be the most popular, as it is the most pleasing. The previous biography of Mr. Prior is too long, and Mr. Forster's—also of considerable length—is too discursive. We presume that, for a considerable period at least, the biography of Goldsmith will close with this volume.

The relative merits of the three biographies are thus characterized in the *Atlas*, a weekly journal, of wide circulation—

Mr. Prior had given us the facts, and Mr. Forster the philosophy, of the literary history of Oliver Goldsmith and his times. There remained for Mr. Washington Irving to give us a life, simply and amusingly narrated, of that gentle and eccentric humorist. Its style is genuinely Irvingite—natural and lively, exactly what a biography ought to be. Altogether, we are able to form a more intimate, and, perhaps, a more agreeable acquaintance with “Poor Noll” than could be derived from the more elaborate volumes of memoirs which we already possessed.

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